This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Harvard College Library

FROM

Col. T. W. Higginson,
Cambridge,
4 Dec., 1887

BY

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

AUTHOR OF "A LARGER HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES" ETC.

NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE

1888

AL 1753.5.91

Copyright, 1897, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

All rights reserved.

TO

BRANDER MATTHEWS

AT WHOSE KINDLY SUGGESTION THIS LITTLE
VOLUME HAS BEEN PREPARED

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Oct. 13, 1887

CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	INTRODUCTORY	1
II.	OUTSIDE OF THE SHELTER	7
III.	THE SHADOW OF THE HAREM	12
IV.	THE WOMAN OF INFLUENCE	17
V.	THE SWING OF THE SOCIAL PENDULUM	22
VI.	THE CREATOR OF THE HOME	28
VII.	VACATIONS FOR SAINTS	33
VIII.	MAIDEN AUNTS	38
IX.	ON ONE'S RELATIONSHIP TO ONE'S MOTHER	43
X.	THE FLOOD-TIDE OF YOUTH	48
XI.	"BUT STRONG OF WILL"	54
XII.	MARKETABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS	60
XIII.	"CHANCES"	65
XIV.	THE DAUGHTERS OF TOIL	70
XV.	THE EMPIRE OF MANNERS	75
XVI.	UNREASONABLE UNSELFISHNESS	80
XVII.	WOMEN'S INFLUENCE ON LITERARY STYLE.	85
XVIII.	THE SINGLE WILL	90
XIX.	ON A CERTAIN HUMILITY IN AMERICANS	95
XX.	"QUITE RUSTIC"	100
XXI.	THE TOY OF ROYALTY	105
XXII.	WOMEN'S LETTERS	110
XXIII.	THE INDEPENDENT PURSE	115
XXIV.	BREAKING AND BENDING	121
XXV.	EXALTED STATIONS	126
XXVI.	FINER FORCES	131
XXVII.	A HOUSE OF CARDS	136
XXVIII.	MICE AND MARTYRDOM	141
XXIX.	THE ORGANIZING MIND	146

CHAP.		PAGE
XXX.	THE SEARCH AFTER A PUBLISHER	151
XXXI.	MEN'S NOVELS AND WOMEN'S NOVELS	156
XXXII.	WOMEN AS HOUSEHOLD DECORATORS	161
XXXIII.	VOICES	166
XXXIV.	SOCIAL SUPERIORS	171
XXXV.	THE SECRET OF THE BIRTHDAY	176
XXXVI.	THE NEW THEORY OF LANGUAGE	181
XXXVII.	TRUST FUNDS	187
XXXVIII.	A PLEA FOR THE UNCOMMONPLACE	192
XXXIX.	CHILDREN ON A FARM	197
XL.	WHO SHALL FIX THE VALUE?	202
XLI.	A WOMAN'S ENTERPRISE	207
XLII.	CITY AND COUNTRY LIVING	212
XLIII.	THE HUMOR OF CHILDREN	217
XLIV.	PAROCHIALISM	222
XLV.	ON VISITING THE SICK	227
XLVI.	THE FEAR OF ITS BEING WASTED	232
XLVII.	THE NERVOUSNESS OF MEN	238
XLVIII.	THE GERMAN STANDARD	243
XLIX.	THE MISSING MUSICAL WOMAN	249
L.	THE BRUTALITY OF "PUNCH AND JUDY"	254
LI.	WHY WOMEN AUTHORS WRITE UNDER THE NAMES OF MEN	259
LII.	THE DISCIPLINE OF DOLLS	264
LIII.	SANTA CLAUS AGENCIES	269
LIV.	KERENHAPPUCH	275
LV.	AMERICAN LOVE OF HOME	281
LVI.	MORE THOROUGH WORK VISIBLE	286
LVII.	CHRISTMAS ALL THE TIME	291
LVIII.	THE VICTORY OF THE WEAK	296
LIX.	A RETURN TO THE HILLS	301
LX.	THE SHY GRACES	306
INDEX		311

WOMEN AND MEN.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

In beginning a series of modest papers under this rather ambitious title, I am reminded that, comprehensive as it seems, the phrase is in one respect very recent. It is only within a century or so that the two sexes have been habitually addressed together. The phrase "women and men," or its more common form, "ladies and gentlemen," or that other form, "gentlemen and ladies," which the late Mr. Emerson habitually used, is a comparatively modern thing. Before the advent of Christianity we should not expect to find it used, and accordingly the great orations of ancient times were addressed to men only. Even after Christianity had brought a theoretic equality between the sexes the Jewish tradition still held strongly, and most of the fathers of the Church are, it must be owned, rather oppressively masculine. But among them there is one great

exception, one who for non-theological purposes is more readable than all the rest put together; and he it is, Clement of Alexandria by name, who introduced to the world in his discourses the phrase "men and women," or "women and men," for he uses both forms.

The truth is that Clement was a very learned Greek philosopher, who had gone through a conversion. He dearly loved the Greek mythology, in which women take a part so conspicuous; and though he felt bound to preach against that mythology all the time, he could not help dwelling on its picturesque details. To him every woman was a sort of reformed Artemis or Aphrodite, always tempted to relapse into her sins. The vanities of dress especially horrified him, though it surely was not in any undue profusion or variety of costume that the beautiful Greek goddesses chiefly erred. Had he lived in these times, and written for *Harper's Bazar*, he would doubtless have entered his protest on every page against the new fashions on the page opposite. But his merit was that he bore his testimony, whether wise or unwise, for the benefit of both sexes alike. For women to braid false hair upon the crown of the head was no worse than for men to displace from the chin the hair that God has placed there. If women wear false hair, he says, they not only deceive men, but commit im-

piety towards the presbyter, who in blessing them really lays his hand of benediction on another's hair, and therefore on another head. But men should crop their hair decently, and not disturb that upon the chin, as it "lends to the face dignity and paternal majesty." All this in a single paragraph of his series of discourses known as the "Instructor," and he afterwards sends the two sexes, thus impartially instructed, to church together. "Women and men are to go to church decently attired, with natural step, embracing silence, possessing unfeigned love, pure in body, pure in heart, fit to pray to God." And again he says in a passage often quoted, "The virtue of man and woman is the same." *

It was long after the days of Clement of Alexandria when it became a common thing to unite the two sexes for the purpose even of scolding them conjointly. Gradually the habit arose of putting these admonitions into little twin volumes, always kept carefully apart. The duties of men and women travelled, so to speak, on the same conveyance and with equal accommodations, but in separate cars or distinct cabins, and always, as in our own travelling arrangements, with a slight excess of courtesy towards the feminine side. The author of "The

* Wilson's translation, I., 121, 318, 328.

Whole Duty of Man" published at Oxford in 1673 another volume called "The Ladies' Calling," with a frontispiece representing a British matron sitting in a transverse ray of sunlight, and stretching a robust right arm upward after the crown of wisdom. According to the titles of these books it would seem that men have their "whole duty" to perform as "men," while women follow their "calling" as "ladies," a distinction even more confusing than that of the stations on the American railways, whose doors are sometimes tersely labelled "Men" and "Women," while others bear in preference the more fastidious designation "Gentlemen" and "Ladies." It was not till 1797 that the Rev. Thomas Gisborne, having already published his "Duties of Men," came out with a corresponding volume, "Duties of Women," which at once superseded all similar works, and instructed the women of England—leaving the "ladies" to take care of themselves—for fifty years, the fourteenth edition appearing in 1847, and I know not how many others since that day. Since his time men and women have so constantly worked together for the purpose of moral instruction, at least, that we almost forget that the joint phrase practically originated with St. Clement.

But it was the British stage, after all, which took the hint more promptly than the Church; and al-

though at first it would not tolerate women upon its boards, soon addressed to both sexes its prologues and its epilogues. In the epilogue to the old play of "Juliana, or the Princess of Poland," this being spoken in dialogue, as often happened, by an actor of each sex, the woman rebukes the man for addressing the audience as "You, gentlemen!" She says:

> "You, gentlemen! and why, I pray, to them?
> What! do the ladies merit no esteem?"

She then takes his place, and addresses the whole audience as if it were a parliament, or, in the phrase then familiar, a diet:

> "Fair English Diet, then,
> Senate of ladies, lower house of men,
> I humbly pray, decree before you go."

This was in 1671, the author being "little starch Johnny Crowne," as Lord Rochester called him, from his starched neck-cloth. Crowne was born in Nova Scotia; and it is curious that even at that early day this continent should have begun to supply England with the seeds of social heresy on "the woman question."

In these days the joint phrase "Men and Women" has thoroughly established itself, and needs no further vindication; and if I reverse it, putting women first, it is with no revolutionary design, al-

though for a definite purpose. "It is all very well," said Danton, in the French Revolution, "so long as people cry *Danton and Robespierre!* It is when they begin to cry *Robespierre and Danton!* that I must look to my safety." In saying "Women and Men" it is only implied that these papers are addressed more to the one sex than the other, though exclusively to neither. The interests, tastes, duties, and position of women have come to constitute a separate department of literature, and often a literature by itself. The time has passed when men wrote down to women; and it was the mile-stone of a new era when the greatest of modern poets put into the hands of woman, at the close of his "Faust," the guiding thread of the world's immediate future. *Das Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinan*, or, as Bayard Taylor translates it,

> "The Woman-soul leadeth us
> Upward and On."

II.

OUTSIDE OF THE SHELTER.

MANY years ago, in April, 1859, Harriet Martineau wrote an article on "Female Industry," in the *Edinburgh Review*, and stated very forcibly the wholly changed conditions of women's labor since the days when "Adam delved and Eve span." She called attention to the simple fact that a very large proportion of English women now earn their own bread, and that upon this changed condition the whole question must turn. "A social organization," she said, "framed for a community of which half stayed at home while the other half went out to work cannot answer the purposes of a society of which a quarter remains at home while three-quarters go out to work." She pointed out that while it might formerly have been true, as a rule, that men supported women, it was also true that this state of things had already ceased to be the general fact. "Three millions out of six of adult English women work for subsistence, and two out of the three in independence. With this new condition of affairs, new duties and new views must be adopted."

Nearly thirty years have passed, and a great many people seem still to believe that if women would only behave themselves they could easily live in-doors, and spend their whole lives in weaving and spinning, like their great-grandmothers. But they could not do it, simply because there would be no market for their labors. In Homer's "Odyssey," when Nausikaa of the white arms has had a dream, she goes through the halls to tell her royal parents —"her father dear and her mother." She finds them still in-doors: "Her mother sat by the hearth among the waiting-women, spinning sea-purple yarn; she met her father at the door, just going forth to join the famous princes at the council." But if Nausikaa of the white arms went to tell her parents a dream in these days, she might still very possibly meet her father going forth to join the princes (merchant princes) at the council (Stock Exchange), but she certainly would not find her mother amid her attendants spinning clothes for the family. Nor would Nausikaa herself afterwards go with her own maidens to the river with the family washing for the avowed purpose of putting in order the costumes of three bachelor brothers, always eager to wear something new to the dance. The whole conditions of labor, of costume, and of everything else are changed; so that to wear home-spun, which was once the glory of the highest, is

now the painful necessity of only the humblest. A smoking-cap is now the only garment that Nausikaa can prepare for her bachelor brothers, or at the most she can crochet for them an afghan—or, as Irish house-maids with geographical boldness term it, "an African"—to put over them during an afternoon nap. Even the home-made shirts, which lasted till within the memory of this generation, have now come within the domain of the shopkeeper. The sister would not weave or spin for her brother if he wished it; and he, in turn, would rather gratify her in any other way than by wearing garments of her spinning or weaving. The reign of Alcinous and his white-armed daughter has passed; the reign of "store clothes" has begun.

The change seems inevitable, but it has driven women out of shelter. The linen and the woollen must still be woven and made into garments, but it must be done away from home. Even the few arts of this kind that lingered longest beneath the cottage roof have almost or quite vanished. Hannah is no longer "at the window binding shoes," or Delia braiding straw hats. Industry is systematized: Hannah and Delia go to labor at the "shop," or at the "works," or the "factory." They still do in substance what the women did beneath the roof of King Alcinous; but instead of doing it as in those days, in return for home and protection and

food, they do it for money. They are no longer under shelter; they are thrown out into the great, busy, bustling world; they make their own contract for wages, and collect these for themselves. They are as far as possible from the condition of perpetual tutelage which was, according to Sir Henry Maine, the recognized position of the Roman woman, following out more systematically the condition of her Greek sister. And this being the case, we must recognize the alteration. Our laws, our education, our social habits, must all adapt themselves to it.

It is a curious fact that our word "meretricious" is derived directly from the Latin word *meretrix*, meaning a woman of degraded character; and that this again was derived from the seemingly harmless word *mereo*, to earn money. The assumption was that there was no way in which money could be earned by a woman innocently; the mere earning implied moral disgrace. Not only is it now respectable for women to earn money, but they must usually leave home for the purpose. If they are to support themselves, they must be looked for everywhere but at home, and often in the very places where men most congregate. The shops most expressly devoted to the other sex—men's clothing-stores, for instance—may have women installed as book-keepers. Go into those great hives of men

collected under one roof in a city for the pursuit of law, or brokerage, or business agencies, and any door that opens may show you some modest young woman busy as a copyist or type-writer. Nobody thinks of it, nobody notices it; when her work is done she ties her bonnet under her chin and goes down the elevator and out of the door. In the days of Alcinous and Nausikaa such a mode of living would have been inconceivable; in the days of Fielding and Richardson it would have been the way to disgrace and destruction; now it is simply the normal state of things. What we do not see is that the freedom in which the mass of women now live, and are destined to live, implies a very different mode of training, and a wholly different code of laws, from the time when there were but two positions supposable — out-doors for men, in-doors for women; from the time, in short, when women were not yet outside of the shelter.

III.

THE SHADOW OF THE HAREM.

We sometimes hear surprise expressed that woman has contributed so little to the masterpieces of the world in science, art, literature. To me the wonder is always the other way—that she has produced anything in that direction at all; and this for the plain reason that the shadow of repression, which is the bequest of the Oriental harem, still hangs over her. That she has always been at a great disadvantage in training or education is also true, but it is a secondary matter. The real disadvantage of women has lain in being systematically taught from childhood up that it is their highest duty to efface themselves, or at least keep out of sight. One can overcome great obstacles as to education, but to do anything remarkable without running the risk of being conspicuous—this would puzzle the most skilful. Fame is the shadow of great action. Now nobody but Peter Schlemihl ever succeeded in living without his shadow, and it is not recorded that even he enjoyed that situation.

It would be easy to show by a long series of ex-

amples the eager desire of men, especially the mediocre ones, that women should remain invisible. It was the Latin epitaph upon the model woman that she stayed at home and spun — *Domum servavit, lanam fecit.* It is a motto which Mr. Newell, the scientific explorer of nursery rhymes, would perhaps find preserved in Mrs. Mouse's answer to the "frog who would a-wooing go:"

"'Pray, Mistress Mouse, are you within?'—
Heigho! says Rowley.
'Oh yes, kind sir; I'm sitting to spin'—
With a Rowley, Powley," etc.

But as no amount of spinning saved that excellent matron from the terrible cat, so Harriet Martineau and other literary women might be as good housekeepers as they pleased without clearing themselves from reproach. Indeed, it is rather pathetic to notice how the pioneer women authors in America, such as Mrs. Child and Miss Leslie, endeavored to disarm public judgment by printing some "Frugal Housewife" or "Seventy-five Receipts" before showing their heads as writers. Even now the practice is not discontinued, and Marion Harland, with all her wide popularity, has to wind up with a practical work on "Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper" to demonstrate that, though an author, she still has the virtues of her sex. We have not yet outgrown that pro-

found remark of Fredrika Bremer that a woman may do almost anything she pleases with a man if she always has something nice to pop into his mouth.

From the days of that Roman epitaph onward the theory of suppression has been pretty well sustained. It would be easy to fill pages with the sayings of wise men to the general effect that women should, as far as possible, be kept in some place that has a lid to it. The favorite German novelist Auerbach, for instance, puts this with a praiseworthy directness: "The best woman is she of whom men speak least. I understand it so that where a man speaks of a woman he should content himself with a few words. He should say, 'She is an intelligent, a good, a domestic, or a noble woman.' Qualify these words, and the strength of the comment is lost." It is certain that in saying this Auerbach speaks the spirit of his nation. He says it gravely too, and does nothing inconsistent with it, being in this respect more fortunate than the English Archdeacon Trench, who thoroughly approves the Latin motto as applied to women, *Bene vixit qui bene latuit* ("She has lived well who has kept well concealed"), and quotes it with pride in a preface to a very thick octavo volume containing several hundred of his mother's most private letters.

There is one way alone in which men have been

willing to see any amount of literary or artistic genius developed in women—when these ladies have consented to attribute their work to a husband or brother, and say nothing about it. This is the self-effacement, the *bene latuit*, at its most delightful point, when the woman does the work and the man gets the fame. The Mendelssohn family had not the slightest objection to their gifted Fanny's composing as much music as she pleased, provided it appeared under the name of her brother Felix. Nobody knows, the recent biographers tell us, how many of his "songs without words" the sister contributed; but the moment she proposed to publish anything under her own name the whole household was aroused, and the shadow of the harem was invoked; it was improper, unwomanly, indelicate, for her to publish music—except to swell her brother's fame. Mademoiselle De Scudéry, whose interminable novels delighted all good society in France and England two centuries and a half ago, printed most of her fifty volumes under the name of her brother. Charles De Scudéry undoubtedly wrote part of the books, and he certainly may be said to have encouraged his sister in writing them, inasmuch as he used to lock her up in her room to keep her at it. But he never seems to have doubted as to his fraternal right to claim them all; and he once drew his sword on a personal friend for doubting his author-

ship of "Le Grand Cyrus," a novel of nearly 13,000 pages, of which it is now pretty well established that the sister wrote the whole.

In short, the repressing influence has not consisted in this or that trivial disadvantage, but in the Oriental theory itself. If women have less natural gift than men, they need more encouragement and not more hinderance; if a young man of puny appearance comes into a gymnasium, he is not invited to exercise with his hands tied. At all events, for what work a woman does she is entitled to credit, and not to have the shadow of the harem invoked to hush up her existence as much as possible, letting the credit go to some one else. I know a lady who, when a child, was once coaxed by her elder brothers to climb through the sliding-door of the pantry, which she alone was small enough to enter, and to bring them out an apronful of apples. The elder accomplices then carried them off into the orchard and devoured them without leaving her a single one. If art and authorship in women be crimes, like stealing apples, men have certainly adjusted the rewards and penalties somewhat in this way.

IV.

THE WOMAN OF INFLUENCE.

Mr. Worth, the eminent Paris dress-maker, telegraphs to the Boston *Sunday Herald* that the great and pressing need of the age is a Woman of Influence, somewhere or other, to set the fashions. In default of this, he has, after exhausting his genius upon a new dress, to use various indirect devices to bring it into vogue. If one thinks what a beautiful work of art a lady's dress may be, when wealth and Worth have done their best for it, and what an appalling product mere wealth without taste can develop under that name, one may well give a sigh of sympathy to this man of genius who can find no woman quite worthy of his scissors. Yet the truth is that the Woman of Influence is demanded not alone to wear clothes, but to modify and control all the habits of society. A person of power, of individuality, of resources, of charm, is needed in every place where a woman stands, and is not to be had in answer to an advertisement. "What we want," said a certain school committee-man, after a long debate in our committee about the best way to secure

a competent female assistant in the high-school— "what we want, gentlemen, is a splendid woman." This was at once accepted by all as a complete formula for the situation; it was the later task of actually hunting up this priceless creature, and securing her for eight hundred dollars a year, that proved formidable.

In these days one is certainly impressed with the prominence of literature as a sphere for the Woman of Influence. When we think of the thousands of high-schools and academies throughout the land in which, next graduation-day, some maiden in white will read an essay on "The Genius of George Eliot," we may well say with Rufus Choate, "After all, a book is the only immortality." And surely the reader is impressed with the way in which a woman's genius, even if not of the very highest order, may retain its hold after her death, on seeing the late statements of Mr. Routledge, the great publisher of cheap books in England, as to the continued demand for Mrs. Hemans's poetry. In the last generation the pure and melodious muse of this lady had great reputation; her American editor was Professor Andrews Norton, father of the present Professor Charles Eliot Norton, and one of the most cultivated critics of his day; and it appears from the late memoirs of Garrison that her verses were long the favorite food of that strong and heroic

mind. Yet it has been the custom to speak of her popularity as a thing of the past. Now arrives Mr. Routledge, and gives the figures as to his sales of the different poets in a single calendar year. First comes Longfellow, with the extraordinary sale of 6000 copies; then we drop to Scott, with 3170; Shakespeare, 2700; Byron, 2380; Moore, 2276; Burns, 2250. To these succeeds Mrs. Hemans, with a sale of 1900 copies, Milton falling short of her by 50, and no one else showing much more than half that demand. Hood had 980 purchasers, Cowper, 800, and all others less; Shelley had 500 and Keats but 40. Of course this is hardly even an approximate estimate of the comparative popularity of these poets, since much would depend, for instance, on the multiplicity or value of rival editions; but it proves in a general way that Mrs. Hemans holds her own, in point of readers, fifty years after her death. What other form of influence for man or woman equals this?

Yet there are many other modes of action. That of Florence Nightingale, for instance, modestly vindicating a woman's foresight against the dulness and red tape of a whole War Department, and returning from the most superb career of public service that ever woman had, with ruined health, but with such universal love and reverence from the Crimean army that a statue would have been erected

to her by a penny subscription had she not refused it. That of Clara Barton, or Dorothea Dix, or Mary Livermore, or Jean Lander, or Mother Bickerdyke, in our own civil war. That of many a worker in the Associated Charities of our large cities, or of those special organizations which were almost always carried on, thirty years ago, under the official leadership and treasurership of men, but which have been steadily falling, more and more, during that period, into the hands of women. That of many a woman of society, so called, who recognizes in "society" itself a sphere for conscientious duty — so that the tone of a whole town or city may sometimes be said to be kept up or let down according as the leading "society woman" is a person of character or a doll. That of many a woman in some log-cabin on the frontier, whose society consists in a dozen children of her own and perhaps two or three more taken in from charity; the woman who, nameless and noteless, maintains that average quality among our American people which can always be relied upon to send from obscurity a Lincoln or a Grant in time of imminent need. Beyond all these, perhaps, in total influence ranks the great army of women teachers, spreading their unseen and daily labors through every school district from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate; smoothing the waste places, equalizing all our civilization, doing the most for the

poorest; and again, in the upper regions of education, rising into the work of such missionaries of the highest training as Mary Lyon in the past, or Alice Freeman in the present. Compared with these lives, how petty seem the little struggles for position and etiquette? In what lingering childishness does the most exalted womanhood of Europe seem still to be involved when we read in the telegraphic headings, "Great indignation of Queen Victoria," and find that this excitement relates, not to the tremendous Irish problem and the threatened dismemberment of her empire, but to the hesitation of certain courts of Europe to accord to Prince Henry Something-or-other, her latest son-in-law, the title of "His Royal Highness!"

V.

THE SWING OF THE SOCIAL PENDULUM.

THE newspapers are constantly satirizing a tendency to Anglomania which is said to prevail just now in American society, or at least in a few cities and watering-places along the Atlantic shore. It is not habitually mentioned that this is but a swing of the same pendulum which seemed, twenty years ago, to be swinging the other way, and carrying us away from everything English and towards everything French. The same pendulum has been steadily vibrating, indeed, ever since the foundation of our government, and its movements have never had any great or important influence upon the mass of the American people. Be this as it may, it is perfectly certain that the whim in fashion thirty and even twenty years ago was quite unlike what it now is. Good Americans were said, when they died, to go to Paris, and even the wit of Tom Appleton never ventured to suggest that they should go to London. At Newport it was for many years held essential to do things in the French way, not the English. It was at the French court that fashion-

able Americans yearned to be presented; they uniformly preferred to live on the other side of the English Channel; and I remember to have had this explained to me by a man of some fashion, on the ground that if an ambitious American family lived in Paris they were not vexed at being omitted from this or that entertainment of the nobility; whereas in England, where their own language was spoken, that sort of omission chafed them far more. The reason thus assigned may have been flimsy, but the fact recognized was important; it indicated a period when French standards, not English, prevailed in our more fashionable society. The change coincided with the fall of the French Empire. While that prevailed, it was the smile of the emperor, not of the Prince of Wales, which gave distinction and currency to a society belle. There is not much gained, perhaps, by the substitution of one *roué* for another, as the arbiter of manners for our young people; but it is something to know that it is only a temporary swing of the pendulum after all.

It must be remembered that Anglomania is confined among us to a limited class, and to certain very limited pursuits and interests of that class. It does not exist, for instance, among our men of science, inasmuch as they go to Germany in shoals for study, and rarely visit England since the death of Darwin. It is not now charged upon our liter-

ary men, since the death of Richard Grant White, who was, moreover, as ardently anti-English in some directions as he was vehemently English in others. It is not found in our journalism, which aspires to lead the English, and actually leads it in enterprise, while falling behind it in evenness of execution and in the minor proprieties of life. It is not to be found in our public-school system or in our college systems, for these, where they are not American, are German. It is not found in our library methods, for in the librarians' conventions of the last few years Americans have led and not followed. Even when we come on more intimate and domestic ground, limitations still exist. Our standard of cookery, so far as we have any, is French and not English. No American lady would wish to be charged with dressing like an English woman, and no American man, when travelling anywhere but in England, would wish to be taken for an Englishman, for the simple reason that Americans are everywhere so much more popular. Nor would any one of our own countrymen desire to be said to speak foreign languages like an Englishman. Even in our amusements there exists a similar limitation. In yachting the interest is in the American type of yachts; as to horse-racing, mainly in the American breed of trotting-horses; our college students compete in base-ball, rarely in cricket; and almost all

the prizes won by our bicyclists are won on American machines.

The key to this alleged Anglomania, therefore, is simply this: that the American habit of mind is essentially cosmopolitan, and goes to each nation for that which it finds best of its kind. As unerringly as it goes to Germany for its scientific instruction, or to France for its cooks, so it goes to England for what is not so well to be found in France or Germany—the minor conveniences and facilities which belong to a highly trained leisure class. Itself newly developed, this American class turns to England for a good standard of minor essentials, as horse equipments and coachmen's clothes. It borrows more than these; it borrows those accessaries of high-bred life which promote daily comfort and convenience, the organization of a large household, the routine of social life. In these directions England is very strong, though it may be doubted if this is the highest sphere; if it can be set against the dignity of the best Spanish or Italian manners, the keenness of French wit, and the depth and solidity of German knowledge. These also are fully appreciated among us, but their traces do not lie so much on the surface. All these things, so far as we can, we borrow; why not? If older nations borrow from one another, why not younger from older? It is no discredit to England that her one high phi-

lological authority, Max Müller, is a German, and that her one humorous periodical—in America every newspaper is humorous—still bears trace of its French origin in the title, *Punch, or the London Charivari*. The English journals are constantly pointing out that their own people are becoming Americanized; why, then, should not an American here or there be Anglicized? It is pretty certain all the while that we are exerting far more influence than we receive.

Let us not disturb ourselves. Out of the fifty millions of Americans, the passing wave of Anglomania or Francomania reaches but a few thousands, and merely touches those on the surface. Even the young men whom it reaches are at heart good Americans, and if another civil war or foreign war arose, would respond as promptly as they did in 1861. They will doubtless buy their clothes in England while these can be bought there more cheaply and of better material; they will employ English grooms or Scotch gardeners if these do their work better. But so long as monarchy and hereditary aristocracy exist in England—and I fear that they will last our time—there will be an essential and ineradicable difference in the habits of mind of English and American young men; and this will show itself in their whole feeling as to caste, as to labor, as to self-respect. And since climate and institutions are

constantly tending to produce a physical difference also, there seems every prospect that Englishmen and Americans will be farther apart, instead of nearer, fifty years hence than now. After that, perhaps, they will begin to assimilate.

VI.

THE CREATOR OF THE HOME.

THERE took place lately near my house two of those instantaneous deaths which are commonly called tragic, but which seem to me the most enviable mode of passing away from earth. Two maiden ladies had for many years led their blameless lives together in a modest cottage quaintly situated in the sharp angle of two streets, and made picturesque in summer by the flowers and vines that were devoutly tended by its occupants. They had long eked out their modest income by taking a few boarders, and had by simple kindliness made their house as genuine a home to many other persons as to themselves. As years grew upon them this care was laid aside, and they dwelt quietly together. One day last week one of them was taken to drive by a young girl, a relative. She took with her a pet dog. In some way the dog almost fell out. The old lady leaned forward suddenly to save him. The motion brought on palpitation of the heart, and she died without a struggle. The news was swiftly carried to her home, where the shock produced a similar

effect upon the other sister, and was almost as suddenly fatal. In each case it scarcely seemed like death, but like the sundering of some exquisitely delicate cord.

"We scarce could say, She died;
So sweetly anchored on the other side."

In thinking on this sudden extinction of a household, my thoughts have often turned back upon the fact of that household itself; how complete it was, how contented, how serene, and how thoroughly feminine. After all, let men boast as much as they please, and women complain as much, there is one immense advantage in the position of women—that they can create a home for themselves unaided, as men can not. How independent seems the life of a young unmarried man compared to that of a young woman! How the sister usually envies the brother! But by a silent compensation in nature, as years advance, the balance changes, and if they are left alone in the world it is the brother who has reason to envy the sister. "A bachelor's life," says some one, "is a splendid breakfast, a tolerably flat dinner, and a most miserable supper." A single man may have an estate, a principality; he can own a great hotel and fill it with guests; but he cannot create a home without a woman to help him, and that, too, a woman whose service is not for

money. When it comes to a home, there is not a solitary dress-maker in the land, ensconced in her one little room with her geraniums, her canary, and her sewing-machine, who cannot completely eclipse him, this being the result not of his sins, but of his sex.

Undoubtedly each reader will think, or try to think, of some exception to all this—some single man who is happy, some "jolly bachelor," some cheerful widower. No doubt there are those who can be happy, especially during the first half of life, without the sense of home. A, with his wealth, and his paintings, and his yachts, and his delightful monologue; B, with his perpetual journeyings; C, with his six dogs; and our late Professor Sophocles in Cambridge, with that family of hens which he tended, like a herdsman, with a long staff, and which he trained to take food from stakes placed upright in the ground instead of scratching in the flower-beds —all these may doubtless have found a bachelor life not inconsistent with happiness; but where, after all, is the home? Neither yachts, nor pictures, nor steamer tickets, nor dogs, nor hens can supply that. "Home," says the proverb, "is where the heart is;" but if so, no man seems to have heart enough to fit out a home without a woman to help him. A woman can do it for herself: there lies her advantage.

It may be harder for a woman to make money; undoubtedly it is harder. She makes a dollar, perhaps, where a man makes twenty; but when it comes to purchasing power, her dollar goes the farthest towards the maintenance of a home. So long as she retains that, she is strong and self-respecting; and even if she parts with it, so strong is the instinct of home that she can sometimes reconstruct it for herself even in a boarding-house. If the home is combined with a little freedom in the use of money, it gives more comfort and more local prestige than a lone man can win by a fortune. What would be the social condition of any country village in our Atlantic States without its first-class Maiden Lady? She is the daughter of "old Squire" somebody, or of "Parson" somebody else; she lives in the great square house with its elms, and its white lilacs, and its breezy hall; she has a maid or two, who have lived with her so long that they seem like half-sisters; she has in daily use the precious china and the old chairs that her envious city nieces try vainly to rival at auction-rooms. She manages the book club and the church sociable; she is the confidante of all the love affairs; she calls upon the new-comers, if worthy—indeed, the new-comers, if worthy, bring letters to her. To the older inhabitants of the town she always seems young and elegant; she has a prolonged tradition of precedence that

outlasts youth and beauty; if she has a sister, they are spoken of to the end of their days as "the Parker girls." All this is the joint result of womanhood and home, or of that womanhood which creates home. It is not only potent for itself, but it extends its potency over all other homes. What, compared to this, is the social position given by wealth to the lonely old bachelor of the country village? Though he be a millionaire, he is simply "the old bach."

The truth is that as people grow older it is the man who becomes dependent, and the woman the central and essential figure of the household, since she can do without him, and he cannot do without her. The proof of this lies in the fact that we see all around us self-sufficing and contented households of women, while a house that contains men only is a barrack, not a home. In youth it is easy to ignore this, to say with Shakespeare in "Henry V.,"

> "'Tis ever common
> That men are merriest when away from home;"

but the merriment is shallow, the laugh is forced, and years and illness and sorrow soon bring man back, a repentant prodigal, to his home and to woman, the only home-maker.

VII.

VACATIONS FOR SAINTS.

"It is so tiresome," said once a certain lady of my acquaintance, "to be a saint all the time! There ought to be vacations." And as it was once my pleasant lot to be the house-mate of a saint when enjoying one of these seasons of felicity, I know what my friend meant by it. The saint in question was one of the most satisfactory and unquestionable of her class; she was the wife of a country clergyman, a woman of superb physique, great personal attractiveness, and the idol of her husband's large parish, from oldest to youngest. I had always supposed it to be mere play for her to be a saint, but you could see what her life in that direction had cost her by the way she took her vacation, as you know how the bow has been bent when you see the motion of the arrow. Off from her shapely shoulders fell the whole world of ministers' meetings, and missionary meetings, and mothers' meetings. I do not know why they all begin with an *m*, unless it is because that letter, by its very shape, best designates that which is reiterat-

ed and interminable. Be that as it may, they all dropped from her; and she danced about the halls of her girlhood, the gayest of the gay. How indignantly she declined the offer of a ticket to a certain very instructive historical lecture! "Do not offer me anything intellectual," she indignantly said, "on a week like this. If you have a ticket to anything improper, bring me that. I think I should like to see the 'Black Crook!'" It appeared, upon inquiry, that she had never witnessed that performance, and had only a general impression that it was a little naughty. But the proposal certainly indicated a kind of "Saints' Rest" which would greatly have amazed Mr. Richard Baxter.

The present writer, never having been a saint, cannot speak from personal experience; but his sympathies are often thoroughly aroused for those who belong to this neglected class. It is a shame not to recognize needs like theirs. Why do we all spend our strength on organizing Country Weeks in summer for people who need to get out of the city, and not also undertake City Weeks in winter for people who need to get into the city? Why forever preach "plain living and high thinking," when so many persons would be benefited by any kind of living, if it could only be combined with no thinking at all? These clergymen's wives, with all the needs and hopes and fears and cares and woes of a hun-

dred families heaped vicariously on their devoted heads, to say nothing of looking after the white cravats, and the digestion, and the weekly sermons of the reverend spouse; these farmers' wives, with twenty hungry haymakers for whom to make pies in summer, and the milk of twenty cows to be cared for all the year round; these widows, who have "known better days," but have never yet known a worse day than that on which they first undertook to make a living by keeping boarders; these elder sisters, who sit up half the night writing stories for the newspapers in order that their only brother may go to college and learn to play football—can any human being conjecture a work more beneficent than to organize a society to provide vacations for such as these? Yet nobody attempts it.

Supposing this indifference to be surmounted, and a society established to supply saints with vacations, what kind of edifices would it need? Perhaps like those of rich Jews in mediæval cities, humble and unpretending without—for the purpose, in this case, of warding off book-peddlers and subscription-agents—but full of lavish delights within. Like some of the old Jewish abodes in Frankfort, they should be difficult of access, and approachable only by winding passages full of pitfalls. Yet they should be near to sunny thoroughfares, and be well furnished with windows through which glimpses of

the gay world should be seen. If it were necessary to designate these houses in any public way, they should be covered with warning mottoes: "Rest Cure for Saints! No Sympathy given away! No Committee Meetings held here! No Cause need apply! Domestic and Foreign Missions carefully excluded!" They should be furnished with no door-bells; or else these bells should be adjusted, like those you see at Safety Deposit Vaults, to summon the whole police force at a touch, for the protection of the treasures within. What deposit vaults, though they held millions, are so precious as the walls that are to guard our saints in their vacations?

Within these abodes a variety of spiritual nervines and anodynes might be applied. Goethe recommends to people in health that they should every day read a good poem, hear a good piece of music, and if it be possible—mark the considerateness of that suggestion—speak a few sensible words. In the Rest Cure for Saints the first two prescriptions may be applicable, but the last should be very guardedly administered. Some tolerably somnolent nonsense—for instance, extracts from the last English tourist's book about America—would be far better. To be sure, different cases would require different treatment. In mild instances a punning brother might be a sufficient alterative for the nervous tension of a too useful life. Others might be

reached by readings from Mark Twain or "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." For convalescents able to go out-of-doors, a Dime Show with the Seven Long-haired Sisters might be, as physicians say, "exhibited;" or a comic theatre, to bear at first, of course, the disinfecting name of Museum. Indeed, it is of less consequence what spiritual anodyne is applied than that it should suit the sufferer; as Hippocrates holds that the second-best remedy is better than the best, if the patient likes it best.

No doubt the price of a vacation, particularly for saints, is perpetual vigilance. The force of habit is very great, and those who most need rest from their daily mission will require constant watchfulness lest they relapse into good works. The taste for serving on committees, in particular, is like the taste for blood, it is almost impossible to overcome it; the utmost that can be secured is temporary removal from danger. The patient may break from the keepers at any time, and be found ascending some stairway in search of some "Central Office," or other headquarters of dangerous philanthropy. After all, there is probably no complete vacation for overworked saints except an ocean voyage. True, they may be sea-sick, but even that may have its mission. For the real object of the whole enterprise is to induce our saint to be a little selfish; and if even the pangs of sea-sickness fail to bring about that result, nothing else ever will, and the case is incurable.

VIII.

MAIDEN AUNTS.

That admirable patriot, John A. Andrew, the War Governor of Massachusetts, was emphatically a man of impulses, and he never used a phrase more impulsive and more questionable than when, in speaking of the single women of his own State, he characterized many of them as being "anxious and aimless." He did not mean the remark as ungenerous, but it was founded on a common error that has since been disproved. In his time it was generally assumed that the great plurality of women over men in some of our older States was due to an inconvenient excess of "single sisters;" and it was not till Colonel Carroll D. Wright took, with his accustomed thoroughness, the Massachusetts census of 1875 that the disproportion was found really to lie not among single women, but among widows. His figures are as follows, when he analyzes the whole into its parts:

Excess of single women in Massachusetts	8,978
Excess of married women	1,785
Excess of widowed women	52,903
Excess of divorced women	817
Total excess of women	64,483
Deduct excess of men over women in class "unknown"	1,337
Net excess of women	63,146*

* Mass. Census, 1875, p. 30.

The small excess of married women includes those whose husbands are for some reason residing in other States or who have been deserted. The excess of single women, which is small for a State of more than a million and a half of people, is due in part to the families where the brothers "go West" and the sisters stay at home, but far more to the factory system of the State, which is always importing young women from beyond the borders. The main discrepancy lies in the vast preponderance of widows over widowers, there being in Massachusetts 73,527 of the former, and only 20,624 of the latter. This, again, is due to several causes: the great annual losses of life in seaport towns, the factory system again, and the natural tendency of women left widowed to return to the home of their youth. At any rate, these facts make short work of the "anxious and aimless" theory, since no widow can belong to the latter class, at least if she has children. Indeed, the statistics leave it an open question whether the supply of spinsters is in any of our States sufficient—whether we do not suffer from a deficit rather than from an excess of maiden aunts.

To decide this question we must remember that there is in any community an immense and constant demand for this class. They are the natural stop-gaps, the flying buttresses, the emergency lectures,

of all families. When in difficulty, you send for a maiden aunt. When the mother is ill at home, and the governess is in the hospital, and the nurse's third cousin has died, so that she must spend several days in going to the funeral, then it is that telegrams fly in all directions for maiden aunts. It is a wonder that there are no special blanks ready with the proper addresses at the telegraph-offices, and particular stamped envelopes at post-offices, "For Miss ——, maiden aunt at ——; to be delivered instantly." Sometimes there is an especial maiden aunt to whom a whole town turns, as in James T. Fields's story, where the country boy who had fallen into a well, and whom the collected ladders and ropes of the neighborhood could not extract, was heard shouting from the depths of the earth, "Why don't you send for Miss Kent, you fools?" The arrival of Miss Kent set everything working smoothly; and so it always is when maiden aunts arrive. The lady from Philadelphia, in Miss Lucretia Hale's "Peterkin" stories, who always got that luckless family out of all perplexities, was unquestionably a maiden aunt. The party stranded in mid-air, in Howells's "Elevator," would undoubtedly have been rescued by a maiden aunt had not the author—with his well-known severity towards women—shut up his aunt Mary in the elevator itself, where she could only request her silly niece not to be a goose. Even

in this, we perceive, is the utility of maiden aunts vindicated.

It might seem, as we look around at these priceless relatives, as if there were a good many of them in the world, but in reality there are far too few. Their ranks are so easily depleted, also, by the possibilities of illness, school-keeping, foreign travel, or matrimony that there are seldom enough of them at hand in any family. It is said that young men are growing dilatory about marriage, and this is, if true, a blessing in disguise; for what would become of us if all the maiden aunts were married, and had to look round in vain for other maiden aunts to help take care of their babies? Consider how many aunts a single baby needs: with what devouring rapidity these exhausting little creatures will use up one after another—in times of teething, for instance—till it seems as if only a very large old-fashioned family could supply aunts enough to go round. Illness makes a demand for aunts; temporary absences make room for them; they are needed when company is to be received, presents are to be made, new curtains to be decided upon, the family dress-making to be attended to; when, in short, are they not needed? Indeed, they are sometimes supposed to exist merely to "accommodate," as the phrase is at intelligence-offices for a temporary supply; and there is sometimes as much

ontcry in a large family when a maiden aunt ventures to be married as if she had taken a vow of celibacy in early life.

No! the maiden aunts of this rough world are not anxious and aimless; they are the salt of the earth, and, like the salt described in the little boy's composition, they are something that makes the world taste badly when there is nothing of them in it. They are never too numerous; indeed, they are never quite numerous enough. The bounteous Irish woman in "Rudder Grange" thinks that it must be very lonesome in a house with only one baby; and that household must also be lonesome that does not have within a six-mile radius at least three or four maiden aunts. But it must be confessed that this propinquity is sometimes rather hard upon the aunts.

IX.

ON ONE'S RELATIONSHIP TO ONE'S MOTHER.

Those who recall the days when Artemus Ward gave lectures may remember how he glided from behind the curtain noiselessly, dressed in solemn black, looking like a juvenile undertaker, and proceeded without a smile to crack the gravest jokes over the head of his young pianist. This tuneful youth, he explained, was paid five dollars a week "and his washing," and he was thoroughly domestic in his style of playing, having even composed those touching melodies of home life, "Is it raining, mother dear, in South Boston?" and "Mother, you are one of my parents." Now, if there ever was anything that might be called a self-evident proposition, it is this last, and yet it is certain that from Greek days to the present time the din of discussion has raged around it, and it has been habitually denied by large sections of the human race. Indeed, it is very probable that practices now prevailing among the most enlightened nations—as, for instance, the transmission of the father's, not the mother's, family name—

are simply a survival of this obstinate denial. While filial love and deference towards the mother form a most potent influence in many nations otherwise benighted, it is also true that there have always been races holding the view that a man is in no strict sense the son of his mother, but only of his father. This view assumes that he stands to his mother only in the relation held by the rose to the garden that produced it—a relation of necessary dependence, not of lineal descent.

The highest and most careful statement of this paradoxical theory is to be found in the Greek drama called the "Eumenides," commonly translated as "The Furies," by Æschylus, the greatest of Greek dramatists, and, in the opinion of some, the greatest of the world's poets. The hero, Orestes, has slain his mother, Clytemnestra, for her sins; and the Furies claim him as their victim, because they have jurisdiction over those who have shed the blood of kindred. Orestes asks why, then, did they not punish Clytemnestra herself, without leaving him to do it? They say that it was because her husband, whom she slew, was not one of her kindred. But, he says, am I of kindred with her? They cry out in indignation against this monstrous remark, and the matter is referred to Phœbus Apollo, who thus rules: "The mother is not the parent of what is called her child, but only the nurse of the infant

germ; for the male creates the offspring, while the female, like a host for a guest, preserves the young plant, when some god does not mar the increase." He adds also, "I will give you a proof of my assertion; there may be a father without a mother;" and he then mentions the mythological tradition of the birth of Athena, or Minerva, from the head of Zeus, or Jupiter. This fantastic argument is, of course, irresistible in the view of Greek mythology. But the half truth which lies at the basis of it has always been springing up all over the world, not alone among barbarous nations, but among the most civilized in the ancient and mediæval worlds.

For instance, in a valuable paper on the social and family relations among Australian tribes, in the Smithsonian Report for 1883, by A. W. Howitt, we find just this same theory modifying the law of descent among savages. The mother, as these people state it, is merely the nurse of the child; it is something given her to take care of. The same thing appears in the Hindoo Vedas, and glimpses of it are seen through Greek and Roman law. In that familiar book, "The Ancient City," by Coulanges, we see that the basis of the Roman state was the Roman family: the undying home, the domestic fire that never was to die out, but must be tended by father and son successively forever. Into this household the wife entered as a subordinate only; she was, as it were,

a daughter to her husband, *filiæ loco*, the jurists say. Her legal connection with her own family was broken off; she could not belong to two families, so she was merged in her husband's. For purposes of dignity a certain equality was recognized; she pronounced the formula *ubi tu Caius, ego Caia*, meaning that she would be the feminine head of the household as he the masculine; but it was only as a matter of dignity; his power was in reality absolute, she held hers only through him. She was essential to the home; it was incomplete without her—a Roman priest lost his office on becoming a widower; but she was utterly subordinate, almost an accident; the children not only belonged by law to the father, but they were recognized as intrinsically his; she was their custodian, their nurse, even as the Australian islander said.

We may admit that all this belongs to ages of darkness. The question is whether those ages are quite over. While men may properly argue for this or that specific reform in the condition of women, it is better to remember that the whole relation of the sexes has its roots far back in the very oldest traditions of the Aryan race, and their transformation must be a matter of very gradual evolution. Changes have been made that seemed utterly to imperil the old theory of the wife's subordination; and yet in some way or other this tradition has held its own.

In the Society of Friends, for instance, the equality and independent action of the sexes has been brought almost to its highest point; and yet, even there, every woman abandons her family name on marriage, and is so far identified from that moment with her husband's household instead of her own; Lucretia Coffin vanishes, and Lucretia Mott takes her place.

In the few cases among reformers where the wife has, as a matter of supposed consistency, refused to take her husband's name, the children have borne it nevertheless; and the tradition of the old Roman law—that they were her husband's children rather than hers—has thus been maintained in spite of her protest. Nor is it easy to see how we can get away from the remnant of this logical entanglement, since no child can bear all its inherited names; and if it is to keep but one, it is in many respects easier that it should be the father's. Fortunately there are plenty of specific ways in which the condition of women may be bettered, leaving students of antiquity to interpret the decision of Phœbus Apollo as they may.

X.

THE FLOOD-TIDE OF YOUTH.

To one who returns in middle or later life, like *myself*, to dwell in some college town where the first years of youth were spent, there is something that may fairly be called tremendous in the presence of that flood-tide of youth which surges forever through the streets. It is at first dismaying, then interesting, and at last quite absorbing in its *fascination*. The new-comer soon finds that he has in a manner to hold himself firm against it as against an incoming sea. To say that he feels insignificant before it is to say nothing; it carrieth him away as with a flood. What is all that which makes up the sum of his personal existence—his childhood, his early loves and hopes and fears, his gratified or ungratified ambitions, and what he calls his work in the world—in presence of this resistless wave of another generation, sweeping on to replace him and to annihilate the very trace of him and his?

"Who brings his little vanity, his grave
Appeal to men's applause or wonder....
Flash o'er the graven sands a liberal wave
And let us know no more his memory or his blood."

It is not that these unconscious boys are distinctly aware how secure is their tenure, how insecure and brief is yours. That is the worst of it. A tinge of self-consciousness would imply a trace of weakness. Their demeanor is never defiant or insolent; it would be too flattering were it thus. Such a bearing would imply a certain equality; whereas there is no equality between those who possess the future and those who only hold the defined and limited past. You are not slighted as an individual, but simply superseded as a generation. There is no equality between Shakespeare's dying King Henry and the Prince Hal who tries on his crown. In the case of these college youths, disrespect would be almost complimentary; it is the supreme and absolute indifference that overwhelms. You may have your place in the world, such as it is. "Old age hath yet its honor and its toil." They neither assert nor deny it. Why should they? They simply shoulder their way through the ranks of maturer persons, triumphantly heedless, like the conquering Goths through the streets of Rome, or a party of California miners through the Louvre. "The accumulations of the past may be all very

well," they seem to say, "but ours is the future." They are right; that future is in their hands, with its coming art and statesmanship, Rome, Louvre, and all. This they know, or it is true without their knowing it, which makes them still more resistless and insuperable than if they knew it.

There is not a trace of any spirit of unkindness about all this; they would as soon think of being unkind to the portrait of their great-grandfather. You may even invade their haunts unmolested. If you go with a young niece or daughter to an assembly, they receive you with grave courtesy and with a respect that penetrates to the marrow of your bones, showing how utterly you are removed from their world. They even glance at you with a pleased interest sometimes, as if one of the Copley paintings had come down from the wall of Memorial Hall and walked and talked. It is to them inconceivable that you should like to come there; but if you do, they really like to have you. They do not compliment you by the slightest jealousy or resentment. They would gladly put you on a raised seat with the other chaperons, and give you, as they give them, bouquets and ice-cream; all that is left of the intoxicating sweets of youth. It is this careless courtesy that is the crowning banishment. In all Tourguénief's novels there is no scene more powerful than that closing chapter of "Lisa" where the par-

ticipant in a great domestic tragedy comes back in later years and bursts in upon a gay circle of youths and maidens, the kindred and namesakes of those who took part in that earlier heart-break—a joyous group, who gather laughingly around him, vaguely recall for an instant the names that made up all of life to him, and then whirl away, not even noticing him when he leaves the house.

But there really is no need of sorrow in dwelling amid this ever-rising tide. As Algernon in "Patience" regards himself as a trustee for beauty, to preserve it, show it, and make the most of it, so these exuberant children are trustees for youth. It is amusing to notice that sometimes, indeed, they, like Algernon, grow weary of their trust, and even enjoy assuming the attitudes of old age a little while. No white-haired man is so old—or would be, if he could help it—as many a college bard at twenty who writes for himself, as Dr. Holmes wrote when little more than that age:

> "Alas! the morning dew is gone—
> Gone ere the full of day."

How delicious it is to boast of age when one is young, and of misery when one is happy! It is like the delight of a fresh young girl at wearing hair-powder and attempting to look old; the more venerable the fashion, the more radiant becomes

her blooming youth; but let her hair really grow gray for a day, and see how she likes it! Yet hence with the cruel suggestion! Why should we know how she likes it? Her turn will come soon enough. Be the trustee for youth while you can, my fair one, and you too, jubilant and tumultuous boys. Gray hairs may bring you something that is worth all youth's spring-tide. That something is what it is now the fashion to call "altruism"—the power of being happy in another's happiness, the last and most blessed of all Heaven's gifts to man. You have a thousand advantages over your venerable relative who stands, an unobserved wall-flower, behind you; but he has one vast advantage that you cannot share: he can partake in imagination of every thrill of your happiness, for he has had it all; but you cannot comprehend an atom of his, for you have not come to it. As he watches his daughter or his favorite niece with divided emotions in the ballroom — enraged, as Howells says, when she has not a partner, and jealous when she has— he still has a pleasure that he would not, on the whole, exchange for yours. Your enjoyments are more ardent, it may be, but his have wider range, for they represent the whole genial sympathy of matured existence.

And beyond all this—and still more utterly beyond the comprehension of the young — is that

sense of wealth and inherent resources in the human race which we obtain from watching this incessant tide. What the individual loses by it in importance, humanity gains. In saner moments I am able not merely to acquiesce, but positively to exult, in the thought that a new generation is to supersede all that my own contemporaries with such vast effort have accomplished; to make our seeming wealth poverty, our successes superfluous, our deeds forgotten. Not only is it the new generation's right, but it is the glory of the race, thus to obliterate all predecessors. It proves that the life of humanity on this planet is an ocean, not a pond: nay, it is more than an ocean, for it has a flood-tide, but no ebb.

XI.

"BUT STRONG OF WILL."

In one of Whittier's finest ballads he gives a touch of feminine character worth considering in a world where so many of the young or foolish still hold it to be the perfection of womanhood to be characterless. The phrase is to be found in "Amy Wentworth," one of the few of his ballads which have no direct historical foundation, but simply paint a period. The scene is laid in the proud little colonial town of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, with its high-bred ways and its stately ante-Revolutionary traditions — such traditions as became an Episcopalian and loyal colony, although nothing now remains to commemorate their sway except a few fine old houses, some family portraits, and this ballad of Whittier's. His heroine, gently nurtured, has given her heart to the captain of a fishing-smack, and the poet thus describes the situation:

> "Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,
> With stately stairways, worn
> By feet of old colonial knights
> And ladies gentle born;

"And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown,
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown.

"*But strong of will and proud as they,*
She walks the gallery floor
As if she trod her sailor's deck
In stormy Labrador."

What a fascinating thing, after all, is strength in a woman! With what delight all readers turned from the weak or wicked heroine of Thackeray's earlier novels to his superb young Ethel Newcome, "strong of will and proud as they" who would have domineered over her. Scott, with his love of chivalry, always flung some attribute of courage about the women whom he meant to win our hearts—or he failed if he did not. Even his graceful Ellen Douglas is incapable of actual cowardice.

"I think with anguish, or, if e'er
A Douglas knew the word, with fear."

So, in the Scottish ballads, it takes something more than a weakling to spring up behind young Lochinvar in the saddle, or to be "owre the Border and awa'" with Jock o' Hazeldean. Shakespeare does not love to paint characterless heroines:

"I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well reputed—Cato's daughter."

Even the child Juliet at fourteen is able to resist her whole proud household, and there is more peril in her eyes than in twenty of their swords.

The very disproportion between bodily and mental strength makes personal character more conspicuous in women, as it was often noticed in our army that some boy-officer, if a hero in heart, had a peculiar power over rough men who could have felled him with a blow. We all enjoy records of womanly heroism—of the Countess of Nithisdale's rescue of her husband from prison, of the Baroness de la Rochejaquelein's adventures in La Vendée, and of Catherine Douglas, who barred the door by thrusting her delicate arm through the staples in defence of her royal mistress. Our own civil war furnished many similar instances of courage; yet none surpassing, or perhaps equalling, the narrative given by the daughter of General Stone* of the manner in which her mother protected her whole household of girls and young children in Cairo (Egypt) in time of insurrection, without money and almost without friends, by mere strength of will. No wonder one

* *Century* for June, 1884.

of the Arab officers said, "If all American women are like you, I should not like to go to war against the men." Once she said—in a voice which the daughter elsewhere describes as soft and low—"Girls, if an Arab lays hands upon you, I expect you to save yourselves by putting a bullet through your hearts. *Don't leave it for me to do.*" There is many a general who could composedly give an order that would cost ten thousand lives, and yet who would not have the nerve to say to his daughters those last seven words, and mean them.

We talk about women's not needing strength of will, because they will be "protected." Who is protected, who can be protected, against more than the ills of the passing day? Men heap up wealth for their daughters, and that very wealth may buy them husbands who will break their hearts, and who would never have sought them had they been poor. Or the money itself disappears. One of the heirs of one of the largest estates bequeathed in Boston in the last generation—an estate equally and justly distributed—told me that there were already descendants of the testator who were in poverty and needed assistance. Yet how few of them probably were prepared for this! Madame de Genlis, the only intellectual woman in France who for a time rivalled Madame de Staël in fame, said that of all her attainments the one which she most prized was

that, in case of hardship, she knew twenty different ways of making a living. Then, apart from poverty, think of other risks of life! The most petted girl may marry some frontier army officer, and find herself some day with her husband shot down at her side by Indian arrows, she being left alone with her children among savages far worse than the Arabs whom Mrs. Stone dreaded. Who has ever gone by night into the suffocating steerage, or on board the stifling emigrant train, without a thrill of admiration for the obscure and nameless women who pilot their crying children through that prolonged ordeal of misery, while the easier lot of the husband is to sit and smoke with his mates? Look at the lives of these women after they have reached their Western destination, their enormous, unrelieved labors, their unknown and often thankless toils! Again, who can protect the most favored woman against disease? We daily see that the physicians cannot.

It seems to me that if we recognized more distinctly in our training that girls as well as boys need strength of will, we should be more sure of developing that quality, and it would also be more harmonious when it came. Neither a tree nor a character can show much grace if it has to fight its way by inches against cold and storm. It is not necessary to choose between the gnarled oak and the clinging vine; there is something intermediate.

Grant all that may be claimed of the gracefulness of dependence, the charm of submission, the truth remains that actual life makes little account of these soft adornments. Of all things on earth, after love, that which a human being most needs is strength; and as the ancients accounted a lioness with her young more dangerous than a lion, so the very fact that woman is the mother of the human race makes it essential that she should have some vigor of will. It is desirable, doubtless, that a man should be strong, but we may almost say that a woman must be strong.

XII.

MARKETABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

I once knew of a young man who had a methodical mind and a large acquaintance among young women. He used to keep their names in a book, with memoranda of their accomplishments — noting carefully which could dance well, which could embroider prettily, which make sponge-cake, which drive a horse; so that, should there be a social demand for either of these gifts, it could be supplied. A similar variety of attainments is found in the nursery ballad about the three ships that came sailing by with a pretty maid in each:

> "And one could whistle, and one could sing,
> And one could play on the violin."

But, after all, it is often asked, What is to become of the pretty maids on some day when their fathers' ships do not come in, and they are left in poverty? What good will their accomplishments do them?

It is pleasant to be able to answer that all these resources may, if well handled, do a great deal for them in just that emergency. Accomplishments

are really just as marketable as anything else, so long as there are other people who wish to learn or borrow them. It is common to say that adversity comes peculiarly hard on those who are new to it, but the truth is that such sufferers often feel it less than those who have been ground down by it all the time. The courage of the new beginners is better; their spirits are better. I have known young girls who pronounced it "a lark" to have their fathers lose all their possessions, so that they themselves could have the new excitement of self-support. Again, they have usually more friends and more zealous counsellors than those who have been poor all their lives. In our easy American society a sudden loss of property does not, as in older countries, at once transfer a person to a different social grade; we see too many ups and downs for that; and towards a young woman especially, who is obliged to shift for herself, there is usually a cordial and generous sentiment among the friends of more prosperous hours. It is apt to be easier for her to obtain work or instruction or capital than if she had always been poor. The things essential are energy, a cheerful spirit, and a quick discovery of the gift, whatever it is, that will be her strongest hold.

As to the selection of this gift, it is, perhaps, good advice to say, Try the thing that you can do

best already, before spending time and money in learning something else that you cannot do at all. If you have a particular kind of preserves for which you are famous, see if they are not available in a wider circle; many a household of Southern women made this their main resource after the devastations of the civil war. In the same way the mere possession of a remarkably good receipt for molasses candy was once quite a treasure to a Northern family of my acquaintance during a time of commercial panic. Among non-culinary accomplishments the range is also considerable. In boyhood I learned dancing of an accomplished lady, the daughter of a judge and the sister of a naval officer who was afterwards eminent; being temporarily straitened in circumstances, she tried this means of support, and was only the more respected in consequence. I know another lady of whom the same is true today; she teaches in a private school in the morning, and has five different dancing-classes in the afternoons.

I heard lately of another who had always been accustomed to wealth, but who, on falling suddenly into poverty, called the roll of her acquirements, and found that she knew nothing really well, except whist-playing. She had, therefore, the courage and ingenuity to see if she could not make something out of that. Her proficiency was well known, and

she now has ten small classes in that difficult art, and receives from them a fair compensation. There are women who are so well known among their friends for their especial skill in tennis-playing or skating or swimming that they would find it easy to form classes for these accomplishments if they went into the matter with energy. Of course the work must be done, if undertaken, in a perfectly business-like way—no fine-lady dawdling; it must be simply trying to earn an honest penny by the thing a woman knows, instead of apprenticing herself to stenography or to type-writing, which she does not know. The list could easily be extended. In the large community where I live there is absolutely no one to teach a young girl to ride on horseback—a thing which an accomplished horsewoman could do as well as a man. Last year I knew a young girl who, having mechanical aptitude, bought a jig-saw, and had to search through the whole neighborhood, and almost give up in despair, before she could find any one to teach her how to use it; yet she would willingly have paid for the instruction. Even in a thing so universal as crochet, I am told that there is always a demand for some one who knows the very newest stitches.

All such suggestions as these are apt to be misconstrued; the adviser is supposed to have given the absurd assurance that such enterprises will find

an easy success, without allowance for time or place or circumstances. Quite otherwise; the path of self-support is never very easy under any circumstances. It is failure that is easy. You may find no employment as a governess, no pupils for a school, no encouragement as a copyist. These occupations are always crowded; but if you have a special gift it is likely to lie in some line where, if the demand be less, there is also less competition. As civilization advances, arts and accomplishments develop. I can remember the time when there was hardly a teacher of gymnastics in America who was not an ignorant and vulgar pugilist, whereas such instruction now is an occupation for educated men and women. What I mean to urge is that the very gifts which are considered ornamental may often be utilized if combined with energy and ingenuity; and that for this purpose those who "have known better days" possess a real advantage in a circle of acquaintance ready-made and willing to aid them, and also in the acquired manners which make their work attractive. It always seemed to me that the impoverished heroine of Mr. Howells's "A Woman's Reason" would not have had quite so hard a struggle in real life as that with which his ingenuity has provided her.

XIII.

"CHANCES."

THE head of a great collegiate institution for women once told me of receiving a visit from a titled Englishman, who examined with much interest all the departments. Finally, taking her aside with an air of mystery, he said that there was one question which he greatly desired to ask her. On her assenting, he said, "This is all very interesting, but I really want to know what influence it is found to have upon their future lives, don't you know." She was pleased at the question, and at once proceeded to give statistics as to how many of the graduates were now teachers, how many were missionaries, and the like. This evidently did not satisfy him. "Ah! that's very interesting," he said—"very interesting indeed; but that isn't just it. What effect does this higher education have upon—upon their *chances?*" "Upon their chances?" she naïvely said —"chances of what?" "Why, of course," he said, "their chances of getting a husband."

Being a lady of some humor, she found it difficult at first to answer, but presently explained that she

had not tabulated any statistics on that point, although, judging from the frequency with which wedding-cards came through the post-office, the graduates were in a fair way to be married quite as fast as was desirable, possibly faster. And Sir John was apparently a little relieved when, on exhibiting to him the gymnasium, she pointed out the use of various articles of apparatus for physical improvement. "Ah!" he said, "that, now, is very interesting indeed; that is excellent. After all, don't you know, nothing improves a girl's chances like a good carriage of the person!"

Why is it that nobody ever speaks of a man's "chances" in a sense wholly matrimonial? Perhaps they do in England, where, I must say, one grows accustomed to hearing the worldly side of marriage presented in a way that rather disgusts an American; but even a travelling Englishman would hardly, I fancy, go through Harvard or Yale asking himself whether the lecture-rooms and the gymnasium were likely to hinder or help the young men's chances of marriage. Yet he—and possibly some of our own countrymen also—would use this odd phrase about women without thinking of its oddity. The assumption is, of course, that marriage is the one momentous event of a woman's life, and a very subordinate matter in a man's; and, moreover, that in a woman's case it is a matter of chance, and

in a man's of certainty. Let us consider all this a little.

We may well grant that marriage must hold a more controlling share in a woman's life than in a man's, because she is anchored by her children as a man is not. Yet when we look round us and see the enormous number of cases where a woman either is never married, or is childless, or is left widowed, it is quite evident that there are for her in life other opportunities and duties, and therefore "chances," besides those determined by marriage alone. And as to the risk involved in marriage, the more we reduce it to a minimum by care and judgment and good sense, the better. There is no surer preparation for misery, one would think, than to accustom a young girl to think of every offer of marriage as a "chance," to be eagerly seized as a fish swallows the bait, without knowing who or what is at the other end of the fishing-rod.

So long as it is the custom of society for men to ask the momentous question and for women only to answer it — and this custom will probably last, in spite of certain philosophers, forever—so long there will be a little more element of chance in the marriage relations of women than of men. A ball-room is in this respect a mimic world, and it is perfectly clear that the young lady who must sit still behind her bouquet and be asked has less control of

her own destiny than the young man who can try every girl in the room in succession until he finds a partner. But we certainly cannot say that chance entirely controls either sex, in real life, when we consider how many men die unmarried through inability to find or win the woman they want; and when we reflect, on the other hand, that there are probably very few women who do not have first or last an opportunity of marriage, if they were only as easy to satisfy as men sometimes seem. Perhaps nobody will ever frame a philosophical theory of the law that brings together certain men and certain women as lovers. The brilliant author of "Counterparts" tried her hand at it, and while she produced a remarkable novel, she did not establish her theory very firmly after all. But whatever the true philosophy may be, it is pretty certain that the element of chance is distributed between man and woman, and that a good deal of it exists for both in that formidable practical problem we call marriage.

But why, oh why, if Sir John and his fellow-worldlings are so anxious about a girl's "chances" at all, do they not carry their solicitude far beyond marriage, and make it include the whole life? Up to the wedding-day it is comparatively easy to ward off the storms of fate; indeed, the only serious storm to young people in love consists in the possi-

ble putting off of that day of bliss. But it is in later life that perils begin—perils which neither the presence of geometrical knowledge nor its absence, nor even a genteel carriage of the person, can very seriously affect. "Ah, sir!" said a pretty young Irish "second-girl" to me the other day, "my aunt is always at me to be a Sister [of Charity], and not be married at all; and indade, sir, when I think of the girls that I went to school with, and see some of them married already, and maybe with children, and maybe a husband that drinks, I think that if their example doesn't make a Sister of me, nothing of my aunt's taching will ever do it." Here is a glimpse, given with the stern realism of humble life, of the really formidable chances of a woman's career—chances that begin after the orange blossoms are faded, and the handfuls of rice thrown, and the guests gone home. Let us, if possible, Sir John, give to our daughters a training in character and purpose which shall enable them, with or without geometry and gymnastics, to do true women's work in the world, and make their usefulness, and even their happiness, something more than things of chance.

her own destiny than the young man who can try every girl in the room in succession until he finds a partner. But we certainly cannot say that chance entirely controls either sex, in real life, when we consider how many men die unmarried through inability to find or win the woman they want; and when we reflect, on the other hand, that there are probably very few women who do not have first or last an opportunity of marriage, if they were only as easy to satisfy as men sometimes seem. Perhaps nobody will ever frame a philosophical theory of the law that brings together certain men and certain women as lovers. The brilliant author of "Counterparts" tried her hand at it, and while she produced a remarkable novel, she did not establish her theory very firmly after all. But whatever the true philosophy may be, it is pretty certain that the element of chance is distributed between man and woman, and that a good deal of it exists for both in that formidable practical problem we call marriage.

But why, oh why, if Sir John and his fellow-worldlings are so anxious about a girl's "chances" at all, do they not carry their solicitude far beyond marriage, and make it include the whole life? Up to the wedding-day it is comparatively easy to ward off the storms of fate; indeed, the only serious storm to young people in love consists in the possi-

ble putting off of that day of bliss. But it is in later life that perils begin—perils which neither the presence of geometrical knowledge nor its absence, nor even a genteel carriage of the person, can very seriously affect. "Ah, sir!" said a pretty young Irish "second-girl" to me the other day, "my aunt is always at me to be a Sister [of Charity], and not be married at all; and indade, sir, when I think of the girls that I went to school with, and see some of them married already, and maybe with children, and maybe a husband that drinks, I think that if their example doesn't make a Sister of me, nothing of my aunt's taching will ever do it." Here is a glimpse, given with the stern realism of humble life, of the really formidable chances of a woman's career—chances that begin after the orange blossoms are faded, and the handfuls of rice thrown, and the guests gone home. Let us, if possible, Sir John, give to our daughters a training in character and purpose which shall enable them, with or without geometry and gymnastics, to do true women's work in the world, and make their usefulness, and even their happiness, something more than things of chance.

XIV.

THE DAUGHTERS OF TOIL.

THE time has come when the watering-places are mainly deserted, their banquet-halls unoccupied, their bar-rooms closed, their dancing-halls silent; while all the innumerable small dealers and showmen who clustered in their neighborhood have put away their wares, if they still have any, in boxes; have secreted their gains, if they have made any, in their pockets; and have disappeared—whither? Their destination seems as inscrutable as that of the birds of summer, and we only know that, like the birds, they will return in spring. But there is one class of summer toilers by the sea whom we can trace and whose destination we know—the most laborious toilers of all. When the household lights go out, one by one, at Newport or Mount Desert; when the trunks are all packed, and "John" has seen to the departure of the last load of luggage; when the pretty cottage is locked up, and relapses into the hands of the native Hiram or the foreign-born Dennis, who dwells in the neighborhood, and is to keep an eye to it all winter—then we know

that the change has come, and that the most laborious of the daughters of toil are transferred to another sphere of labor, not less arduous, but only different. These women of endless and exhausting industry are, it is needless to say, the class who are looked upon as idlers, butterflies, daughters of ease and luxury. They are the women who, as they sit in their luxurious carriages, are regarded by the mill-girl or the fisherman's daughter as the embodiment of pampered bliss; while their lives are unquestionably harder in many cases than any that mill-girl or fisherman's daughter ever imagined.

"It requires my whole time and strength during the whole summer," said one of this class to me once at Newport, "and the whole time and strength of my three daughters, to keep up with the ordinary round of social duties—to welcome our guests, to drive and go to entertainments with them, to receive calls, to make calls, and to keep the ordinary machinery of the establishment in operation." This lady was one of the very best and most high-minded of her class — conscientious, domestic, enlightened. I knew from observation that what she said was strictly true. I knew also that as she did in summer at a so-called "scene of recreation," so she lived in winter in the city where she dwelt; and this almost of necessity, from the social connections of her family and the real or supposed needs of her children. Professional

men have their vacations, farmers have their hibernating season, many mechanics have a portion of the year when work is only too light—but this woman had really no period when the strain was in the least relaxed, except during Lent. There were, to be sure, a few weeks of comparative leisure gained by going unusually early to her country-seat in spring or staying unusually late in autumn; but even these, for a mother whose daughters must have unimpeachable wardrobes, and for a house-keeper whose two or three mansions needed constantly to be kept in presentable order, could scarcely be given to anything like rest. And as with this estimable lady, so with all "society women" who are heads of households. They seem to me to be absolutely the hardest-worked women in the community; and I knew one of them who used to explain her repeated voyages to and from Europe by declaring that the state-room of an ocean steamer was literally the only place that could give her twenty-four hours of peace.

In all this complication of labor, it must be remembered, the American woman of society is placed under greater hardship than any other; for she undertakes to do without machinery what the European woman does with instrumentalities that have been perfected by years of use. Let any one read the descriptions given by travellers of the great country-houses in England, or even read carefully

the recent papers in *Harper's Bazar* upon the organization of domestic service in large households, and it will become plain that nothing but the utmost method can possibly carry on such an establishment without constant failure. In Europe that method is easily provided, because money can at once secure a retinue of servants, each of whom knows his place; and it can, moreover, provide a house-keeper or major-domo who will keep everybody to his work. The trouble here is that no money can buy such an organization, and nine-tenths of the labor of forming it comes upon the lady of the house. A young college graduate, taken suddenly from the laboratory and placed at the head of a great factory in which he finds no foreman and no overlookers, is not so helpless as a young girl taken suddenly from the ballroom and placed at the head of ten or a dozen servants, in a beautiful house, with a "social position" awaiting her. For there actually are foremen and overlookers somewhere in the community, and an energetic young man with money at command can find them. But no wealth can obtain for the American lady that admirable and perfect being, the English housekeeper, so completely adjusted to her environment that she seems as if she must have been created on purpose, and sent straight down from heaven in a black silk gown, to stand behind her mistress's chair, looking more stately than her mistress even

when she says, with dignified deference, "As you please, ma'am."

And as with the English house-keeper, so with those who are to work under her; each is supposed to know his place, and practically does know it; there is no disputing, as sometimes in America, as to which of two or three men-servants ought to fetch a glass of water. I am far from asserting that this perfection of domestic service is the highest test of social progress; but it is thus far the only condition that can save the lady of the house from being prematurely worn out. It remains to be seen whether American wealth and American ingenuity can combine to solve this problem anew, and release "society women" from something of their tremendous drudgery. And it needs to be solved without delay, since in all our summer resorts, as they develop, the cottager is replacing the old-time boarder—a gain to the guests, but destructive to the hostess, who, after keeping house all winter under great difficulties, has to do the same thing all summer under greater. All others find in her charming hospitality a delightful exchange for the noise and hurry of the hotel. But who pays the price of it? What is to become of the Daughters of Toil?

XV.

THE EMPIRE OF MANNERS.

How delightful it is, when about to be shut up for a week or two on board ship, or in a country hotel, with a party of strangers, to encounter in that company even one person of delightful manners, whose mere presence gives grace and charm, and secures unfailing consideration for the rights and tastes of all! "I have once beheld on earth," says Petrarch, in his 123d sonnet, "angelic manners and celestial charms, whose very remembrance is a delight and an affliction, since it makes all things else appear but dream and shadow." Most of us have in memory some such charms and manners, not necessarily associated with poetic heroines, and still less with the highest social position. We recall them as something whose mere presence made life more worth living; as distinct an enrichment of nature as fragrant violet beds or the robin's song. All life is sweetened, joys are enhanced, cares diminished, by the presence in the room of a single person of charming manners.

How shall such manners be obtained? Art and

habit and the mere desire to please may do something, but not supply the place of a defective foundation. Nobody has ever summed up the different types of good manners so well as Tennyson:

> "Kind nature is the best: those manners next
> That fit us like a nature second-hand;
> Which are indeed the manners of the great."

It is curious how Americans in Europe vibrate between their French and English predilections, feeling the attractiveness of the French courtesy, and yet sometimes wondering whether it is more than skin-deep, and looking back in regret to the English method, which, if blunt, is at least sincere. But when, as may happen, the French manner has a basis of real sincerity, how delightful the result! A charming American woman, the late Mrs. Sidney Brooks of New York, who retained into age all the attractiveness and much even of the physical beauty of her youth, once told me that the secret of the invariable popularity of the celebrated Madame Récamier was that she really felt the universal kindliness she expressed. Mrs. Brooks had been in youth a great favorite of this distinguished French woman, and had been admitted to her society at all times, except when the appearance of a large pair of wooden *sabots*, or overshoes, outside the door of the boudoir announced that the venerable author M. de

Chateaubriand was having an interview. She said that at Madame Récamier's receptions it was always understood that the friends of the hostess must amuse one another, leaving her wholly free to attend to "her strangers"—*mes étrangers*, she called them—who, precisely because they were such, needed all the special attention that could be given them. This was surely to unite Tennyson's two types of manners—the artificial and the natural—in one.

But if no manners are enough which have not the foundation of true and simple feeling, neither is it safe to rely on that alone. The traditions and habits of society are to a great extent what might be called funded or accumulated good feeling; they are largely the product of long years of experience, which have brought to perfection the art of avoiding awkwardness and simplifying all procedure. Some of them are "survivals" from old times of hate and violence—as the grasp of the ungloved right hand implied the laying aside of the sword, and the wine pledge was the proof that there was no guile in the cup. Others belong to modern intercourse only, and have followed the changes of society. The former practice of waiting before eating until all at table were helped was doubtless the remains of the first struggle with barbarous appetite for self-control; and this being once attained, the more recent habit followed, that each should begin when helped, and

so avoid the awkwardness of a delay. These things must be to some degree conventionally learned, because they represent not only good feeling, but historic changes and social development. There is generally some reason at the bottom of all of them, but there is not time always to explain, and it greatly facilitates that social ease which is the object really aimed at, to accept the habits of society as they are; and not, for instance, to insist on calling for fish with your dessert at a dinner-party, merely because you happen to fancy that combination.

Many an ardent and zealous young reformer offends the very world he is burning to reform when he refuses to meet it with some slight compliance; as Felix Holt, in George Eliot's story, was willing to die for the improvement of society, but could by no means consent to wear a cravat for its sake. Manners come next to morals, not alone because they help us to make the world pleasanter, and thus render life easier to all around us, but also because they afford a key to those greater successes and usefulnesses for which all generous persons long. And their domain goes beyond this world; for if the utmost saint makes himself personally repulsive, he so far diminishes our desire to meet him in any land of pure delights. Miss Edgeworth says in "Helen" that any one who makes goodness disagreeable commits high-treason against virt-

ue; and I remember how elevated a doctrine it seemed to me when I heard one of my ignorant black sergeants say, in a prayer I accidentally overheard, "Let me so live *dat when I die I may hab manners*, dat I may know what to say when I see my heabenly Lord!"

XVI.

UNREASONABLE UNSELFISHNESS.

When some eloquent clergyman preaches a sermon on unselfishness so powerful and searching that, as his hearers say, "It goes right down into every pew," the melancholy fact remains that the person it hits is apt to be just the person who needs it least, and who would be more benefited by a moral discourse tending in just the other direction. Or when the lecturer on Ethical Culture handles the same theme in an equally ardent manner, rebaptizing the old-fashioned virtue under the modern name of "altruism," the effect is very often just the same. Saint or scientist, the result is likely to be this, that the comfortable sinner, who has been conveniently selfish all his life, sheds the exhortation as easily as a duck's back disposes of the water; while all the duty of "unselfishness," or "altruism," as we may please to call it, continues to be done, as heretofore, by the quiet, uncomplaining personage in some other part of the pew. He or she—more frequently she—is the only one whom the arrow of exhortation has really reached; and while every sinner of the

family goes home and eats a comfortable dinner undisturbed, the single saint is found fasting and praying, and lies awake that night trying to devise some new point at which she can incur martyrdom.

When shall we recognize that while the greater part of the world may be guilty of selfishness, there are always many who need rather to be condemned for an unreasonable unselfishness, which mars their own lives, and also demoralizes those of other people? Who knows but Blue-Beard himself might have turned out a decent domestic character, and have had his life cherished by his brothers-in-law, had he encountered a spirited resistance, instead of weak concession, from some of his earlier wives? How much of the usefulness of Socrates may have been due to the wholesome rasping that he received from that friend of her race, Xantippe! Husbands spoil wives, wives ruin husbands, sisters are absolutely destructive to the characters of brothers, and it is said that brothers in some instances have actually been injurious to sisters, by unmitigated petting under the specious name of unselfishness. It is for this reason that physicians generally recommend a professional nurse rather than a member of the family, not so much that the nurse is more skilful, but that she alone knows how to moderate her disinterestedness—to keep it on tap, as it were, and administer it from time to time, instead of pouring it, as the home

nurse does, in one everlasting flood. The wife of the nervous patient breaks down at last herself, the daughter of the insane mother becomes herself insane, simply from prolonged and exhausting care, while a hired nurse would give herself relief. In such case the excessive unselfishness defeats itself; it does not even benefit other people; it only burdens the family at last with two invalids instead of one.

There is an impression that it is the highest imaginable type of character to merge all one's own wishes and powers and aims in the absorbing care of other persons. Such is not, I am sorry to say, my own observation. Self-sacrifice, like many other forms of diet, is a food or a poison according as we use it. There are those who really carry it to a morbid extent, and can no more be trusted to measure out their own share of it than an opium-eater to write his own prescription. There are families where pastor and family physician have to bestir themselves all the time to defeat the plausible excuses under which the devotees of unselfishness veil their excesses. They need watching with unceasing vigilance, these people who stoutly maintain that they prefer drumsticks at dinner, and sleep best on a straw bed. One evidence of their growing demoralization is the utter disintegration in their characters of the virtue of truthfulness. No im-

moderately unselfish person can be truthful at the same time; they are soon ready to deny that they are ever cold or hot, or hungry or thirsty, or tired —and this unblushingly, in the face of overwhelming evidence. Nothing is too indigestible for them to eat, in order to save the feelings of the cook; and they will have the teething baby sleep with them for a dozen nights in succession, because dear Maria, his mother, really needs repose, and it is a peculiarity of theirs to be able to do without it. Truth is considered by the moralists to be a merit, as well as unselfishness; but these people simply lay it down, during their insatiate pursuit of their favorite virtue, as rich people lay down their carriage—occasionally —when they go into bankruptcy.

But such collateral faults are not the whole evil. There are positive virtues to be cultivated as well as the negative virtue of self-surrender. It is right to do one's own work in the world, to develop one's own powers, to exercise a tonic as well as a soothing influence on those around. That was a profound remark which Charles Lamb made about himself in regard to his close and arduous supervision, for many years, of his partially insane sister. He said—I quote from memory—that though this way of life "had saved him from some vices, it had also prevented the formation of many virtues." No person can spend the greater part of his time in a

constrained position, or with a tight ligature round some portion of his body, without suffering some physical retribution; and if the constraint and repression are applied to the mind instead, that also suffers. Every human being is entitled, within certain limits, to live his or her own legitimate life; and though this may easily be made an excuse for the basest selfishness, the habit of unbroken self-sacrifice brings perils of its own just as marked, if less ignoble. There is a certain charm in it, no doubt—in feeling that self is absolutely annulled, that we live only for others, or for some one other. But this is, after all, to quit the helm of our own life, so that our vessel simply drifts before the winds of destiny. The true skill is seen when we sail as closely as possible in the face of the opposing gale, and thus extract motive power from the greatest obstacles.

XVII.

WOMEN'S INFLUENCE ON LITERARY STYLE.

We are fortunate in having from one of the masters of French literature, Fontenelle, a felicitous statement of what women had contributed up to his time, through men, in the formation of literary style; and though the statement was made more than a century ago, and made for Frenchmen, it still has in it much truth for all manner of persons. Fontenelle, it should be remembered, died in 1757, within a month of completing his hundred years, and without the slightest impairing of his vivacity and keenness of mind. His bodily powers had suffered just enough to make him apologize at ninety-five for not stooping to pick up a lady's fan with quite the agility of eighty years; but his very infirmities, such as they were, were only material for witticisms; and he remarked when dying, "I am not in pain, but I am troubled with a sort of difficulty in existing" (*Je ne souffre pas, mais je sens une certaine difficulté d'être*). And this vivacious old man, who had seen the flowering and fruitage

of the literature of a century, gave this as his opinion about the comparative contributions of the two sexes: "For solidity of reasoning, force, and depth, men alone are sufficient [*il ne faut que des hommes*]. For a natural elegance [*une élégance naïve*], for a fine and piquant simplicity, for the delicate recognition of the proprieties, and for a certain flower of wit [*une certaine fleur d'esprit*], you must have men who have been polished by the society of women."

It was, to be sure, Fontenelle who said on another occasion that there were three things which he had always loved very much without knowing anything about them—music, poetry, and women; yet here he showed that he knew something of women, at least in their influence on men. As a member of the famous French Academy, the "Forty Immortals"—on his election among whom he pleased himself with the thought that there were now only thirty-nine men in France who were wiser than himself—he had reason to recognize what women had done for French literature. The Académie itself, the chief literary association of the world, grew indirectly out of an association of women. When in 1600 the beautiful Catherine de' Pisani was married to the Marquis de Rambouillet, and changed the name of the great mansion which had borne her Italian mother's name to that of *Hôtel de Rambouillet*, she there began a series of literary recep-

tions which lasted half a century, and have been the model of all such gatherings ever since. There Corneille read his tragedies before their public representation, and Bossuet preached there his first sermon. Out of the conversations at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, in the desire to create something a little more solid, grew the meetings of literary men which Cardinal Richelieu organized into the French Academy. Though this was wholly a masculine body, its first prize was awarded to an essay by a woman, Mademoiselle De Scudéry, and its great work, the French Dictionary, was initiated by a literary body of some eight hundred ladies, known as the *Précieuses*, and afterwards satirized by Molière. They had two aims—to drive out indelicate expressions, in which for a time they succeeded, and to reform French spelling so that words should be spelled as they were pronounced. At one of their literary meetings Madame Leroi told M. Leclerc, then secretary of the Academy, that all French spelling needed to be simplified, and he accordingly took a pen, while the ladies proceeded to make out a long list of words, which is still preserved, anticipating the very changes that at last, under Voltaire, came to be generally accepted, and determined the modern French orthography. Alas! English spelling still awaits the eight hundred women who shall bring it back to common-sense.

Since Fontenelle's day women have begun to show what they could do personally in the way of literary style, besides acting through men. With George Sand and George Eliot to represent their sex, it is clear that woman's contribution is now direct as well as indirect. With the advance of higher education and the incentive of magazine opportunities, we may gradually expect results such as these two fine writers only prefigure. When we consider how rare in printed literature are the qualities we often find in women's letters—the wit, the grace, the daring, the incisiveness, the "lyric glimpses"—it is certain that there is more to come hereafter from that direction. The elaborate descriptions of nature or society in the literary man's book are often not half so good as the dashing delineations of the same thing in his wife's correspondence, from which he perhaps drew his materials. I still remember with a fraternal pride which was, I fear, a substitute for all shame, that the one passage which was applauded in my Commencement oration on leaving Harvard College was contributed by my elder sister. Perhaps if all college boys made similar confessions, we should get some additional light as to the influence of women on style.

Nor is it altogether a disadvantage to literature, I suspect, that women have been kept out of academic education while it was narrow and pedantic,

and are now being admitted to it after it has become more truly liberal. An extremely clever woman, Mrs. Mary Astell, who wrote "A Defense of the Female Sex" nearly two centuries ago (1697) in England, puts this point in a very lively way. "I have often thought," she says, "that the not teaching Women Latin and Greek was an advantage to them, if it were rightly consider'd, and might be improv'd to a great length. For Girles after they can Read and Write (if they be of any Fashion) are taught such things as take not up their whole time, and not being suffer'd to move about at liberty as Boys, are furnish'd among other Toys with Books, such as *Romances*, *Novels*, *Plays*, and *Poems*, which though they read carelessly only for Diversion, yet unawares to them give 'em very early a considerable Command both of Words and Sense; which are further improved by their making and receiving Visits with their Mothers, which gives them betimes the opportunity of imitating, conversing with, and knowing the manner and address of older Persons."*

* "Defense," etc., p. 57.

XVIII.

THE SINGLE WILL.

In an interesting paper on "Marriage and the Family," by Hermann Lotze, lately translated by Professor Ladd, of Yale University, there may be found some very liberal views, for a German, in regard to marriage. He readily admits that "nothing but the ancient depreciation of the female sex could lead to the thought of a *patria potestas* (paternal authority), which ascribed to the father the unconditional right over the child's life and death." He defines marriage as being a complete surrender of personality in respect to what is most peculiar to this personality, namely, the body; but instead of making this a wholly one-sided surrender, as has been too common with both civil and religious writers, he makes it distinctly and explicitly mutual. He finely says, following Kant in this, that "this complete surrender works no detriment to personal honor only in case it is returned by just as complete and unreserved surrender of the other personality in relation to all the interests of life." From this he concludes, first, that marriage must be no temporary union, but a

fellowship of the whole life, of all human and divine interests; and then that only monogamy corresponds to this ideal.

All this is afterwards summed up by him as "the perfect moral equivalence of the two partners in marriage;" and it is rather a disappointment when we find him, nevertheless, declaring that this equivalence "does not annul the necessity that a single will must decide in relation to the externalities of the conduct of life." What he afterwards says under this head seems a little indistinct, and might be variously interpreted; but this general proposition, heard so often from the lips of mediocre men, seems a little unworthy of the strength and fearlessness of Lotze. It is my experience that the men who talk in this way, and who dwell on the companion conviction that "a woman is never so well off as when she finds a strong man to rule her," do not belong in general to the strongest class of men. A man of really large and broad force likes to find some companion quality in the partner of his life, as Shakespeare's Brutus found it in Portia:

> "O ye gods,
> Render me worthy of this noble wife!"

It is rather the man failing to impress his own individuality on the world outside who insists on making the most of it by his own fireside, and at least

posing as a little monarch there. A weak wife will sometimes be happy in being crushed by such a fireside despot; and a strong and good-natured wife will smile inwardly while she listens to the lofty words of a husband whom she perhaps winds round her finger. But neither of these represents the ideal household. That is found only where the "moral equivalence of the two partners" is recognized through everything, and they learn to harmonize into one joint power, or else by mutual agreement assign to each a separate portion of the sway.

This is now partially recognized by our courts, in regard to the custody of the children, for instance; and there are probably few judges within the United States who would go as far as that Canada judge who lately ruled that a mother had no legal right to the custody of her child so long as her husband lived, although that husband had long deserted both her and the child. It is more and more recognized also in respect to the management of property. This joint control of the two most important possessions is a recognition of the possibility of equal alliances where neither party shall have absolute sway. That this is perfectly practicable in the affairs of common life is shown by the vast multitude of business partnerships between two persons, neither of whom claims to control the other. Enormous commercial responsibilities, involving delicate

and complicated decisions, are often vested in two persons who have to rely solely on mutual confidence to settle all differences of opinion. It is not found necessary to reason abstractly that government must be in the hands of one person, and that therefore the one partner must be an autocrat and the other a figure-head only. We thus know that in the most active business of life—that, indeed, which is technically and habitually called "business," as if it were the only serious matter—things may be as well managed by two heads as by one. Indeed the assumption is that the two heads will be even better than one, as the common proverb goes, for purposes of consultation; and where final action is needed, it can be delegated by mutual agreement to the one or the other.

Now if two business partners, coming together with only material interests at stake, can thus work successfully on what may be called the two-headed plan, why is it not to be expected that two married persons can do it? They meet, as Lotze says, in "perfect moral equivalence," as do the business partners; they have to unite them all the common interests which business partners share; but they have, unlike business partners, the whole realm of sentiment and association and parentage and household life to hold them in harmony. Their success, if they succeed, is a success far more impor-

tant to their happiness than any business triumph; their failure, if they fail, is more disastrous than a whole series of mercantile bankruptcies. Under ordinary circumstances they can go on by mutual agreement; in extraordinary circumstances they must consent, as business partners do, to delegate the decision by the same mutual agreement to that one for whom it is most obviously fitting, or who has most at stake. In most families this is already done, so far as concerns the broad general method of letting the husband decide on the domicile, and the wife as to the care of children. Even here the two things intermingle, since in a proposed change of domicile the welfare of the children is one of the most important elements. It is difficult to think of anything, even the investment of money, in which the habits of modern life do not recognize that the wife as well as the husband has some concern. The main thing is to remember that marriage is, as Lotze points out, a mutual surrender, and that the two partners are morally equivalent. This should be the standard; and not that of Mr. Thomas Sapsea in Dickens's story, who recorded upon his wife's tombstone that he had "never met with a spirit more capable of—looking up to him!"

XIX.

ON A CERTAIN HUMILITY IN AMERICANS.

It has always seemed to me that Lowell's paper on the condescension of foreigners should be followed by one on the humility of Americans. It may be that we do not make that quality obtrusive when travelling abroad, for there we are frequently stung and goaded out of this fine constitutional trait. "My dear young lady," said the kind English clergyman to a certain American traveller in Europe, "let me urge you not to make use of that word unless you are willing to be known as an American." "But suppose," said her mother, "that my daughters have no objection to being known as Americans, what then?" To this the good man had no answer ready, as it was a contingency he had not foreseen. In such cases the bruised Yankee will turn upon his assailant; nor does he always fail to offer the original provocation. But it is chiefly at home and in our dealings with foreigners that the constitutional humility asserts itself.

It is needless to deny that many or most of our

foreign visitors are persons of fairly good manners. It was especially to be noticed, in the large company of scientific men who visited the United States a few years ago, what simplicity and modesty marked the most eminent. Yet taking a whole year's yield, so to speak, of foreign arrivals, how much discrimination is needed, and how little we make! There is something admirable in the meekness with which we associate, on equal or even deferential terms, with persons of a far lower grade of courtesy than that to which we are accustomed—provided they come in under the laws of hospitality. Who has not dined in company with some travelling Englishman, perhaps a man of note, whose manners were so intolerable that, as a Boston woman said lately on one occasion, they justified dynamite? And who has not lived to see the same person's book of travels, in which he kindly gave his own verdict of approval or condemnation of the society which had made an exception from its general standard of good-breeding when it admitted him? Who has not heard some English lecturer, while coiling and uncoiling himself into and out of positions of inconceivable awkwardness, dole out elementary lessons on literature and science, as it were in words of one syllable, to audiences which had heard these same themes discussed by Agassiz or Rogers or Holmes? And who has not subsequently read that worthy man's

book or magazine essay, in which he perhaps benignantly complimented the intelligence of his audience —an intelligence which he never could fairly compute, since he never found out how it had criticised him. I forget which of these excellent gentlemen it was who gravely recommended to the good people of Boston a wholly new means of mental improvement—reading aloud in the evening! What is it that carries us calmly through these inflictions? No doubt good-nature has something to do with it, and the feeling of hospitality; but it is also largely due to the tradition of humility, the habit of thinking that light and grace come from Europe—*ex oriente lux.*

We early overcame this humility in political matters, because it took a race of strong men to free us from the parental yoke, and we recognized their strength; but literature and art and science and refined manners come more slowly, and in these we do not yet trust ourselves. That was true of our early days which Aulus Gellius quotes Cato as saying of early Rome: "Poetry was not held in honor; if any one devoted himself to it, or went about to banquets, he was called a vagabond" (*grassator vocabatur*). Hence we were slower to assert ourselves in these finer arts, and when we did, it was with becoming modesty. It was thought daring in Emerson to sing of the humblebee, or Lowell of the

bobolink: as for Whittier, who had never even crossed the Atlantic, how could he sing at all? Especially in the realm of manners this humility has prevailed. During the last French Empire it used to be held at Newport and New York that there was no standard of good-breeding but in Paris, as if the best-bred American society were not of older tradition as well as better strain than the dynasty of the Napoleons. The truth is that the finest American manners are indigenous, not imported. You will find such manners in little towns in Virginia and Kentucky, where not a person has ever seen Europe, and where to have been to Philadelphia or New York is to be a great traveller. Never have I seen more truly gracious and dignified manners than in the little Boston and Cambridge of my youth, among ladies mostly untravelled, and speaking no language but their own. The Italian refugee Gallenga, formerly Mariotti, has lately borne testimony to their social standard and to the conceited familiarity with which he repaid it. Their bearing would have fully justified such unflinching patriotism as that of Senator Tracy, of Connecticut, when, at the end of the last century, the British Minister expressed his admiration for Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, of Litchfield, Connecticut, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury. "Your countrywoman," said the Englishman, "would be admired at the court of St.

James." "Sir," said the sturdy American, "she is admired even on Litchfield Hill."

There is no occasion for any petty prejudice against European science or art or literature or manners; all nations can learn of each other, and we as the younger nation have more to learn, in many ways, than to teach. The nations of Europe are the elder sons of Time; but the youngest-born are also sons. It was not mere imitation that gave us Morse's telegraph, or Bell's telephone, or Emerson's books, or Lowell's speeches, or the American trotting horse, or those illustrated magazines that are printed for two continents. I heard the most eminent of English electricians say, a few years ago, that he had learned more of the possible applications of electricity during his first fortnight in this country than in his whole life before. When I spoke to Mr. Darwin of the Peabody Museum at Yale College, he said, "Huxley tells me that there is more to be learned from that museum than from all the museums of Europe." I do not urge a foolish insulation from England and Germany, Italy and France, but only to remember that what we need is not imitation, but growth; that a healthy growth implies a certain self-reliance; and that strength, like charity, begins at home.

XX.

"QUITE RUSTIC."

THERE lies before me a letter from one of those women who are doing more, as I sometimes think, to mould the future of America than any other class of women, or than any men. They are the higher grade of teachers in the high-schools, academies, and colleges of our Western States. They are as well trained, intellectually, for the most part, as their sisters of the Eastern States, have quite as often had the advantages of foreign travel; and derive from the life of newer communities, and from the more varied material under their charge a certain breadth of view and freedom from tradition which are rarer at the East. The Eastern colleges, and conspicuously Wellesley, draw much of their supply of teachers from this class, who thus give back to the East that benefit of culture which was formerly supposed to flow westward. Thus much for my authority; the passage in the letter that most strikes me is this; "We have in school a lovely girl from the country. She is rustic, shy, lovely, and dainty. She reminds me of what Ruskin says somewhere, that perhaps

the time will come when we shall say, 'He has beautiful manners; he is really quite rustic.'"

I dare say that this writer may not know, for she may not have been in France just at that time, how a good deal of what Ruskin suggests as possible became actual during the last French Empire. A friend of mine who was in Paris during that period was repeating to an accomplished Frenchman a delicate witticism. "Ha!" said his hearer, "that is admirable—that smacks of the provinces" (*cela sent les provinces*). My friend expressed surprise at the remark, having always supposed that, to a Parisian, all that was provincial seemed dull or vulgar; but his companion explained that so many of the more refined and cultivated families had confined themselves to their country residences in order to escape the carnival of vulgar wealth under Louis Napoleon, that it had become the habit to attribute any very fine touch of wit or manners to the country instead of, as formerly, to the city. In Ruskin's phrase, these things were considered "really quite rustic."

My friend the teacher speaks for the West. In the secluded plantation life of the Southern States it is not at all uncommon to meet young people—young girls especially—who have never been twenty miles from home, and yet have sweet and gracious manners, manners that are as essentially rustic as an

anemone or a cluster of trailing arbutus. In the Eastern and Middle States, where town is more accessible, one nevertheless finds not infrequently the same quality, either in cultivated families living by preference in the country, or in what is distinctly and unquestionably the local population. It is rare to go into any school-house of a country town in New England, and not see some one child who has a genuine and winning gracefulness of manner. She may be of foreign parentage or she may be descended from those who came in the *Mayflower;* she may have inaccuracies of speech, and these may or may not add to her näive attractions; but the type is there, and it will be recognized by every observant person in connection with our Eastern and Middle States. Howells rarely deals with it—his Lydia Blood comes the nearest to it; but it is unquestionably there, and the effect of its presence, even as exhibited among children, is to make the rural life of New England far more attractive than our novelists usually paint it.

Rusticity, on the whole, fares well in English literature. When we think of it as depicted by Shakespeare, we think less of his dull or vulgar Audreys and Mopsas than of Miranda and Perdita. Both these last heroines represent a life absolutely removed from all that cities can offer; both are in part idealized, but Miranda the more so; we think of

Perdita as a woman, but can hardly classify Miranda except in the realm where Ariel dwells. Yet both are painted with strong qualities—Perdita with deep conscientiousness, as Mrs. Jameson has pointed out, and Miranda with absolute self-devotion. In that reversion to country life which is going on side by side with the increased tendency to cities—a combination which is making us all into a nation that dwells half the year on the pavements and the other half in the wilderness—we may go back to that poetic side of existence which suggested his Perditas and Mirandas to Shakespeare. We shall never get back to the fantastic shepherdesses of French and Italian song, for these never were on sea or land; but we may at least hope to find, in the rural types of character, a corrective to the dangers of a purely metropolitan society.

Perhaps I shall do well to draw again upon the wide observation of my Western teacher to paint the class of young girls in America most remote from true rusticity—a class whom all may recognize in her description. "The type which troubles me most," she says, "is the smart, quick-witted girl, who takes the tone of any company she is with; who sees the fine points of literature or history without feeling any of them, who has girlishness without maidenliness, and who has absolutely no reverence—in short, the type of Maud Matchin in

'The Bread-Winners.' Of course Maud Matchin was a type, and as such more odious than any single approach to it; but I know plenty of girls who contain the Maud Matchin ingredients. I have seen but one really developed good specimen." Of this unpleasing class also we have all seen suggestions; and we sometimes observe its traits in those who have risen to conspicuous social position. By way of correction of its perilous tendencies, nothing is better than a pure and wholesome admixture of rusticity.

XXI.

THE TOY OF ROYALTY.

HAWTHORNE frankly acknowledged that he was glad to have been in England before people had done playing with the toy of monarchy. There is something doubly amusing in seeing the efforts of American official personages to give proper reception to the type of royalty lately arrived from the Sandwich Islands—something which may almost be called the toy of a toy, bearing the same relation to the European plaything that is borne by the strange dolls of the Aleutian Islands to the elaborate French or German article. The dusky queen of a few Pacific islands, whose husband is the elected king of a decaying handful of converted savages—the whole population under their sway, native and foreign, being little more than fifty thousand—has been received as if she were the Queen of England and Empress of India. And why not? A toy is a toy, and to a child the mere size or costliness is of little importance. In monarchies the royal station tells, and whether it be an exiled Bourbon or a dethroned Bonaparte, it is much the same thing.

General Badeau, in his curious and valuable book on "Aristocracy in England," describes an occasion where Prince Leopold and the Prime-minister of England brought with them in the carriage an African prince. "He looked to me," says Badeau, "like any little negro boy of nine or ten; but he had his gentlemen-in-waiting, he took precedence of the Prince-minister, and he stood on the red carpet reserved for royalty alone." The difference is that all this in England is in a manner serious; even persons of liberal opinions half believe in it, as a little girl half believes that her doll is hungry unless allowed a bit of her luncheon. In America it has been a curious combination of genuine international hospitality with a sort of pleasurable playing at something hitherto only known through the medium of books.

My own acquaintance with the toy of royalty is very limited, having been confined, so far as personal conversation goes, to one emperor and his empress. It was enough at least to furnish a standard, and to diminish the importance of minor interviews. One must draw the line somewhere, and I might perhaps draw it at emperors. His Imperial Majesty of Brazil was certainly a well-informed man, with a creditable appreciation of Whittier's poetry. There was a curious little lady-in-waiting, I remember, who went round reminding people that her

Imperial Majesty was a Bourbon. But I must admit, for one, that I had been sitting beside the empress on a sofa for some time, chatting as composedly as I should have done with any other middle-aged lady, before it occurred to me how incongruous was my attitude with the dignity that once hedged her great name. Think of it—a race that had furnished Europe with dukes for five hundred years and with kings for three hundred, that had convulsed nations with wars on questions of dynasty, and had rent courts with strife as to the problem who should use so much as a footstool in the queen's presence—and here was I sitting on a hair-cloth sofa beside a Bourbon! If this was all the reverence still due to a wearer of even that august name, what earthly glory was left for a Guelph? how much less for a Bonaparte! how inconceivably little for poor Queen Kapiolani! I remember, indeed, that one stately American lady, unable quite to forget the traditions of her youth, did actually bend one knee a little before the Bourbon empress; and I wonder whether any one remembered even thus much of homage for her Imperial Majesty from the Hawaiian Islands. Probably not.

As a matter of fact, it is all a play suited for children. The very name and associations of royalty are coming to belong to the childish domain just as distinctly as Puss in Boots or Jack and the

Bean-stalk. For a few years longer some prince will survive in London to select the popular actress of the day and to decide what shade of gloves gentlemen shall wear; but soon even these important functions will be discharged less expensively, and the common-sense of even the elder branch of the Anglo-Saxon race will assert itself. This all are coming to see; but what men do not see so clearly is that not only much of the melodrama of the present, but much written history of the past, will shrink in value with the disappearance of monarchy, and will be no more held in men's minds. When the Western continent is held by a hundred millions of people who care no more for the name of king than did the roaring waves in Shakespeare's "Tempest," those thronging myriads can afford to dismiss from their memories three-quarters of the European wars, turning upon dynastic quarrels as valueless for profit as the forgotten strifes among the Saxon heptarchy. Every step that in any way illustrates the slow passage of man to political self-government will have a continued and even a redoubled interest; but every strife to decide whether somebody's third cousin or fourth cousin should get the throne will have no further value but to point the moral—which will then have been abundantly established—as to the folly of trusting anybody with a throne at all. Mr. Barnum, it is said, is about to buy the crown

jewels of France for his museum, which is undoubtedly the best use to make of them. A time will come, probably, when his successor will also engage the last survivors of royal families to travel with the Greatest Show on Earth, or will put them on little reservations like American Indians, or let them spend an innocent old age on quiet country farms, such as Dickens's showman planned for his giants after they had grown shaky in the knees. Recent discoveries in Egypt have shown that the person of a king may be kept in tolerably good preservation for several thousand years. But the pictured result seems to indicate that for royal mummies, as for the institution they commemorate, it is easy to survive not only usefulness, but even good looks.

XXII.

WOMEN'S LETTERS.

"WOULD you desire," says De Quincey in his "Essay on Style," "at this day to read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its composition, steal the mail-bags and break open all the letters in female handwriting." This he goes on to demonstrate, he himself writing in that involved and elaborate style of which he was so fond—a sort of Coleridge-and-water, or perhaps one might say, Coleridge-and-air — full of cloudy glimpses and rich treasures half displayed. Had De Quincey imitated the women's letters he described, his writings would have a longer lease of life. And in the same spirit with him, but in a better style, speaks one of the most cultivated of American scholars, himself a delightful letter-writer, Joseph G. Cogswell, first librarian and organizer of the Astor Library. This is his statement of the matter:

"To preserve the true spirit of friendly correspondence, I conceive, requires more exercise of the

affections of the heart than of the powers of the mind, and it is for this reason that ladies commonly excel us in epistolary writing. I know of no reading more dry and uninteresting than the letters of great men; I mean particularly among the moderns, for those of Cicero and Pliny I never read, and of course pretend not to judge of their merit. I am not so gallant as to acknowledge that females possess a superiority of intellect, nor so illiberal as to deny them an equality; but in all the requisites necessary to the attainment of a pleasing and interesting style of letter-writing they are far above us." *

This was not a bit of dulcet flattery, for it was addressed to a man. It was founded on an observation that we all may make. We listen to the reading of letters from some foreign country, perhaps. If they are written by a man, they may be very good, perhaps brilliant; but if so, it is probably because the man himself is known as brilliant; we are rarely surprised by finding a man's letters much better than we should have expected of him. With women, on the other hand, the surprise is constant; we may almost say that every woman writes better letters than we should expect of her; that a third-rate woman writes better than any but a first-rate man. Whence is this difference?

---

* "Life and Letters," p. 14.

It may come, first, from the closer observation of details by women, the result of the early training of their lives, this being also based on a quality of original temperament. Now details are what we need in a letter; for philosophy and general grasp we go to a book. Method, order, combination, are quite unimportant in a letter; we need to know what each man or woman described was doing at a certain time—where they stood, what they wore, what they appeared to have had for breakfast or to expect for dinner. This is what a letter should bring us; the logic and the deductions may come in separate packages. Now the letters of women will vary with the period; they may be stiff or they may be gushing, but they will give details. I remember an educated American who, on returning from Egypt, could only say, when asked to describe the Pyramids, "Oh yes, enormous things — enormous things!" But the stupidest woman that ever climbed a Pyramid could at least tell you afterwards, when she had recovered her breath, something about the Arab who dragged her up and the terror that took her down; and it is by comparison with these that we find the Pyramid truly enormous.

De Quincey's own theory of the advantage enjoyed by women as letter-writers is somewhat different from this; he attributes their superiority to

their being more frankly emotional, and even excitable. "Now there is not in the world," he says, "so certain a guarantee for pure idiomatic diction, without trick or affectation, as a case of genuine excitement. Real situations are always pledges of a real natural language. It is in counterfeit passion, in the mimical situations of novels, or in poems that are efforts of ingenuity," that women write badly. These same women, if they labored under a formal responsibility "might write ill and affectedly," he thinks; but their letters are composed "under the benefit of their natural advantages," De Quincey holds. Yet he must remember that women, like men, or more than men, are influenced by current fashion; and letters, as well as anything else, may be conventional and over-elaborate. Miss Austen and Miss Anna Seward died within a few years of each other; but Miss Austen's novels are simple, direct, and graphic, while Miss Seward's letters, so filled with wit and anecdote that they are good reading to this day, almost always rise into something inflated ere they close. Thus, after a delightful epistle to the then famous poet Hayley, she must needs close with this apology for too long a letter: "But be still, thou repining heart of mine; stifle thy selfish regrets, and with a sincere benediction on thy favorite bard, that health, peace, and fame may long be his, arrest the pen thou art so

prone to lead through thy mazes, governing it, as thou dost, with resistless despotism." Yet all this is simplicity itself compared to the habitual inflation of Miss Seward's style when writing anything that is not a letter—as, for instance, her life of Dr. Erasmus Darwin. And I perfectly remember certain maiden ladies of Boston, who were justly renowned in my youth for what they would have called by no briefer name than "epistolary correspondence," who modelled their style upon Miss Seward's, and would have disdained to close a letter with a sentence of one clause or a word of one syllable. They wrote charming descriptions, yet were never satisfied without getting on their stilts at the end, or at least dropping a stately old-fashioned courtesy to their audience. Probably they would have written even their "epistles" of love in this formal style; we know that Abigail Adams did, for one; and that she wrote a letter asking John Adams to buy her a supply of cheap pins, and signed it "Portia."

XXIII.

THE INDEPENDENT PURSE.

Were I asked what change would make most difference in the happiness of married pairs, it would not be hard to answer. The change would not relate to the laws of divorce, whether loosened or tightened; it would not even lie in conceding to women the right of the separate boudoir, though it has always seemed to me that it would enhance the dignity and delicacy, and therefore the happiness, of wedded life, if every woman had an apartment of which she might turn the key, even against her husband, as freely as he may turn the key of his study or his office. But the change now meant is one already effected in many families, and always, I suspect, with happy results—the introduction, under some form, of the Independent Purse.

By this institution is meant something quite beyond that mere allowance for dress, or for household expenses, which is so often made in families. That is usually based on sheer convenience. There is no more thought of justice in it than in the sum allowed to Bridget to buy yeast, or to Michael for

horse-feed. The true division is not based on convenience, but on right—on the knowledge, namely, that the wife's share of the day's work is as essential as the husband's, and that there should be some equality in the distribution of proceeds. The family relation is, in its merely business aspects, a kind of copartnership. Now it is very common in such partnerships for one partner to see to the manufacturing or to the care of the property, while all the money passes through another partner's hands. But he who handles the money does not therefore regard it all as primarily his own, nor does he talk of "giving" it to the other partners; they simply draw their share of the profits from time to time, under conditions agreed upon. They draw it as of right, not through his kindness. Why is it not so with a wife?

In a few cases, no doubt, such a proposition would be unreasonable. There are cases where the wife is a toy, and does nothing to help her husband, so that he could both make and spend his income more judiciously without her. So there are cases, on the other side, where the wife supports the husband outright, whether this be done by ballet-dancing or at the wash-tub. These are extreme cases, and may be set aside together. In the great mass of instances the wife helps the husband in establishing the fortunes of the family, or—in modester phrase—earn-

ing its daily bread. Often she does this directly, as in case of the farmer's wife, who usually works as hard as her husband, and, indeed, in new communities, where domestics are hard to get, much harder. Even in this case it is almost always the husband who is the treasurer, who collects the money earned, and "gives"—or perhaps does not give—it to his wife. But where her share is not so obvious, it is just as essential. Every woman who takes care of her own household lifts exactly that much off her husband's shoulders, and leaves him free to attend to the outside business of the firm, for which the money comes in. Alas! many a woman works herself to death before her husband discovers, by what it costs him to buy the services of housekeepers and nurses, that the mere material labor of his wife was worth a salary. He is happy if he does not see reason to think that if he had only "given" her the amount of that salary he might have saved her. After all, Whittier is mistaken; it is not "It might have been!" that are the saddest words. "Had I only known!" are a great deal sadder.

Some time or other, it may be, we shall discover the simple mathematical formula by which to adjust this matter of income. Meanwhile we must guess at it. It will be evident, on a little thought, that a married woman needs much more than an allowance for food and clothing—the food to be shared by

her household, the clothing to include probably that of her younger children. She needs such an income as will make her in some sort the equal of her husband as to her general expenditures, dress included. Probably the item of dress is the one department in which women are habitually more liberal in expenditure than their husbands; and this results in part from the customs of society — customs from which the husbands would by no means wish their wives to depart. But, apart from dress, there certainly prevails among men a much freer standard of small expenditures than among women, and this where there are no habits properly to be called profligate. "A cheap lunch for a man," said a hotel-keeper once to me, "seems a dear lunch to a woman." I never visited a woman's club-room that did not look impoverished beside the furnishings of the plainest club-room for men that I ever entered. Who that has collected money for benevolent purposes has not noticed the difference between the sexes as to the standard of giving? Half the time the wife does not venture to give at all until her husband comes home. If, however, she is accustomed to acting independently, she draws from her purse a dollar with some hesitation, whereas he would perhaps give five with none at all; or she takes out five dollars where he would write a check for twenty. Women are certainly as much inter-

ested in benevolent enterprises as men, and as willing to give what they have, but they have not the money. Even if they have it by them, they fear to use it, for they have not the habit of the separate purse.

It may be said that it is base and unworthy to treat married life as a copartnership only. I do not so treat it, for it is much more than that. The trouble is that the system prevalent in many families makes it much less than that. A wrong system makes it a business affair, as far as the labor goes, but the alliance ceases when the distribution of profits is concerned—as if in a large firm the partner having charge of the books should balance them for his own convenience at the end of the year, and deposit the undivided profits to his own private credit in the bank. Marriage is something more than a copartnership, but it is nothing less; it is governed by higher laws, but by no lower. Fortunately the business knowledge of women is steadily increasing, and with it their capacity to deal with money. If a woman, by art or authorship or bookkeeping, has earned a thousand dollars a year before marriage—and such instances are now common—it is absurd to ask her, after marriage, to work harder in her household than before, and yet handle less money, while her husband handles plenty. It is not a question of economy where economy is needed;

women are quite as ready as men to accept the necessity of that. It is a question between sharing and what is called "giving;" a question between justice and the traditional inquiry addressed by a certain Quaker to his wife, in a certain city, "Rachel, where is that ninepence I gave thee day before yesterday?"

XXIV.

BREAKING AND BENDING.

It is not many years since there prevailed in some parts of this country a method of discipline which would now be generally held barbarous even among the most conscientious parents. It was held to be an essential part of a child's training that as soon as its will was developed up to a certain point, it should be as definitely and distinctly broken as you break a plant upon its stalk. Instead of avoiding or postponing such a necessity, the parent fearlessly met the occasion, and was—for even the most rigorous parents were human—glad when it was over. The child must definitely be taught submission on some specific occasion, for submission's sake; and this without reference to its state of health, to its nervous condition, or to the possibility of obtaining the same result without such a direct contest. In fact, the direct contest was considered an advantage in itself; even if the way was clear to bending the will, that was not desirable—it must be broken.

Many persons now past middle age will recall

such contests as this. Generally the ordeal came from the father; often the mother would have chosen milder ways. Sometimes it came, however, from the mother, in which case the process was more formidable still, a stern woman being generally a sterner being than a man who shares that same attribute. What was the result? Often, no doubt, to create a strong and conscientious character, the will not being really broken, but only subordinated. Often it tended only to create the faults of a slave —evasion, insincerity, cowardice—in place of manly self-assertion. Very often it left a barrier of ice between parent and child. A woman of forty, the daughter of an educated lawyer in a country town, once told me that she never knew, until she was nearly twenty years old, how to tell time by the clock; the reason being that her father had undertaken to explain to her the method when she was but a child, and she had failed to comprehend it. She had been afraid to tell him that she did not understand, and equally afraid to ask light from any one else, lest he should hear of it, and blame her; so she said nothing about it for years. Yet that man, so crushing in his domestic authority, had never laid his hand on one of his children in punishment; his word and look were a sufficient rod. It is no wonder that when he died—respected and trusted by the whole community — his daughter

wrote to me, "His heart was pure—and terrible; I think there was not another like it on earth." She was wrong; for there were, in the older and sterner times, a good many like it, though none more heroic, more single-minded, or more tenacious.

The modern theory is—and I confess it seems to me the wiser one—that the will itself is a part of the sacredness of our nature, and should no more be broken than the main shaft of a steam-engine. You shudder when your boy cries, "I will!" in the adjoining room, in that defiant tone which is a storm-signal to the parents' ear. The fault is not, however, in the words; spoken in the right place and right tone, they represent the highest moral condition of which man is capable, since resignation itself is not a virtue so noble as is a concentrated and heroic purpose. How superbly does Tennyson state the dignity of those words when he paints the marriage in "The Gardener's Daughter!"

> "Autumn brought an hour
> For Eustace, when I heard his deep *I will*
> Breathed, like the covenant of a God, to hold
> From thence through all the worlds."

There is one thing that I dread more for my little maiden than to hear her say "I will," namely, that she should lose the power of saying it. A broken, impaired, will-less nature—a life filled with memo-

ry's gravestones, where noble aspirations have perished unfulfilled for want of vigor of will to embody them in action—this seems to me more disastrous than even an overweening self-assertion.

It is not necessary to say, on the other hand, as some persons hold, that all moral error is but disease, and never needs direct contest, but only soothing medicines. Yet I believe more and more, as I grow older, that a large part of our contests with children are wasted, and that patience and tact would commonly accomplish the same end, without the crossing of bayonets. There is no doubt that much of what seems violence or stubbornness in children is merely a phase of physical development, and will be outgrown as unconsciously as a boy outgrows the habit of treading his boot-heels sideways. I know several grown persons whose temper was a terror in childhood, and who have long since passed, by mere natural development, and without especial struggle, into a self-controlled and perhaps commonplace maturity. The wisest and most successful parents seem to me those who take this into account; who reduce direct contests to a minimum, bend the twig instead of breaking it, divert the course of the torrent instead of trying to dam it up. We recognize this with all domestic animals. While half a dozen men are collected around a balky horse in the street, beating, hauling, swearing, and

all in vain, a single expert will sometimes come along and by some very simple device—perhaps a change in the harness, or a chestnut bur inserted under the headstall—will so alter the current of the creature's dim thoughts that he will trot away bewildered, trying to conjecture what has happened. Thus it is that wise mothers do; a little bit of ingenuity, a sudden change of theme, will often clear away all clouds in a minute. This is not indulgence; it is common-sense and tact. It may not always answer, but for that very reason let us use it when we can; avert the direct collisions when possible, instead of welcoming them all the time. Even the most Spartan or Puritanic mother—like one I know, who herself put her little girl's finger to the red-hot stove, that she might learn thenceforth to avoid it—will admit that a sick child must be managed through tact and skill as well as through authority; and it is my experience that much the same is true of the healthiest and the strongest.

XXV.

EXALTED STATIONS.

An accomplished English writer, endeavoring to explain to Americans, as many have done before him, how it is that educated men in England do not feel aggrieved at giving precedence to persons of mere hereditary rank, gives a curious illustration of the very habit criticised. He says that "no sensible Englishman ever sees in it a want of real consideration for himself." The hosts simply employ a convenient rule, he says: the titled guests follow the order of their rank; but the person held in the greatest esteem may be some one who comes in last of all. "How frequently do we discern, from biographies and memoirs, that some untitled man, living in perfect obscurity so far as the world is concerned, has been looked up to with unaffected deference by people of exalted station!" In saying this he seems to feel that he has said all that was needed; and that he fully justifies this curious practice, by which the very guest for whom the entertainment is made, instead of being placed at his hostess's side and treated with honor, may find himself utterly subor-

dinated to every person in the room who happens to count among his ancestors a royal mistress or a brewer sufficiently wealthy to have been rewarded with a peerage.

To the average republican mind he simply justifies the criticism, and prolongs that attitude which seems to most Americans so cringing; and which does more than any one difference, perhaps, to transmit from one generation to another the alienation between the two races. When some defender of slavery once claimed, in Dr. W. E. Channing's presence, that the slaves of our Southern States were contented, that great moralist answered, "You have stated the crowning argument against the system." It is the worst part of any degrading practice that it makes men accustomed to its working. It may be that no sensible Englishman ever sees in this a want of consideration for himself personally—that is a small matter; but if he does not see in it something which is insulting to the dignity of human nature itself, he differs inconceivably from a sensible American. A cast-iron etiquette like this puts a ceremony above a man; a descent above a character; and above all, a social rule above that instinct of hospitality which bids even the Bedouin Arab and the American Indian give the guest the place of honor at his board. In the long series of social insults which General Grant, according to his

chronicler, General Badeau, received in England, the point of disrespect lay not in the fact that he was the greatest general of the age or an ex-President of the United States, but in the circumstance that he was the guest for whom the entertainment was in most cases made. He being the guest, all this subordination was as essentially degrading as when the guests of some Oriental potentate are expected to enter his presence on all fours. That, no doubt, is esteemed by his loyal subjects a most "convenient" arrangement, for which the king himself is "in nowise personally responsible." Probably no sensible inhabitant of Madagascar or Dahomey is ever supposed to find it in the least objectionable; it is only the tests of reason and civilization which make it intolerable.

But it is in the closing sentence of the defence, after all, that the weakest point lies. People of exalted station, it is said, may often look up to some untitled man. In a right condition of society—even in a republican condition of society, as sixty millions of people here maintain it—how can there be such a thing as an exalted station? It is character that should be exalted, not station; and the more the character counts for, the less important is the station. Where MacGregor sits, there is the head of the table. This ideal may not yet be fulfilled anywhere, but it certainly comes far nearer

fulfilment in this country than in any monarchy. What station in the United States could be regarded, properly speaking, as exalted? I can think of none except the Presidency, and even as to that such a phrase would seem too fulsome for truth. For although this post involves far more of direct personal power than do most thrones, yet it has no permanence; it is held by a four years' lease, after which the occupant reverts to the ranks of common men. By our theory the President himself is the servant of the people, or, as the present incumbent has expressed it, "public office is a public trust." The question has been seriously raised by European reformers, such as Mazzini and Louis Blanc, whether the same trust could not more fitly be exercised by the mere chairman of a committee, and Mr. M. D. Conway has of late revived this theory. Surely the phrase "exalted station" is too extravagant for a function thus temporary and derivative; and setting the President aside, there is no one else among us on whose position it could be fitly bestowed. We can recognize the exaltation of a great public character, but hardly of a "station." For there is no station which any American might not aspire to hold; and it would be the spirit in which he held it that made it exalted.

This is at least the American habit of mind, and the interest we habitually take in what are called

"exalted stations" in other countries is like that we feel in the Blue-coat School or the picturesque "Beef-eaters" who do duty at the Tower of London, or the powdered footmen who are gradually vanishing from the streets of that city. The English habit of mind is different; as Matthew Arnold has said, it worships inequality. I remember a poor English woman, in an American city, who was thrilled with gratitude for a visit from a certain good-natured old lady, the widow of a very respectable physician. "Only think," she said, "Mrs. —— came to see me—that great lady of rank!" It seemed as if one born in the British Islands could not be quite contented without an "exalted station" to reverence.

XXVI.

FINER FORCES.

Any one whom the railway bears rapidly through one American village after another, between eight and nine o'clock on some stormy winter morning, is sure to see occasionally through the windows a figure so typical that it seems to recur in every hamlet or suburb. It is that of a woman, usually young and slender, clad in water-proof cloak and India-rubber boots, and pressing on with rapid steps through the storm. She may or may not be fresh and fair, but she seldom fails to have a firm and resolute expression, as of one whose business admits of no delay. She is one of the great omnipresent army of teachers, or, in other words, a single shuttle in that vast weaving-machine out of which is being woven the Young America of the future. There is perhaps no figure, not even the mail-carrier, so ubiquitous, or on the whole so uniform. Local organizations may vary; a State may be divided into townships or into counties, into boroughs or into "hundreds;" the little communities may be governed by mayors or by selectmen—it makes no dif-

ference; the "teacher" is the same. Originally a Northern institution, she is becoming naturalized in the Southern States; first recognized along the Atlantic coast, she has spread to the Pacific; and Bret Harte has described her again and again in the wild mining towns, always emphasizing her immaculate starched skirts and her equally spotless demeanor. And wherever she goes, she stands for the entrance, during the last fifty years, of a finer force into our civilization.

It fell to the writer's lot, on his very earliest entrance on the work of the school-committee man, to encounter a sort of object-lesson in this finer force. There was an out-of-town school, in a farming district, where the "winter boys" had long been a terror to teachers and committee. In summer it was always governed by a woman; for the rest of the year a man had hitherto been held essential. Yet, in spite of masculine authority, the boys had for two successive winters broken up the school, accompanying the act the last time by throwing the teacher out of the window into a snow-bank. It was disheartening. Tweedledum in "Alice in Wonderland" points out that nothing more inconvenient can possibly happen to a man in battle than to have his head taken off. Nothing can embarrass strict school discipline more than when the head of the school is taken off and thrown out of the window;

nor is it easy to fancy the dignity of a pedagogue more completely collapsed than when he lies on his back in a snow-drift, and gazes upward on a triumphant windowful of grinning boys. This was the final situation in that school; and there was a summer of hopeless doubt as to what teacher to put in for the winter season again approaching. At last a veteran member, who rarely opened his lips, parted them for this brief proposition, "Let's appoint Miss Blank"—naming a well-known teacher of the centre district. "Can she manage that school?" asked some one. "She can manage *any* school," was the brief and decisive response. Miss Blank was accordingly put in, and in a few weeks the very boys who had ejected her predecessor were searching the woods for ground-pine with which to deck her school-room. She had applied a finer force.

And this finer force has the interest of being in a manner an American patent. In France and Germany, Mr. Matthew Arnold's reports tell us, the school-mistress is a rare phenomenon, and is never assigned to a school for both sexes, except for the very youngest children. In England, under the recent school laws, she is becoming more abundant; but even there, not long since, her social position was so humble that Miss Jean Ingelow, in her "Studies for Stories," seriously blames an ambitious young woman with not being content with

her modest lot as teacher, but indulging dreams of rising to the career of a milliner. Indeed, so far are European countries from yet accepting this finer force that American educators who have stayed in Europe a little too long are apt to come back regretting our extensive employment of women, and assuming that because Germany does not pursue this practice it is not the best thing for us. But Horace Mann, who knew the German schools thoroughly, was the man through whom this change in America was chiefly made; he found but little more than half the Massachusetts teachers women, and left them five-sixths of that sex. This he urged, not primarily on the ground of economy—though there is no doubt that it is the extensive employment of women which alone makes possible the vast spread of our common-school system—but for the sake of what he called "the more congenial influences of female teaching." "I believe there will soon be an entire unanimity in public sentiment," he wrote in 1837, "in regarding female as superior to male teaching for young children."

The influence of women in the school, as in the family, is all the greater because it substitutes affection for physical strength, and must accomplish its results by tact and not by brute strength. The class of forces thus represented, has, moreover, its weight in the community as a whole, and reaches

far beyond the school. In every village the school-teacher is the natural ally of all civilizing agencies—of the librarian, the lecturer, the clergyman. That which is claimed for the established church in any country, that it secures the presence of at least one cultivated person in each small precinct, is in a quiet way accomplished by the presence of the teacher in every school district. And if it be claimed that she does not make a life-work of this pursuit, as a man would do, the answer is that men usually pass as rapidly through teaching to some other profession as do women to matrimony; and that statistics taken in several different towns have shown that there is no great average difference in this respect between the sexes. It is also to be noticed that when a man leaves this vocation for some other, he often quits teaching altogether; but that when a woman leaves it for marriage she soon resumes it in another form, and applies her finer force in the nursery instead of the school-room.

XXVII.

A HOUSE OF CARDS.

It is a curious thing that the advent of a Conservative ministry in England should have brought with it a series of illustrations of the obsoleteness and decay of the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone, the foremost statesman of England, once declined an earldom. On the other hand, Sir Stafford Northcote was transferred from the House of Commons to the House of Lords, in order to lay him on the shelf, and the process was described in the newspapers as "Sir Stafford's snub," and as being "kicked upstairs." It came out, about the same time, that Lord Salisbury himself, the Premier of the new Conservative ministry, had always disliked the House of Lords, and had once seriously consulted counsel as to the practicability of resigning his peerage and returning to the House of Commons. When we add to this the general regret felt, not only in America, but in England, when Alfred Tennyson, the poet, became Baron Tennyson d'Eyncourt, it certainly seems as if the English peerage were but a house of cards — showy, brilliant, with at least four distinct court suits, but insecure and liable to fall.

Another recent event illustrates clearly, to Americans at least, this baseless and now meaningless institution, which nevertheless so dazzles many. The claim to the Lauderdale peerage, in regard to which several of our own lawyers have been summoned to testify, rests wholly on the question whether the heir to a certain English title was legally married in New York at the close of the last century to a woman who had borne him several children without marriage. If the final union was legal, it legalized these children; and Major Maitland, who is descended from one of these, is an English peer; if otherwise, he is not; and on this point Mr. Phelps and Senator Edmunds give opposite opinions. Now it is obvious that this tardy decision cannot affect in the slightest degree the personal qualities, mental, moral, or physical, of Major Maitland. He is what he is, in all these respects, whether he is a lord or not; and yet in one case he is entitled by birth to legislate in what is still called the "Upper House" of the British Empire, and to have the enormous social precedence implied in a title; while in the other case he loses it. There could hardly be a better *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole system of hereditary rank.

It is true that the old French theory that the blood of a nobleman was chemically distinct from that of a plebeian has pretty well disappeared from

the English mind. It is generally admitted that a great many English peerages have a very dishonorable origin — some royal mistress, some low-born money-lender. Lord St. Leonards, who lately went to prison for the once high-bred offence of seducing a servant-maid, was the grandson of Sir Edward Sugden, Lord-chancellor, whose father was the court barber. But the common claim is that, whatever the origin may be, the associations and traditions of high birth have an elevating influence — that *noblesse oblige*, and all the rest of it. I believe that nothing can be shallower than this theory. One makes a mistake who reads Thackeray's "Four Georges" and thinks of it as revealing a condition of things wholly passed by. Any one who reads the admirable sketch, "London Society," by "A Foreign Resident," will get a companion picture. But apart from such extremes, what an extraordinary self-revelation is that contained in the autobiography of Lord Ronald Gower, a man born in the purple, or as near it as England can get—the early resident of the very toy-palace minutely described in "Lothair"—a man whose reminiscences fairly glitter with great names! And what is the outcome of it all? A petty scribbler in *Vanity Fair* who by his own confession serves up his hosts to ridicule in print if their houses happen to smell of the roast mutton on which their

high-born guests dine. No Western cow-boy would be guilty of such brutality.

And yet the last stronghold of the House of Cards is its supposed influence on manners. Not merely untravelled Americans, but even liberal Englishmen, and, still more, Englishwomen, are even now fettered by the delusion. I remember having a long talk in England, a dozen years ago, with a lady, a thorough Liberal in politics, who stoutly maintained the absolute necessity of an hereditary aristocracy to keep up the standard of good manners. I counted over to her, one by one, the noblemen I had happened to meet—it did not take long—not one of whom, I asserted, had what would be called in America good manners. In each case she admitted it, but found each case an exception. This one was a notorious oddity, and his father before him; that one was "a recent creation;" the other was a "law lord." Cite whom I might, the blue blood was never at fault. At last I said, "Can the stream rise above its source? I hear of very rude things as done by the royal princes." "Oh," she said, "they are not Englishmen; they are Germans!"

I believe that there is nothing worse for the manners as well as morals of a nation than to have a class which claims an hereditary privilege to establish its own standard, and which ends by imposing

that standard on other people. The English aristocratic society, Matthew Arnold says, "materializes the upper classes, vulgarizes the middle classes, and brutalizes the lower classes." For a few foolish Americans it does all three of these things at once.

XXVIII.

MICE AND MARTYRDOM.

THAT fine old Anglo-American or Americano-Englishman, R—— S——, used to tell at his dinner-table in London this story of a very celebrated English general. The military hero was once dining with Mr. S——, when a stray mouse was seen running to and fro, looking for a hiding-place. With one spring the general was on his chair; with another, on the table. Amid much laughter the host rose and proceeded in the direction of the mouse. "Oh! stop, S——," shouted the man of war; "for Heaven's sake don't exasperate him!"

The exasperated mouse and the intimidated beholders are still on duty, it seems, in Mr. Howells's good-natured farce, "The Mouse-trap;" but the lions are the painters, and the sex is conveniently changed. Every woman who comes into the room in his little drama takes more or less gracefully to chair or table, when the mouse is announced; and even the Irish domestic follows them, though I have generally found Bridget ready to enforce home rule vigorously on such intruders by the aid of a pair of tongs. The

only person in the tale who is not frightened is a man, and he is not severely tested, inasmuch as it was he who invented the mouse. But he is all ready to punish the ladies for their timidity, and, with a discipline severer than that of the British army, prohibits them from ever again attacking the political opponents of their sex. What if the Queen of England had caused General —— to be cashiered for cowardice by reason of his retreat before the "exasperated" animal?

Crossing the Atlantic once, and talking with the surgeon of the ocean steamer, I was told by him that in his wide experience he had found women, on the whole, cooler than men in case of disaster at sea. He told me of one occasion when they expected that the vessel would ultimately sink, and he asked the one woman on board to remain a few minutes in the cabin with her children, because they would be in the way on deck, he promising to call them in ample time for safety. When he went below, all was so quiet in the cabin that he thought they must have gone elsewhere, but he found the mother sitting on the sofa with the three children around her, telling them stories in a low voice to keep them still. All were carefully dressed in their warmest clothes, with everything tied carefully about them, ready for any emergency. She also had a small hand-bag packed with a few essentials, and a

pillow-case filled with ship-bread, and securely tied at the top. On his expressing surprise at the last piece of thoughtfulness, she said that she had been shipwrecked once before, and that a whole boat's crew had subsisted for several days upon a similar supply, which no one else had happened to remember. "She was the very coolest person," he said, "with whom I ever made a voyage."

It is pleasant to see that the reports of passengers on the ill-fated *Oregon* agree in the statement that the women on board behaved well. "An elderly gentleman," after describing the passengers as rushing on deck half clothed and half awaked, says that "the ladies behaved splendidly, considering the circumstances." Mr. M. J. Emerson says that "most of the men were very much excited; the ladies, however, were very cool and self-possessed." Mrs. Emerson "spoke of the coolness of the ladies, saying that it was very noticeable." "Whatever you say about it," said Mr. S. Newton Beach, a London merchant, "say this: that the coolest persons on board were the ladies, as they always are when the case is not one of a mouse, but one of real danger."

What is the secret of this curious variableness of emotion, this undisguised terror of the little, this courage before that which is great? It may be said that women are cool in shipwreck because they are

merely passive, or because they expect to be taken care of. But all military experience shows that the passive condition is least favorable to courage. The severest test of soldiers is to keep still under fire when they themselves can do nothing; the mere order to march or shoot is an immense relief to the nervous tension. Then as to the certainty of being taken care of, that is the very thing that never looks quite sure to the person most concerned, especially where, as on the *Oregon*, women see the firemen taking possession of boats and running away with them before their eyes. Still, it is fair to remember that a good deal of the apparent excitement and confusion among men in a shipwreck, as at a fire, comes from the fact that they feel called upon as men to bustle about and see if they can find something to do—a necessity under which women do not labor.

When it comes to the test of the mouse, I fancy that we really pass beyond the domain of physical courage, and enter that of nervous excitability. I was once told by a very courageous woman that men also, if they wore long skirts, would probably scream and jump upon chairs whenever a mouse showed itself. The feeling is not properly to be called fear, any more than is the shriek of a girl when her wicked brother puts a caterpillar on her neck; she does not seriously think that the little woolly thing will hurt her, but it makes her "crawl." Great men

and warriors have had similar nervous loathings for some particular animal. Shylock says,

> "Some men there are love not a gaping pig,
> Some that are mad if they behold a cat,"

and he adds that "there is no firm reason to be rendered" for these shrinkings. So the mouse and the caterpillar do not decide the question, while the general fact doubtless is that the outlets of tears and terrors are made easier in the case of women, without thereby prejudicing their capacity for great endurance. The woman who weeps over a little disappointment may be the same woman who watches without sleep for night after night over her sick husband. She who shuts her eyes and screams at the lightning may yet go in the path of rifle-bullets to save her child. Apparently there is a difference of sex, in this respect, that runs through all nature. The lion with his mighty mane is the natural protector of the lioness; but hunters say that his mate, when in charge of her young, is the more formidable. In what may be called aggressive courage, man is doubtless the superior; but woman's courage is more the creature of self-devotion, and woman's cowardice more purely a matter of nerves.

XXIX.

THE ORGANIZING MIND.

THERE goes through the post-office in early summer an immense interchange of views in respect to summer boarding-places in the country. It is safe to say that in one-half of these letters there appears, first or last, a remark like this: "The man of the house is not very efficient; it is his wife who carries it on." In one case it was the man himself who frankly admitted the precise state of things to me, and volunteered the following commentary: "The reason is, you see, that it is my wife who has what I call the organizing mind."

There is a great deal of philosophy in this honest man's admission, and he saw just the point which many of our amateur political economists and labor reformers seem to me to miss. They assume that the hands of man produce everything—clothes, food, and fuel. This may be true in certain tropical countries, where clothes and fuel are almost superfluous, and food is obtained by stretching out the hands and picking a fruit. But the theory certainly becomes false so soon as man has, or needs to have, a more

systematic way of living. Wherever we drive in our summer jaunts through the country we see either the farmer at work in his fields or the operative in some little factory village. Yet the factory village has not been created by the "hands," but by some one's head or by a series of heads. If it were burned down to-morrow, those who now labor in it would probably be powerless to recreate it and carry it on, even if all the capital it cost were put into their pockets. It seems unfair that the man who lives in the largest house in the village, and who never does a stroke of bodily labor, should have more consideration than those who work with their hands from morning till night. But the reason is that he is more important to the village than all the rest: his place cannot be filled, while theirs can. He has the organizing mind, or at least represents some one else who has it.

In case of the farmer, or at least the farmer of the Atlantic States, the distinction is less obvious, because his labor is less highly organized. He not only does his own work, but plans it also. Yet he uses at every moment the tools and processes which only the highest organization has perfected; his mower, his reaper, even his plough and pitchfork, are the result of organizing mind brought to bear in some great establishment, perhaps a thousand miles away. Not only does the organizing mind

control the working hand, but it controls even the merely inventive mind; and every improvement in the curves of a ploughshare is the result of a series of single suggestions of separate inventors combined by some organizer into a structure which is, compared with the original sharpened stick, almost wholly the product of intellect. There is nothing which commands such power as organizing mind, unless it be that subtle faculty which we call genius in the poet or the man of science—a finer and higher force, which unconsciously remoulds the world, organizing mind and all.

I have been hoping all my life to see some signs that co-operation will one day displace competition; but that day seems as far off as ever, because it is competition, not co-operation, that knows how to avail itself of the organizing mind. All the testimony from England, where co-operation has gone much farther than here, is to the effect that while distributive co-operation — that is, the selling of goods on that method—has been carried very far, yet productive co-operation, or the production of goods by joint effort, has made very little progress. The explanation is very obvious. The ablest writer who has come from the ranks of hand-labor in England, so far as I know, Thomas Wright—who calls himself "The Working Engineer," and names his book "Our New Masters"—charges the difficulty

to the impossibility of enlisting the organizing mind on the side of co-operation. There is, he says, such a thing as "a capitalist talent," and the existence of this is fatal to co-operation, because workmen themselves cannot be relied upon either to find out this talent or to trust it. The objection does not seem quite conclusive, when we remember that Carlyle and others have considered all republican government impracticable on the same ground—that human beings could not or would not of themselves select their ablest men to rule them. In governmental affairs this has been partly compensated by the fact that men have at least learned better to rule themselves. For some reason or other this principle does not apply itself so readily in business as in politics. Perhaps it is because business, which concerns every man's bread, is more intense and absorbing than politics, and hence is reorganized more slowly.

Undoubtedly the practical quality that needs most to be developed in women is the organizing mind. Not merely for the keeping of boarding-houses, but for all other purposes, what they need the most is the power of headship, the capacity of managing a large enterprise, and having other workers to labor under their direction. It is idle to say that they are wanting by nature in this faculty; the State has always assumed that it was a thing to be expected

of queens, and the Church has recognized it alike in the abbesses of the Roman Catholic faith and in the deaconesses of Protestantism. It has been developed more slowly in women, because the exigencies of home and child-bearing have largely preoccupied them and have made it necessary for men to undertake the task of organizing the life and labor of the world. But no one who sees how rapidly women have come, during the last thirty years, into the charge of great benevolent operations, such as were once left to men only, can doubt the existence of a gradually maturing power in them, which shall yet make them far more potent factors even than now in public works. Meantime, the knowledge of their own need of organizing mind should give them a good object-lesson in political economy, and enable them to understand much that is now puzzling. As society advances to greater complication we need the organizing mind more and more; we cannot ignore its existence; we must have its service; we must pay its price. For many years to come the natural organizers will have largely the management of the world; and almost all social inequalities result from the fact that there are still too few such organizers to get the world's work well done.

XXX.

THE SEARCH AFTER A PUBLISHER.

Every literary man expects to receive every week or two a letter, generally from a woman, containing some sentences like the following:

"I have lately written two stories for the ——, which, to my great disappointment, were returned. Could you not recommend me to some paper where such stories would be accepted? I think, comparing them with even the literature of the best magazines and papers, that they will not fall below it much. I have some longer stories that I think might be accepted by some papers or magazines if I only had some good friend to speak a word for me. Now my health is better, and I could write constantly if I could only receive encouragement. I would gladly write a year without payment, if at the end of the year I could commence to receive remuneration for them. Please, dear sir, to answer me, and give me some hints. Oh, if I could write, and after a time get payment for my articles, I should be a most happy being! and if you can secure me a place in some paper, so that I can have a

chance to rise higher, I will bless you all the days of my life. I have had much to keep me down —poverty and sickness; but for the next year I can write constantly if I can only get encouragement."

This is taken literally, except that the spelling is corrected, from the last letter of the kind that reached me. They come almost invariably from small towns or inland cities, and this one is from a village on the Pacific coast. It is based, as they usually are, upon two utter delusions. These are, firstly, that publication, like the proverbial kissing, "goes by favor," so that all one needs is a friend at court; and secondly, that literature is the one vocation that needs neither training nor practice nor gradual preparation. Let us consider these two errors a little.

First, as to "influence." If there is a class of men on the face of the earth who may be said to know their own minds, it is, I think, the editors of American periodicals. They may not aim at the right thing, but they at least know what they aim at. What they seek is what their public desires; but their own interpretation of this is a matter of life and death to them, and they stand by it. So far as I have seen, no men are less influenced by the ties of personal friendship or by the judgment of others. In a considerable experience of literature

I have known but one editor over whom any literary recommendations of mine appeared to have the slightest influence; and even this was not, after all, a real influence, but consisted only in knowing him so intimately as to foretell pretty accurately what his judgment would be. As to coaxing him against his judgment, it was impossible. In truth, literary men are secretly rather distrusted by editors, and with some reason, as having too many favorites and being too lenient. The late Professor Longfellow, for instance, would soon have bankrupted any publisher who should have accepted the intellectual work that he praised, for he was so amiable that he praised almost everything; and there is evidence that Holmes and Whittier, as they grow older, are growing almost as tolerant. If the best literary indorsement thus goes for very little, what can the second-best be worth? Moreover, the editor is constantly looking out for new names; he hungers and thirsts after the genius of the future. Just as the great trotting horses of the turf are often those which the keen eye of a jockey has rescued from a dray or a coal-cart, so it is the editor's dream to detect a coming Mark Twain or Bret Harte in some nameless young aspirant. Past celebrities, he knows very well, go rapidly off the stage; what he wants is a fresh one. The difficulty is to know his rising genius when still harnessed to the coal-cart;

and here he must trust only himself and take his own risks.

Now as to entering the profession of literature. My correspondent who writes the above letter knows that, if she has a son or a brother who wishes success as a physician or a watch-maker, he must take time to train himself for his work—must educate his observation, his memory, his very sense of touch, for that pursuit—and the education will involve time, patience, tools, and a teacher. Why is it that she herself expects to enter at once on a profession involving wider observation and more delicate forces than either medicine or watch-making, without any special preparation whatever? This is the discouraging thing about almost all letters of this class, that they are so rarely accompanied by any sign of personal humility. What the most successful writers have won by years of early study, followed by other years of incessant practice, these aspirants expect to gain at a grasp. The very letter from which the above quotation is given contained eleven misspellings, so little attention had been given by the writer to the very rudiments. Like the country girl who came to consult Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler about her career as an elocutionist, and explained frankly that what she wanted was not to learn how to read in public, but how to get her audiences together, so these mistaken persons

are looking out for external success, when they should be busy with the training that leads to it.

What success commonly stands for is this, that a writer has either done really good work—work excellent in itself—or else has done the kind of work that the public demands, good or bad. This last is a lower standard of success, of course, though it often brings greater pecuniary rewards; but it is a clear and definite thing, nevertheless, and needs as distinct a training as the other. In either case triumph usually follows merit, though often slowly. "There never was a good tongue," says old Fuller, "that lacked ears to hear it." "Excel and you will live" (*excelle et tu vivras*), says the prince of French aphorists, Joseph Joubert. There are grades in merit: it is merit to produce a work of genius; but there is also a great, though lower, merit in studying the taste of your time, watching its tendencies, and thereby producing just the work that is currently demanded—just what readers want and children cry for. This also needs labor and special preparation. The advice I should therefore give to every young person who asks me how to find a publisher, would be, if I dared—for we are all weak—"First produce something so good that no publisher can afford to do without it."

XXXI.

MEN'S NOVELS AND WOMEN'S NOVELS.

It is a curious fact that Paris, to which the works of Jane Austen were lately as unknown as if she were an English painter, has just discovered her existence. Moreover, it has announced that she, and she only, is the founder of that realistic school which is construed to include authors so remote from each other as the French Zola and the American Howells. The most decorous of maiden ladies is thus made to originate the extreme of indecorum; and the good loyal Englishwoman, devoted to Church and King, is made sponsor for the most democratic recognition of persons whom she would have loathed as vulgar. There is something extremely grotesque in the situation; and yet there is much truth in the theory. It certainly looked at one time as if Miss Austen had thoroughly established the claim of her sex to the minute delineation of character and manners, leaving to men the bolder school of narrative romance. She herself spoke of her exquisitely wrought novels as her "little bit of ivory, two inches wide, on which," she said, "I work with a brush so fine

as to produce little effect after much labor." Yet in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott and all succeeding critics, the result was quite worth the effort, Scott saying that he himself did the "big bow-wow style as well as anybody," but that all the minuter excellences were peculiarly her province. As a result, she has far surpassed in fame her immediate contemporaries of her own sex. Madame D'Arblay (Fanny Burney), Miss Porter, Mrs. Opie, and even Miss Edgeworth, are now little read, while Miss Austen's novels seem as if they were written yesterday.

But the curious thing is that of the leading novelists in the English tongue to-day it is the men, not the women, who have taken up Miss Austen's work, while the women show more inclination, if not to the "big bow-wow style" of Scott, at least to the novel of plot and narrative. Anthony Trollope among the lately dead, James and Howells among the living, are the lineal successors of Miss Austen. Perhaps it is an old-fashioned taste which leads me to think that neither of these does his work quite so well as she; but they all belong to the same photographic school; each sets up his apparatus and takes what my little nephew called a "flannelly group" of a household, or a few households, leaving the great world of adventure untouched. But what plots and enterprises we obtain in these days, on the other hand, from women nov-

elists—ranging up from the Braddons and Ouidas to the best novel written by a woman since George Eliot died, as it seems to me—Mrs. Jackson's "Ramona." What action is there! what motion! how *entraînant* it is! It carries us along as if mounted on a swift horse's back from beginning to end; and it is only when we return for a second reading that we can appreciate the fine handling of the characters, and especially the Spanish mother, drawn with a stroke as keen and firm as that which portrayed George Eliot's Dorothea. In such a book we see that the really great novel includes the creation of character, and does not stop there; for after all one asks, What is the use of the finest delineation of persons if they do nothing worth doing after they are created? The trouble with James and Howells seems to be that they expend all their strength in the masterly construction of marionettes; and after these little personages are so real that they seem as good as alive they are made to do nothing more than throw their arms and legs about a while, as very inferior puppets might do. Is it worth while to have almost the very breath of life breathed into these little people in order that, as a result, they may arrive at the top of an elevator, or build a new house on the Back Bay? However, it is not my object to show that the novel of adventure, if well done, really includes the novel of character, but to

point out that, just at present at least, the two sexes have temporarily changed hands as to the work they are doing in fiction.

Will the new distribution of parts be permanent? Very likely not. It is extremely probable that this, like many other things attributed to sex, is really a matter of individuality alone, or of temporary fashion. What confirms this is the fact that still earlier women novelists wrote the novel of adventure, as their successors are again doing. There lies before me one of the vast folio romances of Mlle. Scudéri, published, like most of hers, under her brother's name, and translated into English by Henry Cogan in 1674. It is in four parts, each divided into five books, and each book as long as half the novels of these degenerate days. The most "lonely and athletic student," to adopt Emerson's phrase as to the readers of Swedenborg, could now hardly get through two successive books of it; yet such colossal romances were read with delight by our ancestors and ancestresses, even on this side of the water, though doubtless somewhat surreptitiously in the Puritan households. The plot flows as languidly as a Dutch river, and is as much distributed and subdivided by artificial dams and placid inundations; yet it is a woman's book; and the plots of Mlle. Scudéri's stories were sufficiently exciting, at any rate, to cause the arrest and imprisonment of the lady and

her brother, after they had discussed too heedlessly at an inn the question whether they should slay the Prince Mazare by poison or the sword. And what high-sounding moralities! what heroic platitudes! "For if the difficulties be great, according to Vincentio's opinion, your courage is yet greater. Let us grant him that the enterprise is dangerous and difficult; in what history, ancient or modern, hath it been found that the way which conducteth to glory is covered with flowers, and that an illustrious action hath been executed without pain?"

A hundred years later women touched the novel of plot and adventure with a bolder grasp, and Mrs. Radcliffe's romances seemed the joint offspring of "big bow-wow" and nightmare parentage. But they too moved with sweep and power; she was strong in description and invention; she bridged the interval between the mediæval and modern novel, and painted landscape so well that even Byron sometimes borrowed from her. The minute study of character she left, unattempted, for Jane Austen to take up. It is plain that women novelists, like men, incline sometimes to one branch of the art, sometimes to another; and that the accident of personal preference or the fashion of the period has more to do with the decision than any tendency growing out of sex.

XXXII.

WOMEN AS HOUSEHOLD DECORATORS.

It once happened to me to spend a day or two in a country-house where the different rooms gave unconscious object-lessons to show the gradual change of taste in household decoration. One room—the sitting-room of an elderly invalid—represented what might be called the iron age of furnishing; everything was dark mahogany and hair-cloth; there was not a chair or a sofa on which you could retain your seat without a struggle, so polished and so slippery were they all. The walls were hung with dark portraits in dark frames, or smaller daguerreotypes in circles of black walnut; the only spots of color were found in one faded sampler, and in the gilded circular frame of a very small mirror hung too high for use. It was curious to pass from this sombre abode into the bedroom I occupied, which had been fitted up by an elder sister, long since married, and whose girlhood fell in what might be called the glacial period of thirty years ago. Here everything was white instead of dark—white Parian statuettes, white fluffy embroideries, a white cross cut

in complicated fashion out of paper, surrounded with white flowers and hung in a white frame against a white wall. On the mantle-piece stood a pair of cut-glass vases, bearing great clusters of dried grasses, bleached almost colorless by time. The furniture was of straw, and the counterpane was of white damask. If the room of the iron age was depressing, this was even more so; it was like passing from an underground cave into a chilly world of ice. But a third experience was offered on proceeding to the parlor, which had been given over to the charge of the youngest daughter, fresh from an art school. From this room every article of pure white or jet black had been banished; the eye wandered from one half tint to another, or if any bit of positive color arrested the gaze, it was some unexpected stroke of bold yellow or regal red. No two chairs were alike; nothing was paired; the carved marble mantle-piece was concealed by a lambrequin; there were screens, fans, a knot of some Oriental stuff at the back of every chair, three various vases of bulrushes, and seven seltzer-water jars painted by the young lady herself. This room did not belong to the iron age, nor yet to the glacial, but to the recent or Japanese formation. Considered as a step forward from the earlier stages represented in that house, it indicated a great advance; regarded as a finality, it was something to appall the human heart.

Now all these successive transformations were the work of women, and they suggest the question, If woman is thus the born and appointed decorator of the home, why should she not be trained to do it artistically and professionally? It is not truly artistic to plunge at once into the most exclusive extreme of the present fashion, whether it lead to black, or white, or a multiplicity of hue, but to take what is truly the best of each period and adapt it gracefully to modern use and to the needs of each separate family. In many houses this is now exquisitely done; no one can deny the great improvement in our "interiors" within twenty years. But if it is to be done systematically for the community, it is impossible to leave it wholly to amateurs. The modern decoration implies architects, designers, and artificers of its own. In the foreman of an art-blacksmith's shop I found the other day one whom I had previously known as a working jeweller; he had simply transferred his energy and skill from gold and silver to brass and iron, and was laboring with hands harder than before, yet no less cunning, upon graceful gas-fixtures and in-door ornamentations of his own designing. It must be the same with women; they must undergo professional training to do their best. Here is this whole continent waiting to be made graceful and beautiful in its in-door homes. It is said by dealers that, outside of a few large

cities, there is absolutely no arrangement to supply this demand—no one who can give to a young couple setting up their house-keeping more than that amount of information possessed by the average furniture dealer, which is very little. For want of this, many a young pair, as their wedding-day approaches, sit down and ponder helplessly over some book on "The House Beautiful," or "In-door Decoration," until their souls are filled with despair. Where are they to find these charming *portières*, these æsthetic wall-papers, these delightful Russian wash-bowls that are lighter and prettier and cheaper and more durable than any china? And the dealers receive unavailing letters from a thousand miles away, asking for the wrong things or under the wrong names, and ending in failure? What is the remedy?

The remedy is for a few women first, and then a good many women, after training themselves properly, to take up decoration as a profession. Let any two bright and capable girls who have wearied themselves in painting water-colors that people do not want, or Christmas-cards for which the market is waning, try another experiment. Let them, after studying in the art schools of New York or Boston or Cincinnati, make also a careful study of the markets and workshops of those cities, so far as they relate to decoration; and then go, armed with cir-

culars, price-lists, plans, and patterns, to establish themselves as household decorators in some interior city where the wave of modern improvement has thus far come only as a matter of intelligent interest, not of systematic supply. They will have to wait a while, no doubt, to command public confidence, or even to make their mission understood; but they will not have to wait so long as their brothers will wait for clients or for patients. They will need to be very practical, very accurate, very efficient, and very patient. The great dealers in the larger cities will gladly make them their agents, give them letters of introduction, and pay them a commission on sales. With a little tact they can learn to co-operate with the local dealers, to whom they will naturally leave the coarser supplies, devoting themselves to the finer touches. If they succeed at all, their circle of clients or correspondents may extend through whole States, and they will help to refine the life and thought of the nation. By all means let us see women take up household decoration as an educated profession.

XXXIII.

VOICES.

An exceedingly well-informed young woman said to another, in my hearing, the other day, "Do you not think that there is something in a voice?" It was my impulse to answer, "There is everything in a voice." What is beauty, symmetry, or grace in man or woman if, the moment the lips part, there issue sounds so discordant that they drive you away like the harsh scream of a peacock? If we travel in the dark by stage-coach or sleeping-car, we instantly form an opinion of every person around us whose voice we hear. Their standard of manners, their chances of training, their course of education, often the very locality from which they come, reveal themselves. Qualities of character, as peevishness or sweetness, habitual interests, home habits, all indicate themselves there. And yet the voice has been until lately quite neglected in our schools. At this day, if anything is taught in that direction, it is mainly elocution; that is, the pronunciation of words and the utterance of sentences, while the

voice itself, which is the foundation of all elocution, remains untrained.

Yet there is no training which we as a nation need more. Whether by change of climate or of habits, we in this country have lost the good average of clear enunciation which prevails in England. Through the general spread of popular education we have really less of local dialect than the English; and the mere pronunciation of words is on the whole as well done here; it is in the tones of voice that the disadvantage lies. English people make the mistake of supposing that what they call "the American twang" is universal, just as we make the mistake of supposing the dropped "h" to be universal in England; but each evil is too common. Nor is it in comparing the best-trained people especially that we notice any drawback among ourselves, for English public speakers are very awkward compared to ours; and there is now much of the Dundreary affectation in London fashionable circles. But that the ordinary well-to-do Englishman speaks in a more agreeable voice than the ordinary well-to-do American is something that there is no use in denying; and when the comparison is applied to the average woman, the answer is still more inevitable. I must confess to preferring a well-bred American woman to her English compeer in every aspect but this one; her greater

quickness of mind is as unquestionable as her greater vivacity of spirits or taste in dress; it is only when you come to the voice that she is at a disadvantage. It is not that one does not hear attractive voices of women in America; they, indeed, are growing more and more common, and this is encouraging, because it shows that the climate offers no real obstacle. But, after all, there is in the voice of the typical English "gentlewoman," tame, conventional, narrow though she may be, a peculiar and soothing charm —a combination of mellowness and clearness and crispness that makes you willing, for the first few days at least, to listen to the very tamest discourse on lawn-tennis or water-colors or the new curate, for the sake of the agreeable vehicle by which it comes.

It is amusing to find that Mr. Andrew Carnegie —"the star-spangled Scotchman," as William Black, the novelist, appropriately calls him—interrupts his altogether jubilant book on "Triumphant Democracy" by an expression of discontent over the American voice—the only thing about which he makes the slightest concession. "The American voice," he says, "is thin to begin with—the effect of climate, I fear—and to this is added the abominable practice of slurring over or cutting off inconvenient syllables. The American woman is the most intelligent, entertaining, and agreeable in the world. If

she had her English sister's voice and enunciation, she would be perfect, but these she has not."* I am, I trust, almost as ardent an American as my friend Mr. Carnegie, although he thinks that only adopted citizens have this emotion in full force. Certainly I have little more liking than he for royal families and hereditary nobles, nor does it seem to me that even the manners of the community are benefited by their presence. The difference in voice is not a social difference between the two countries, but mainly, no doubt, a partial modification of organs in a new environment. In other words, it is something for attention and education; we have to work out our own salvation in this respect.

It is altogether probable that there is to be a new voice developed in America, as there is already a new temperament. It used to be thought that we could never be so strong or healthy as the English, because we were thinner; but it is now pretty well proved that we needed only to become acclimated and adapt ourselves to the new ways of living. So with the American voice; it will probably never be a chest voice, like the English, but it will come more from the head, and when well trained will be an instrument capable of finer modulation and greater expression. As the very best American manners—

* "Triumphant Democracy," p 337.

such manners, for instance, as those of the late Mr. Charles Dabney, so long our consul at Fayal—seem to me finer than the best English manners, so the very best American voices seem to me better than the best English voices, being eqnally clear and mellow, with more positive sweetness and far more range of expression. But such really good voices are rarer here than in England, mainly because there is not the same close attention given to the matter on this side the Atlantic. An English mother, in the well-bred classes, is as solicitous about her daughter's way of speaking as about her clothes—perhaps more so, if we may judge by results. An American mother, under similar circumstances, is apt to attend to the clothes, and leave the voice untended. In schools, however, and especially in public schools, this matter is being more and more brought to attention. Remarking, a few years since, in a large family, how much better the youngest daughter used her voice than any of her sisters, I found with surprise that much of the difference was due to the pains taken in the public schools of the rural city where she lived—schools which she alone had attended. If we can once see American education achieving superiority in a point like this, it will be striking at the very root of the evil.

XXXIV.

SOCIAL SUPERIORS.

Mr. Brander Matthews lately quoted, at a discussion held in New York as to the working of republican government, an early statement by Lowell, which seems to me to contain a brief epitome of the whole matter, and to be too good to forget. Lowell said (I quote from memory), "If it be a good thing for an English duke that he has no social superior, I think it can hardly be bad for an American farmer." It reminded me of a saying by a classmate of mine, so fond of England and so ashamed of his own country that he used to define it as the mission of the United States "to vulgarize the whole world," who yet resented being taken too literally in this remark; and would tell a story of the disgusting sycophancy of middle-class Englishmen towards people of rank, contrasting it with the perfect indifference of the average American traveller, unconscious of having a social superior anywhere.

But there is an aspect of this "social superior" question so obvious that I wonder to see so little said about it. Does it not really form a key to the

whole question of domestic service? It often seems to me that the estimable ladies who are always urging, and with many good arguments, that young girls thrown upon themselves for support should choose house-work rather than the factory, miss the most important point in the whole affair. Those who refuse house-work in this form do it, not because they dread work, for they usually work harder elsewhere; nor because house-work seems to them degrading, because they have almost all helped their mothers to do it, and they probably expect to do it for themselves when they are married. There is nothing that the ladies who advise them can say about it which has any effect upon their minds, because the main point is so often left untouched. The thing that really influences them is the dislike —which they share with dukes and duchesses—of having social superiors.

Say what you please, they are not made conscious, in the life of factory operatives or "sales-ladies," of having distinct social superiors, whereas every day of domestic service seems to imply the clear and formal recognition of such a thing. The more distinct this recognition, the less it is liked. To be the "help" in a farmer's family, eating at the family table and coming in at the same door with the rest, reduces this sense of social inferiority to the smallest point, or extinguishes it altogether. Nor is

there much of it in the summer hotel, where the life of the hired men and girls is a thing by itself, and no sense of actual inferiority is pressed on them. Then there are many families where a tone of kindly friendliness prevails, and excludes all oppressive sense of social superiority; and if all families were like this, there would be much less scarcity of "living-out girls," as they like to call themselves. But just in proportion as distinctions become marked and artificial, the dislike to anything that implies social superiority becomes greater. It is useless to tell those thus situated that labor is honorable, and household labor especially so; to say that a good servant ranks higher than a good factory hand, and so on. The ladies who say this fail to convince others because they do not really convince themselves. That is the real difficulty.

The trouble is that these benevolent ladies themselves in their secret souls regard that member of a poor family who goes out to service as occupying a lower social plane than her sister who tends in a store or works in a shoe factory. It is the same with men. No novelist could ever put such a brand upon the whole class of farmers or mechanics as Thackeray puts upon his footmen. I remember an occasion, many years ago, when a whole suburban village was thrown into confusion because Mr. ——'s man-servant was allowed to buy a ticket and dance

at a village ball, although the young farmers and mechanics were all expected and even begged to attend. "What is the difference?" I asked. "Why, of course," said the ladies on the committee, "you expect to dance in the same set, at a country ball, with your milkman and shoemaker, but as to meeting on the same terms Mr. ——'s man-servant, that is a very different thing." I never could see why it was different, but long observation has convinced me that it is so regarded. Now if the very ladies who give all the good advice still make this distinction, and if they rank household service as socially inferior to the more independent lines of work, how can they expect not to be taken at their word? They may talk never so much about the dignity of household employment, but they do not really believe in it.

I have lately asked a series of ladies, who are all content with their own social positions, whether they would prefer to have a son or a brother marry a young girl who had been a seamstress or one who had been a domestic servant, and they have always said that they should prefer the seamstress. On being pressed for reasons, some said that they did not know, but that this was the way they felt. Others said that household service seemed "more menial;" others, that it would be awkward to receive as an equal one who had opened the door for you or

swept your room. Each of these reasons seemed rather flimsy, but not more so than the general feeling of which it is a part. To me it is all unmeaning; the only things really important are character, intelligence, and refinement; and nothing can be less important than the mere question what a person's employment is or has been, so it be honest.

> "Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws
> Makes that and the action fine."

But the point now of interest is to know what the general impression is; and so long as the employers themselves regard household service as being socially lower than working at the needle or at the loom, how can they expect that the persons most concerned will fail to see it? If we regard all this as a prejudice, let us go to work to correct it. In the mean time we must remember that those who are in our employ are really taking themselves at our own valuation, and cannot consistently be censured. When your best handmaiden leaves your employ and accepts lower pay in a "box factory" or at some "straw-works," remember that she may be doing it for precisely the same reason that Queen Victoria got herself declared "Empress of India" as well as Queen of England — in order that she might thenceforth have no social superior.

XXXV.

THE SECRET OF THE BIRTHDAY.

In a late treatise on American literature, while the year of birth is carefully given for each male author, the same fact is systematically omitted in the case of women. If any class of women might be supposed free from the affectation of more youth than belongs to them, it is the sisterhood of the pen, inasmuch as to them the increase of years usually implies a more assured position and a better income. Yet on inquiring of a friend who makes books of reference professionally, I am assured that literary women do occasionally show this sensitiveness as to their ages; and it is also sometimes the case, he adds, with literary men. In fact, he tells me very frankly that he does not quite enjoy giving the exact figures as to his own age, or seeing them in print.

Reticence as to years is not, then, a monopoly of either sex; but it belongs, no doubt, more especially to women, among whom the graces, and especially the earlier graces, of life are not only more lavishly distributed, but bring a more delicious adulation.

There is probably no period in the life of any man, no matter how successful or powerful, which is so intoxicating, and so sums up all that is fascinating in the way of homage, as the few years' reign of an acknowledged belle. When we consider that the man of iron, William Lloyd Garrison, used, in his devout Calvinistic youth, to attend a certain church in Boston simply to catch a glimpse of the beautiful Miss Emily Marshall as she went in or out, we have a condensed example of the extraordinary power placed by nature in the hands of beauty and grace and youth. The sternest moralists, the soberest philosophers, are compelled to own its sway, and to place the radiance of blossoming womanhood at the head of all nature's visible loveliness:

> "What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
> As those two eyes become that heavenly face?"

And as a part of this unequalled charm resides in the element of youthfulness, so youth alone suffices for beauty, in a degree, and throws enchantment around homely features. It is not strange, then, that women should cling to youth and shrink from recognizing the fact of age, even to the suppression of the record in the family Bible.

But it would be wronging womanhood to admit this to be the whole or even the chief part of the story. Often in a family of sisters, she who had

her reign of beauty at eighteen gives place, after a time, to another who passed for years unnoticed, but replaces her lovelier sister at thirty or forty, and thence holds her own into old age. Shakespeare, who saw all things, did not neglect this more prolonged sway or Indian summer of womanhood:

> "Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
> And give the crutch the cradle's infancy."

Taking the world as a whole, the remarkable proofs of the ascendancy of woman are the trophies of age, not of youth. The utmost beauty leaves the Oriental woman but a petted toy in youth; yet when a mother she has a life-long slave in her son, and an Eastern emperor will declare war or make peace at her bidding. So close was among the Greeks the tie between the mother and her sons—the father, as Plato implies in his "Protagoras," very rarely interfering with them—that it held its strength even into advanced years. Such opinions as have been brought forward by Diderot in French, and by Godwin in English, impairing the feeling of filial reverence after the son grows to maturity, would have been abhorrent to the feelings of an ancient Greek. Those emotions took form in their reverence for the Graiæ —nymphs who were born gray-headed—as did those of the Romans in the honor paid to the Sibyls, some of whom at least were old. Among our Amer-

ican Indians, Mr. Lucien Carr finds that supremacy accorded to women in age which is denied them in youth. Goethe, exhausting all mythology and allegory in the second part of "Faust," gives mysterious reverence to "the Mothers," makes the Fates the conservators of social order; while he, with keen satire, modernizes the Furies into beautiful and treacherous girls, "each of them young and fair, a wheedling kitten."

It seems to me clear that neither our literary women nor any others of their sex have any need to be ashamed of their birthdays, or to forego the dignity which is their rightful honor in age. In nature the period of blossom seems a time so beautiful that we think nothing can ever equal it, until we reach the period of fruitage; and so it should be with human life. Madame de Genlis, after a brilliant and stormy youth, reread, when seventy years old, all the classics of Louis XIV.'s time, in order to preserve her literary style; she died at eighty-four, and the edition of her works published just before her death comprised just eighty-four volumes—one for every year. It is half a century since her death, and it is said that at least twenty of her books are still popular in France. This is to make the fruitage of a life better than the flower, and so is such a beautiful old age as that of Lucretia Mott or Lydia Maria Child. It is the fashion to

sneer at old women; the novelists neglect them: Howells hardly recognizes their existence; Thackeray makes them worldly and wicked, like old Lady Kew, or a little oversentimental, like Madame de Florac; Miss Edgeworth's Lady Davenant in "Helen" is perhaps the best example of the class. In pictorial art I know of no more impressive representation of feminine old age, of the more commanding sort, than an etching in Mrs. Jameson's "Commonplace Book" from a German artist, Steinle. Eve, in her banishment, prematurely old with care, sits leaning with stately poise against a tree and stretches one strong right arm to uphold Cain, a lovely naked child, upon a low branch. He carelessly drops an apple into her lap, thus unconsciously recalling the sin that forfeited Paradise. Her drooping locks are white, but her noble eyes are undimmed, and seem to look beyond his sin, or hers, into some world where all isolated transgressions are merged in eternal life and disappear. In her other hand she holds a spindle, as if ready to weave the destinies of that world unseen. It is a group that William Blake might have drawn—and one in whose presence it seems a glory to be old.

XXXVI.

THE NEW THEORY OF LANGUAGE.

In a late number of *Science* * a new theory of the utmost interest is brought forward by one of the most eminent of American philologists, Horatio Hale. It forms the substance of an address given at Buffalo, New York, in his capacity as vice-president of the anthropological section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He thinks that it solves one of the scientific questions that seemed most hopeless; and the solution has peculiar interest as showing how the most important results may follow from things usually held trifling—in this case, from the most unintelligible chatter of children. For many readers his conclusions will have especial interest through this fact, that the earliest clew to this remarkable discovery—if such it be—was given by the observations of a mother in her nursery.

No puzzle outstanding in science has been greater than how to account for the variety of languages among men. It is easy enough to explain the di-

* August 27, 1886.

versity that exists among various dialects of the same stock; as that, taking the most familiar case, between French, Italian, and Spanish; or, in a wider sense, among all the 60 languages of the Aryan or Indo-European stock, the 20 of the Semitic family (Hebrew, Chaldaic, etc.), the 168 of the great South African stock, the 35 of the Algonkin (Indian) stock, and so on. These groups offer comparatively slight variations within themselves; but the moment we go beyond a single stock, the several groups seem to have nothing in common. The parent stock in the Aryan group, for instance, is absolutely separated from the Semitic, that from the Chinese, and so on. Of these last two it was said by Wilhelm von Humboldt—who was not inclined to supernatural explanations—that it was easier to believe that each came by some direct communication from Heaven than that either could have been developed out of the other. And as there are estimated to be about 200 of these utterly distinct and remote parent stocks, the difficulty of accounting for them has hitherto seemed almost insuperable. Yet all this while, Mr. Hale thinks, the real solution was one of the simplest things in the world, and lay close at hand, namely, in the nursery. Some observations made by a woman and recorded—not, unhappily, at once, but long after—gave the key to the whole mystery. The solution is to be found,

according to Mr. Hale, in what he calls "the language-making instinct of very young children."

There were born near Boston in 1860 twin boys, who were peculiarly devoted to each other. They began to talk at the usual age, but the language they talked was not even so near to English as is usual in such cases—in fact, it was not English at all. They made up a jargon of their own, and entirely refused to speak anything else. Their mother could not really understand it, but only guessed at what was essential; yet they perfectly understood one another, so that it was, for all purposes of communication, a complete language. At last they were sent to school, where they learned English as a foreign tongue, and forgot their own prattle, only one word of which, unluckily, was preserved. The matter was not made public till eighteen years afterwards, when it was described by Miss E. H. Watson, of Boston, in an essay on the origin of language, prefaced to her edition of a work by her father, the late George Watson, on "The Structure of Language." Miss Watson did not herself observe the children, but had the facts afterwards from the mother, and her statements attracted little attention.

It happened fortunately, however, that in the interval between these facts and their record a series of more exact observations was made and published by an Albany physician, Dr. E. R. Hun. In a peri-

odical of small circulation, the *Monthly Journal of Psychological Medicine*, he gave what Mr. Hale calls "a clear and scientific account" of something more of the same kind. It was a language contrived by a little girl four years and a half old, in connection with her brother of three. "About twenty of the words are given, most of which are used in several allied acceptations, as *mea*, meaning both cat and furs; *migno-migno*, water, wash, bath; *bau*, soldier, music; *odo*, to send for, to go out, to take away; *waia-waiar*, black, darkness, a negro. The language had its own forms of construction, as in *mea waia-waiar*, 'dark furs,' literally 'furs dark,' when the adjective follows its substantive." Dr. Hun says the children talked in this way with the greatest rapidity and fluency.

Further inquiries have shown, Mr. Hale says, that this phenomenon is not unusual, and the theory he founds upon it is very simple. The only question is, indeed, whether it is not too simple. Suppose, he thinks, a family of children, in whom the language-making instinct is thus strong, to be suddenly placed by some social or physical catastrophe in a position of entire isolation, where the parents presently die. If the children are very young, they will also die; but if they are old enough to survive—which would be particularly easy in a tropical country—they will grow up speaking a wholly new lan-

guage, not derived directly from any other. In time, should other wanderers join them, the language will be accepted by these also. The children of the little colony will grow up hearing no other. In time philologists will get hold of it—by which time it will have worked out a grammar and inflections of its own—and they will vainly speculate whence it came. There is nothing intrinsically impossible in such a situation; and if it be said that it would be one of extreme rarity, it must be remembered that the world is very large, and that two hundred such instances would account for all the entirely distinct stocks upon the face of the earth.

Mr. Hale points out, in confirmation of this theory, that much the larger part of these separate linguistic stocks may be traced to the warm regions of the globe, where such scattered households of very young children could best be kept alive. Many of them occur among the American aborigines, with whom it is a thing of frequent occurrence for a single family to wander off from the main tribe into banishment, or be exiled for some offence against the tribal law. Then there are the wide island populations of the world, where the isolation is more complete than that of sierras and prairies. But, after all, the important facts may lie close at hand. Mr. Hale suggests a field for scientific observation in every nursery. Nothing has as yet been less re-

duced to careful investigation or statement than the process by which a child learns to talk — the most wonderful mental feat, probably, that any of us have ever achieved. If such important inferences follow, in the judgment of philologists, from a few stray observations made by mothers and nurses, how probable it is that there are multitudes of other facts easily observable, but never yet carefully watched or recorded!

are in other respects, it may be, women of character, energy, and independence. In the great majority of cases the male adviser is doubtless to be trusted; in a smaller number he is treacherous or incompetent. Often he is the husband, and that only increases the completeness of the confidence, and, if he is unfit for the trust, the rapidity of the downfall. It is not uncommon to see men who have run through two fortunes — their own and that of a wife. I knew a lady, not now living, who inherited $75,000. Her first husband reduced it to $25,000; her second, to nothing. The amount is of no consequence; it is just as easy to run through a million dollars as a hundred, if you only begin to run.

The trouble is that no virtue, no high aim, no devoted affection, is a safeguard against this calamity. The noblest men and the noblest women may be its victims. One of the purest philanthropists I ever knew was an instance of this. He was widely known, had a generosity only too unbounded, and an independent property, his wife also possessing one of her own. He was a trained lawyer, though not practising, and he commanded such confidence that he was repeatedly made trustee or executor under the wills of others. At the end of his life it was found that he had made no separation of the securities representing these trusts from his own. Nevertheless the trusts were all paid in full from

his estate, but it left nothing; his own property and his wife's were almost wholly gone, mostly wasted in worthless investments. He died poor, and left her dependent on charity, although both had been supposed to be rich. The moral is that no woman's property is safe, even in the hands of a saint, unless he is also careful and prudent; and no woman can ever form an opinion as to a man's care and prudence unless she herself cultivates common-sense, and takes pains to know something about business affairs.

This is needful for a woman of large property, and still more for one who has but a trifle. If it lies in real estate, she should learn something about the values of real estate and its laws. If it lies in stocks of any kind, she should know what they represent, and watch for herself their rise and fall. It is not necessary that she should manage her property in person, any more than it is necessary that a man should build his own house; but as the wise man visits his house frequently while building, and does not leave all to even his treasure of a master-carpenter, so a woman at least needs to know how the house of her own fortunes is to be built and kept in order. Most fathers now recognize this after a fashion in the case of their own daughters; but when the daughter actually asks a question, it is much easier to reply, hurriedly, "Don't trouble your little head about that, dear," than to spare a

moment to explain to her how a bank is carried on, or a joint-stock company organized. Years ago I read an admirable address by a Boston merchant, then eminent, in which he strongly urged the training of women in business habits, and the value to a husband of a wife who could understand his affairs. When I reminded his daughter the other day of this address of forty years ago, she said, with regret, "I wish he had given that instruction in his own family, but he never did."

The mysteries of the Stock Exchange may not be an essential study, but the general principles which govern investment and income are within the reach of all. The commonplaces of this knowledge—as, that something cannot usually be obtained for nothing—that a low and certain income is better than one dangerously high—that people cannot afford to play a game they do not understand with opponents who know every move of it—that the investment of even a small property should be made in a variety of directions, so as not to have all one's eggs in one basket, as the saying is—these things are not so hard to learn. If those who yearn for a tempting speculation could once comprehend that when you lend a man $1000 at exorbitant interest, he can easily pay you that interest for a year or two out of your own money, if he can then be allowed to abscond or go into bankruptcy with the rest of it, then it

would not be so easy to allure women into worthless "Women's Banks." The folly is not confined to women, as the victims of Grant and Ward proved; but probably those sufferers were more experienced, and therefore less the subjects of pity.

In our public schools girls are, on the whole, the best mathematicians. They know the difference between principal and interest in the arithmetic-book, and can rattle off the problem on the blackboard very quickly. What they need is, whether they are supporting themselves or not, to be encouraged to keep their own accounts, and for that purpose to have a definite allowance, and to have, if possible, a little money property of their own, in order to acquire the habit of looking after it. The busiest father or husband has time enough to answer a few plain questions, and there are little manuals of business that make the essentials much simpler things than a mayonnaise-dressing or a new chain-stitch. I will not say for girls what a respectable livery-stable keeper once said to me about boys—that the first thing is to teach them the value of a dollar. "That's what I call the corner-stone," he added; but when one sees from the high table-land of middle life the wrecks of households made by the ignorance and over-confidence of women, one cannot help wishing that the little property they usually possess might be less exclusively a "trust fund."

XXXVIII.

A PLEA FOR THE UNCOMMONPLACE.

In that mine of symbolic wisdom, "Alice in the Looking-Glass," Humpty Dumpty claims that he received a certain gift as an "unbirthday present." When Alice asks an explanation of the phrase, he points out that an unbirthday present is given to you on the days when it is not your birthday; and that this is far better than a birthday present, because you have but one birthday in a year, and you can get a great many more presents by celebrating the other three hundred and sixty-four days. In that "carnival of commonplaceness" which is afforded, as some critics maintain, by the current school of novels, it is necessary to have such a word as "uncommonplace" to express something different.

There is much that is thoroughly admirable in the present tendency, led by one or two men of positive genius, to elevate the commonplace into absorbing interest — to show the struggles, the emotions, the complications, not only of the daily life around us, but of the average and mediocre exam-

ples of that life. It enriches existence to do this; it makes us all look on humanity with a kindlier eye. If a man has the genius to do it in literary art, he is a benefactor. The error begins when he or his admirers begin to decry or disparage all other forms of literary creation. The merit of discovering the obscure is almost cancelled and neutralized when the discoverer goes on to say that henceforth nothing but the obscure can have any value. I knew a botanist who discovered two undescribed and almost invisible species of plants on Cambridge Common, Massachusetts. It was a boon to science, no doubt; but would it have been a boon if he had induced all cultivators to annihilate their greenhouses, root up their orchids, and spend the rest of their lives poring with spectacles among the scant grasses of that not very luxuriant enclosure where he found his fame?

"The novel of pure character," says Mr. Gosse, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "is the novel of the future. The after-ages will wonder that we preferred our assassins and our bigamists to the 'Lady of the Aroostook,' just as we ourselves wonder that an age which had Colonel Newcome and Becky Sharp before its eyes could waste its time on the false, crude, high-flown romanticism of the first Lord Lytton and his idealistic waxworks." There is always something very impressive in the way these

young poets deal with "after-ages;" and it might be pointed out that Becky Sharp was practically a bigamist and probably an assassin; and why, moreover, select for condemnation a novelist who would have been meretricious even had he been a realist? The real question is whether there is only one kind of excellence. Because Miss Austen is good, is Scott without value? It being conceded that Becky Sharp is worth drawing, is Dorothea worthless?

The error lies, like most errors, in narrowness. *Non constat*, it does not follow, that there can be no faithful drawing except of commonplace things. That done, why not go a step farther and draw the uncommonplace? Because any well-trained French artist at Barbizon can go out and paint a peasant, does it follow that Millet's art is valueless when he draws that peasant at a moment when the Angelus touches his quiet soul, and makes him for a moment a sentient part of the great anthem of the universe; or when in sowing the seed he becomes a symbol of the grandeur and glory of all creative and beneficent power? Great is the little; but why not go a step farther, and say, "Greater is the great?" An artist is commissioned to unlock for us all the mysteries of the human soul. Is Silas Lapham everything, and Arthur Dimmesdale nothing?

"The sincere observer of man," Mr. Howells says in "Their Wedding Journey," "will not desire to

look upon his heroic or occasional phases, but will seek him in his habitual moods of vacancy and tiresomeness." This simply illustrates Coleridge's remark that we may safely take every man's opinion of the value of that which he knows, but should distrust his opinion as to the worthlessness of that which he does not know. The point asserted is valuable; the point denied implies narrowness in the denier. Grant that the sincere observer of man will seek him in his tamest moods; why should sincere observation not follow him also into his heroic or occasional phases? Admit that a young man of twenty-one is worth painting as he lies in a hammock and smokes a cigarette; that is not the question. The question is whether he is utterly worthless as an object of art when he rides to certain death in a cavalry charge. Is he not then also "real?" This is the whole point at issue between Mr. Howells and what he calls "the childish demands" of his contemporary critics.

If it be said that it is because the uncommonplace demands too much skill that authors avoid it, that is a legitimate excuse. Only let this be called, as it is, a confession of weakness, not a claim of strength. The trouble is that by yielding to this weakness we confirm it, so that there comes to be a distrust of everything which does not lie close on every side of us. When Mr. Pickwick explains to Mr. Peter Mag-

nus that he likes Sam Weller because he thinks him rather original, Mr. Magnus doubtingly replies that for himself he doesn't like anything original—doesn't see the necessity for it. The public is always ready enough to doubt the necessity for it, and almost to resent the introduction of any combination which is not to be found at every street corner. A friend of mine spent a summer in a large old house in a seaport town, where he had lived for weeks before discovering that a closed door opposite his chamber door led to a concealed stairway which wound from the basement to the attic, and was now unused. It was a relic of the old period of smuggling and privateering for which that town had once been famous; but it so haunted my friend's imagination that he wrote a romance about it. The critics all agreed that there were some good things about the story, but that the device of a secret stairway—the thing which really suggested the whole book—was wholly far-fetched and unreasonable. I suppose that whosoever ventures on the uncommonplace must say to himself in advance, as the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said when meditating the publication of his memoirs, "I should like to speak the truth, but if I do I shall be torn in pieces." The question is, whether it is not worth the risk.

XXXIX.

CHILDREN ON A FARM.

No doubt the primary and essential use of barns is for children to play in; and we might go still farther and say that one chief use of farms is as out-door nurseries and school-rooms for the same little people. The farm in question must of course be one where the air is good, the drainage sufficient, and, above all, the farmer good-natured. He must be generous about his barn, not particular about his hay-loft, tolerant as to hen-roosts and raspberry-bushes, but secluded and reserved as to the disposal of pitchforks and hay-cutters. The farmer's wife also needs to be of a very magnanimous nature, not merely as to large appetites and soiled feet—for these, it is to be presumed, she has always with her —but as to the armfuls of fragrant rubbish that the children bring in with them from the fields and forget to clear away again, or the tree-frogs which are placed under tumblers for a time and then accidentally let loose in the parlor. If caterpillars' nests are unacceptable in the apple-trees, they are still less welcome in the sitting-room; and after the

farmer has laboriously mowed down a too exuberant crop of white-weed, it is asking a good deal of his wife when she is called upon to supply her best pitcher for a bouquet of it under the name of ox-eye daisy. But with a farmer of untiring benignity, wedded to a spouse of inexhaustible patience, what place is so blissful or healthful to children as a farm?

It gives a sphere so unbounded for that delicious and laborious idleness which children call pleasure, there is so much to do and there are such long summer days to do it in, that one pities at this season even the most petted children who are anywhere else. Fancy them driving about, exquisitely dressed, with mamma in her basket-wagon at Newport, when they might be riding home on the loaded hay-cart, or assisting to harness old Dobbin for a drive into some secluded wood-road, scented with sweet-ferns and haunted by the wood-thrush! Or the children on the farm, grown bolder, stand by the farmer's side as he drives over the dry and slippery grass upon his stone-drag—a sort of summer toboggan, with nothing but a board between the rider and the uneven surface of Mother Earth. Arrived at the spring, perhaps, the child sees the farmer slowly fill the cask with water, and then drive the drag to the farther field, the child now walking by his side, expectant of the return trip. Then there are the eggs to be looked for; not, indeed, as formerly, in the

"stolen nests" of the great barn chamber, but at least in the various odd nooks and cubby-houses where the brooding hens are encouraged to establish their strongholds, in the more methodical organization of modern days.

Then there are the hens themselves to be fed—thirty or forty chickens clucking and clambering at once over the feet of the little people who sit beneath the shade of the raspberry-bushes and dole out the food as parsimoniously as possible, that it may last the longer. Such a peering of eager eyes and protruding of timid beaks, drawn back and thrust forward again a dozen times before actual contact with the children's fingers, while bolder hens meanwhile advance unseen and steal the whole bit of bread from the lap. Then all the chickens run away in a fluttering mob, pursuing the successful thief—feathered things of all sizes, all breeds, all gradations of awkwardness. Why is it that every growing animal, even the human, must pass through its awkward age? Nothing is prettier than a little downy chicken; nothing more *gauche* and gaunt than the same thing when a little older—a mere loose bundle of bones and beak and long legs and livid flesh, with one or two ludicrously large wing-feathers fastened uselessly on, as if with packthread. Yet each of these to the children is "sweet," or "lovely," or "cunning."

And to healthy-minded and observing children all flowers, like all chickens, are dear. Mere quantity is fascinating; the little harvesters are insatiable; to them "just a few" means every blossom accessible in the field. They are such keen observers too—sharper than a trained botanist to detect a difference of shade or a species hitherto unseen. It is astonishing how easily they learn the hard names, even; and the little boy at Plymouth, Massachusetts, who explained to his brother that an idiot was a man who did not know anything—did not even "know an arbor-vitæ from a pine"—seems a wholly reasonable and credible phenomenon. What schools Nature provides for children, if we only give her a chance—perpetual object-lessons on every side! She knows, moreover, better than we how to reach their hearts through their appetites. Consider how she trains them through the summer in the science of berries, with a sweet flavor at each step of the lesson. All the regular succession of the season—"low-bush blueberries and low-bush huckleberries, and high-bush blueberries and high-bush huckleberries, and low-bush blackberries and high-bush blackberries and cranberries"—the children are only too happy to pick steadily through them all, to say nothing of the garden's yield of strawberries, with its cherries and currants. Time would fail to tell of the cows and the sheep and the pigs;

then there is a song-sparrow's nest in the potato hill which requires a great deal of watching, and there is a paradise of swings in the barn. Everything that children can do on a farm is wholesome and picturesque at the same time. I remember that amid all the beauty of rural Normandy—far more invariably and inevitably beautiful than rural England—nothing was quite so pretty as to see my fair hostess and her happy children going about in the gray twilight, as the final ceremony, to collect the young pet rabbits beneath the moss-grown walls, and put them away in their hutches, lest the owls should sweep down upon them after dark from the ivied church-tower above—a tower five centuries old. But the essential combination on the farm is of child life and animal life; and whether this takes place in old Normandy or young America, it is equally attractive.

XL.

WHO SHALL FIX THE VALUE?

In looking over various letters from women who seek employment, and especially literary employment, I find most of them to be tinged with this delusion, that those who produce anything for the market have the right to require somebody to take it, and at a price to be fixed by the maker. It would, no doubt, be very convenient to many of us if this were true—if somebody were provided whose clear duty it was to take the potatoes we raise, or the poems we write, at whatever price we set upon them. We could soon become rich by this process, like a certain tradesman of whom the story used to be told that he would go into his shop and make ten thousand dollars before breakfast by simply marking up the prices of all his goods. The question still remained whether this would increase their value when it came to the actual sale; and so it is plain that young people may go on thinking better and better of their own literary talents, and yet it will not help them one step towards success unless the public takes a similar view. What good does

it do, although your poetry seems to you better than Longfellow's and your prose than Holmes's, so long as the community—or the editor, who is merely the purveyor or steward for the community—cannot be led to the same opinion? You can cherish your genius in silence as much as you please; you can be content with the applause of your cousins and your pastor; you can publish your works at your own expense, and wait for posterity to applaud. Any of these things you can do, as many have done before you; but if you wish for a success more stimulating or more lucrative than this, you must comply with the conditions of success: you must find out what the public wants, and then supply it; you must let others, and not yourself, determine the value of your goods.

In the days when the blind Homer recited his lays, or in the mediæval times when bards sang from door to door, literature could hardly be said to be on a business foundation; but now, for good or for evil, it is established on that basis, and so far as publication is concerned the laws of business must be accepted. A shoemaker does not make a pair of shoes and bring them to your door, and claim that it is your duty to buy them at his own price, whether you like them or not. It is true that book-peddlers and travelling basket-women come pretty near to taking this attitude, but we all feel

justified in resisting it. The young person who writes stories or wishes to write fashionable correspondence constantly maintains this position. These applicants can always furnish unanswerable reasons why it is desirable that their wares should be purchased: they can often say with truth that they are poor; that they live in a remote village, and would like to see more of the world; that they have a younger brother or sister to educate; and that they cannot see that what they write is not just as good as a great deal which is published and praised. They agree in laying the whole blame upon the editor or the publisher. He is narrow, he is selfish, he is governed by the smallest of small cliques. How can he have any honorable or justifiable motive for declining compositions of which sister Jane and our excellent neighbor have thought so well! "I always suspected," said to me once the husband of a lady whose book had just been refused publication by a well-known house — "I always suspected that Mr. — was a snob, but now I am sure of it."

The present writer has seen a good deal of the literary trade in all its aspects; and so far as he has seen, there is no business more free from favoritism. The mere fact that it is business and not pleasure puts it on a real basis in this respect. Every publisher, as such, would rather print a successful book by his worst enemy than an unsuccessful one by his

dearest friend. It is the same with the editor of magazine or newspaper. The one question for him to determine is whether the book or article really promises to be profitable, and as to this he must rely on his own judgment, for he has nothing else to rely upon. This judgment is very imperfect, and he knows the fact too well; but if he cannot trust himself, he can still less trust the author or the author's friends. Grant that these warm advocates know best the intrinsic worth of the article offered; they do not know the demands of the public, which is what he has to consider. There is not an editor in the world who accepts contributions with reference to his private taste only. "If I were to edit this periodical merely to suit you and me," said a former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* to a friend, "it would be bankrupt in three months." Even a cook must season her food to suit the taste of the family, not her own; they do not necessarily like garlic because she does. Every good periodical ends by influencing the public taste; but it must begin by conforming to it, at least sufficiently to get readers.

Formerly, when literature was less widely spread than now, young authors were apt to err on the side of excessive humility; it was hard for them to convince themselves that anything they wrote was worthy the dignity of print. No doubt there are

still many such instances, but the more common attitude of mind among aspirants seems to me to be the assumption that what they write is already good enough, and that the world owes them a publisher. Of course the blunders often made on the editorial side will play into their hands and help to strengthen this delusion. "Do I not write as well as *that?* Can anything of mine be worse than *this?*" They forget that while an editor cannot be infallible, he must behave as if he were so; and must be practically omnipotent, at any rate, within his domain. Rightly or wrongly, he must make the decision, not you or I; he must set the valuation. Our wares are worth only what he can afford to give for them —he or his competitors. If he has no need for them, we must find some way to make them what he will need. Or if that fails, we must establish what was once suggested by Edward Everett Hale—a periodical to be called "The Unfortunates' Magazine," to contain all rejected contributions, all unappreciated courses of lectures, and in general all productions which need a public more than that public apparently needs them.

XLI.

A WOMAN'S ENTERPRISE.

I HAD a call the other day from a lady below middle-age who wished to consult me about some business arrangements that had become necessary for her. Instead of having become entangled in financial difficulties—which is, I am sorry to say, the condition of most of those of her sex who come to me for such consultations—she was embarrassed by too much success. She was, it appeared, a married woman from some interior town in New England, who had inherited from her father several pieces of property, a small woollen mill being among them. The property included another mill of a different kind, and of this her husband took charge; and they were at first inclined to sell the woollen mill. It proved, however, to be an unfavorable time for this; and while the matter was pending, she took the entire charge of the mill and carried it on. Becoming interested in it, she made improvements and tried experiments, the result of which was that she had now made blankets of such a quality that she had been offered contracts which would keep

the mill running day and night for a year. But for this there would be absolutely required certain expenditures in the way of machinery, buildings, etc., and her object was to ask advice as to the best way of raising the necessary money for this purpose. She had been advised to form a joint-stock company, and yet felt a natural dislike to having the enterprise pass into other hands, after carrying it thus far herself. She ended by showing me a sample of the blankets, which I could only regard with inexperienced amazement, having never seen anything of the kind so thick, soft, and luxurious. I could hardly wonder that they were worth, as she claimed, fifty dollars a pair.

Having neither money to invest nor practical knowledge of the woollen manufacture, I could only give her letters of introduction to three men of high standing in different branches of that business. From two of these I have since heard; and they were apparently even more surprised than I was, because they were better acquainted with the subject. One of them writes thus:

"Mrs. —— called on me to-day, and I am very glad you introduced her. She is not only a bright woman but an exceptional manufacturer, and I shall try to help her. She brought a specimen of her blankets, and I showed them to the wool-buyer of the —— Mills, who happened to be in my office at

the time. He thought they must have been made by the Mission Mills of California, which make the best blankets in the country. It is those blankets she set herself to beat, if possible. He was genuinely surprised."

My other correspondent sent me word that neither of his mills—he being treasurer of several—had attained to producing such a quality of blankets as these, or to obtaining a price so high as these might fairly command. He also said that it had become known in the trade that there was one mill in New England which produced goods of this high grade, all sold by one house, and not generally accessible, and that these were apparently the very ones. He gave the lady a letter to a capitalist, and was quite confident that she would obtain the funds needed to enlarge her establishment and fulfil her proposed contracts. I quote the opinions of these gentlemen because they are experts, and not easily to be misled as to the quality of goods, or to be carried away by sympathy. Their verdict may be taken as establishing the fact that a woman has succeeded in taking the lead of all others in the Eastern States in a most difficult branch of manufacture, and this by her own energies.

It is easy to say that a woman thus successful must be a very exceptional woman. No doubt; just as all great inventors, such as Bell or Edison,

are very exceptional men. It is quite probable that she may have inherited from her father, who preceded her in the mill, some special talent for machinery. It is often so with men, since talent is often hereditary and even cumulative, what is mere taste in a father sometimes becoming a distinct gift in the son, and being called genius in the grandson. But talent or even genius alone makes a mere amateur; she had also the courage to plan and the will to carry out, and with such results as we have seen. She expressly told me that it had cost her a good deal of labor, and that she habitually went to the mill at 6 A.M., and knew all that was going on there every day. Her husband, as has been said, was occupied with his own share of business, and left hers undisturbed. Her success shows not merely the ability of a woman to plan and execute, but the readiness of practical men to co-operate with such a woman after she has once proved her credentials. She said that she had found no trouble in this respect, and that the banks in her region had been as willing to accommodate her as if she were a man.

Such an example does not prove that it is the duty of all women to undertake business enterprises, any more than it is the duty of all men to paint pictures or open retail shops. There must be a proper consideration of special talents. In

this case, it appears, my visitor had tested herself very carefully as she went along, had taken up the undertaking as a temporary matter only, and had been carried on by the interest with which it inspired her, and by her own evident adaptation to the work. The use of her example is not in its being followed implicitly or foolishly, but in the help it gives to all women who dare. When Margaret Fuller, in answer to a question from one who wished to set limits to the sphere of women, answered, "Let them be sea-captains, if you will," she did not foresee that Captain Betsey Miller, of the bark *Cleotus*, would erelong be doing the very thing which she had selected at random as an extreme instance. One of the very functions which have been oftenest named as beyond the natural gift of woman has been the superintendence of a large manufacturing establishment, involving as it does three separate faculties — a knowledge of machinery, a business aptitude, and the capacity to control men. Yet here these three qualities have been combined, and have been tested by success. The result should surely encourage every other woman who hesitates before some similar opportunity. One such victory does not prove that every other success is certain, but shows that it need not be set aside as impossible merely because it is unusual.

ineffectual. In the first number of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* its enlightened Paris correspondent, Arthur Mangin, says that in France "the development of industrial labor and the great works undertaken by the State and by cities have brought about a steady emigration of peasants to the cities, and a rise in agricultural wages, which in some regions is from 200 to 300 per cent." * Even in Russia, the newspapers tell us, anxiety is felt at the tendency of the former serfs to abandon their lands, and congregate around larger employers of labor or else in cities.

But the true solution of the matter appears to lie in a direction where Mr. Allen, perhaps from having made too rapid a trip through "the States," has failed to find it. In the older parts of the American Union, side by side with the abandonment of the rural regions as the sole or permanent residence, has come up an enormous increase of those who are, so to speak, double residents of city and country—the one in the winter, the other in the summer. In the mild winters of England, where there is not a month in the year in which some flower does not bloom out-of-doors, and hardly one in which some bird does not build its nest, this distinction is less sharp; and Americans are always surprised to find

* *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, p. 98.

kinsfolk ever since the reign of Edward II. (1307–1327), that is, for more than five centuries. In Edward's time the rural population of England was about eleven-twelfths, or more than ninety-one per cent., of the whole. In the year 1861 it had fallen to forty per cent., and in 1871 to thirty-eight per cent. Pike attributes this change mainly to the great inventors of the last and the present centuries, who have created new and remunerative occupations. "In the great bulk of the nation," he says, "they have substituted town life for country life." * This is a far stronger statement than could be made of the most thickly settled parts of the United States; and with our nation as a whole "the great bulk" is still enormously in the ranks of rural life.

It would be easy to show that this change goes far beyond the English-speaking nations. The concentration of French life in Paris has long been seen and lamented, and it has extended so far that the provinces are hardly credited with independent opinions. "To ask what the provinces think," said a celebrated Frenchman, "is like asking what a man's legs think." The practice of subdividing small rural properties everywhere had tended, it was supposed, to anchor the French peasantry to the soil, and yet the latest observers point out that this tie is wholly

* "The History of Crime in England," vol. ii., p. 409.

ineffectual. In the first number of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* its enlightened Paris correspondent, Arthur Mangin, says that in France "the development of industrial labor and the great works undertaken by the State and by cities have brought about a steady emigration of peasants to the cities, and a rise in agricultural wages, which in some regions is from 200 to 300 per cent." * Even in Russia, the newspapers tell us, anxiety is felt at the tendency of the former serfs to abandon their lands, and congregate around larger employers of labor or else in cities.

But the true solution of the matter appears to lie in a direction where Mr. Allen, perhaps from having made too rapid a trip through "the States," has failed to find it. In the older parts of the American Union, side by side with the abandonment of the rural regions as the sole or permanent residence, has come up an enormous increase of those who are, so to speak, double residents of city and country—the one in the winter, the other in the summer. In the mild winters of England, where there is not a month in the year in which some flower does not bloom out-of-doors, and hardly one in which some bird does not build its nest, this distinction is less sharp; and Americans are always surprised to find

* *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, p. 98.

their English cousins staying in the country till Christmas, and then in London till July. But in our Northern States the distinction of seasons is so very marked as to be destined to mould the permanent habit of our people, and a marked change has begun within forty years. Before that time almost every one lived either in city or country, and few had a home in each. Now, with the more well-to-do classes, the alternation is becoming universal; the sea-side, from Campobello to Chesapeake Bay, is becoming one long line of summer cottages or hotels; and in the wildest mountain regions the traveller comes suddenly upon vast lighted corridors with city luxuries and prices, billiards and lawn-tennis. The summer vacation itself is in its present form a recent evolution; schools that formerly gave but three or four weeks now give eight, and Harvard University, which in 1846 had but six weeks of such interval, has now fourteen.

All this extraordinary change is a tribute to summer, and to the summer habits of the people. We flee from the country in October or November, but only to return to it in May or June. In other words, we are adapting our social life to the characteristics of the American climate. That the final arrangement has been reached it is impossible to say, and the present fancy in our Northern Atlantic States for tobogganing and other Canadian winter

sports may point to some further modification. But at present it may certainly be claimed that in the most thickly settled parts of the nation there is a distinct acceptance of the old English maxim, "All summer in the field, all winter in the study." Those who have the right of choice will not forego, if they can help it, the winter pleasures of the city or the town, its lighted streets, its gay passers-by, its social intercourse, its concerts, theatres, libraries. But neither will they forego the rural or sea-side enjoyments of the summer. When the season of migration comes, you can no more hold them back than you could keep back the bluebirds and the orioles.

XLIII.

THE HUMOR OF CHILDREN.

THAT is a surprising remark lately made by one who is usually a very acute observer, Mr. C. D. Warner, to the effect that children under twelve have commonly no sense of humor. No doubt these young things vary, like their elders, in temperament. Some of them are, from the cradle, as devoid of all capacity for fun as a travelling Englishman; but if there is one quality which I should attribute, in normal cases, to very young children, it is the sense of humor. You presuppose it inevitably in your very first elementary game with your baby, when you alternately hide your face and show it, with the cry "Peep-bo!" The child knows perfectly well that you are not in two places at once; the sense of surprise is what tickles; and very soon it catches the trick itself, and enjoys the humor of pretending to be in one place and presently bobbing up in another. One of the most familiar expressions in the eye of a child, I should say, is the twinkle of humor; and every parent knows that one of the best ways of overcoming a fit of anger or distress is to appeal

to this instinct. Fancy Abraham Lincoln or Mark Twain postponing the development of humor until twelve years old! Their mothers—from whom they perhaps inherited the gift—knew better.

Of course many of the droll sayings we quote from children are not droll to those who said them; but there are more which are so, and we can distinguish them by watching for the twinkle. The little girl who rebelled against the bathing-tub, and said, indignantly, to her mother, "Don't wash me; wash 'at baby," pointing to the naked child in Knaus's Madonna on the wall, evidently enjoyed the flavor of her own remark. She knew that the proposed scapegoat of her punishment was but a flat surface, for she had often examined it with eye and finger, but the humor of the defiance pleased her very soul. Again, where the mistakes and whims of very young children are not humorous to themselves at the time, they usually become so very soon after. Any child of five will be entertained by your narrative of what it said and did at two or three years, nor will it miss a single good point in the retrospect. In a family of children, all under twelve, each will commonly appreciate the unconscious drolleries of the next younger; Susy quotes what Prudy has said, and Prudy again cites with delight the unexpected remarks of Dotty Dimple. How does this happen unless children have humor in themselves? If there

is any faculty not transferable at second-hand it is this. No maternal assurances that a thing is amusing will ever make it such to a child, unless the child has a sense of humor.

The games of young children, and, above all, their play with dolls, are a scene of genuine humor from the beginning. The doll is not merely loved and kissed, but is rebuked, scolded, put on probation, punished; a child will do this alone, or two or three will do it together, and with a zest which certainly comes by nature, not by instruction. You might as well say that there is no instinct in the way a kitten plays with its first mouse as to deny the instinct of humor to the child when she first "makes believe" that her doll Arabella is naughty. No matter how red Arabella's cheeks are, how flossy her hair, how blue her winking eyes, she is liable at any moment to be dethroned from power and put in the darkest of dark closets for a purely imaginary sin; while plain Jane, armless, legless, and featureless, is enthroned in her stead. The doll really appeals to the child's whole nature, not merely to the affectional part of it; and a doll's house with no sense of humor brought to bear on it would be a blighted home. It was in the full appreciation of what she said that a little girl remarked to me, many years ago, holding up a doll of her own sex whose legs had wholly vanished, "See! he's broke both his

legs short off; he has to walk on his drawers." There was no denying the extent of the catastrophe; it was on a par with that of the historic Witherington in one version of the old ballad of "Chevy Chase:"

"Of Witherington I needs must speak,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off
He fought upon his stumps."

But the peculiarity was that the child herself, perhaps five years old, evidently felt all the grotesqueness of her own conception.

Again, if children have no sense of humor, whence comes their admitted dramatic aptitude? So far as I have seen, this gift is far more universally distributed among children than among their elders, as any one can test by alternately getting up little dramatic performances in the younger and older circles of a large family connection. Perhaps the greater unconsciousness of children may have something to do with it, yet it really seems as if, apart from this, the imitative power were more flexible in early youth than later, as is well known to be the case with the organs of language. Nothing is more marvellous to me than the manner in which these young creatures will create for themselves, or with the very slightest aid from others, the proper tone or expression belonging to an emotion they never have experienced.

The favorite play of the most petted children is often that of a family with a scolding mother; and how admirably do they in turn enact a character which they have never even seen! I remember to have officiated in the humble capacity of stage-manager, long since, when two little girls of six represented the successive tableaux of a pretty German book, describing the day's friendship of two children. One picture represented a quarrel, the playmates pulling at a doll which each desires. The little performers got into a great frolic just before the curtain went up; there was not a moment to tutor them; but in the very instant, as the curtain rose, both faces passed into a look of childish anger that was absolutely startling. They were peculiarly amiable children, and had never had anything but happiness with one another; yet they brought instantaneously into their looks, without a hint from any one, an expression which Janauschek or Ellen Terry might have envied. Such a feat would be impossible to those who had no natural sense of humor.

XLIV.

PAROCHIALISM.

We are gradually clearing ourselves, in America, from the lingering spirit of colonialism. The change is fortunate, but even the civil war has not yet rid us of what may be called *parochialism*, or what would be called in Germany *particularism*—the impression that we are citizens of this or that commonwealth, or region, or city, instead of claiming allegiance to the Great Republic. The habit proceeds largely, no doubt, from the vast size of our land, which even railroads and migratory habits cannot easily compass. It is also strengthened, perhaps, by the absence of any satisfactory name for this great nation. Had it been called Columbia or Washington the word would have been uncouth enough, but it would have carried with it a sense of unquestionable unity, which the collective phrase "United States" has seemed rather to deprecate. If something of this disadvantage has been felt all over the nation, it was still worse in those parts of it where the parochialism was thought to be an advantage, and was christened "State Rights." No doubt one reason

for the paucity of Southern literature before the civil war was the fact that the most gifted writer in that region was apt to feel that he had nothing larger than a State behind him; and it is a curious fact that the poet Hayne, in speaking of the Confederacy after its formation, still described its members only as "sister nations," as if disclaiming all thought of national unity, even there. In general, however, the war may be said to have put an end to this feeling, in a political sense, and to have substituted the nation for the individual State as the unit of loyalty. Hayne and Lanier, Simms and Kennedy, are now included, even against their will, in the literature of a nation.

This being the case, we should live up to it in all ways. We are Americans, not merely residents of Meddibemps at one extremity or Seattle at the other. We have to hold our own, in the way of self-respect, against the other populations of the earth's surface, and we certainly must make common cause, and not fritter away our strength in the petty jealousies of a thousand little parishes. When we see Americans in Europe we are proud of them, if they deserve our pride, or ashamed of them, if they cause us shame, and this without the slightest reference to the part of our country from which they came. Why should it be otherwise when we are at home again? But in fact the mutual criticism of Eastern

and Western, Northern and Southern, is often very much like that between Englishmen and Americans; it is not fraternal, but critical, almost satirical—"a little more than kin and less than kind." In England the very compliments given to an American are apt to sting. If he does not speak through his nose or talk like Bret Harte's heroes, he is regarded as exceptional. "You an American!—I give you my word of honor I never should have suspected it." These words, which he is equally liable to hear from his host, his tailor, and the waiting-maid at his inn, are more annoying than any personal censure, and make him long for a moment to tilt his chair, to put his feet on the table, to do anything that shall free him from being thus complimented at the expense of his race.

And yet this class of remarks may be constantly heard in our own cities as regards strangers from some other city. When a lady visiting Boston from Chicago is kindly assured that no one would suppose her to be Western, or one visiting Chicago from Boston is gently vindicated from the charge of being Eastern, it is as insulting as the unconscious insolence of these English remarks. We are all Americans; the honors of one are the honors of all; the discredit of one is the discredit of everybody. If in various parts of the country we have a variety of gestures, intonations, phrases, manners, it is that we

may compare these different methods candidly, generously, and with mutual respect, and thus gradually eliminate what is undesirable, and select the best. What we desire, or should desire, is to have the American type the best type that the world has ever seen. Nothing short of this is an aim worthy the effort.

If this is true of society and manners, it is still truer of literature. What can be less profitable than all this talk about a literary centre, this foolish struggle between rival cities? What we want is a literature; given that, and the centre will take care of itself. It is not even important that there should be a centre; a hundred nodal points, each sending forth its germinating and vital influence, will do just as well, and will be more befitting for a nation that includes the breadth of a continent, and may yet include its length also. What we need is to produce good books; this once done, it makes no more difference in what part of the country they are produced than in what part of a man's farm—the north-east or south-west corner—he raises those fine apples. Where there is a good author, there is the beginning of a literary centre; where MacGregor sits, there is the head of the table. We are all enriched when Miss Murfree suddenly reveals to us a new literary centre in Tennessee, or Miss Edith Thomas in Ohio, or Hubert Bancroft in San Francisco. The concen-

tration of literature into a new London or Paris is not to be expected among us, perhaps not to be desired. That implies a small and highly centralized civilization, whose outskirts shall be as little given to literature as the English colonies or the French provinces; whereas what we need is the development of a high literary life through a number of different fountain-heads. The nation should produce its fair share of the recognized masterpieces of the world's literature—or, if you please, of the works which are still masterpieces, though unrecognized—or else, at least, of the writings that influence their time, and then become a part of the "choir invisible." There is promise of all this, but it can only be fulfilled by dismissing all the petty parochialism of local rivalries. The Arabs, before Mohammed's time, used to hold high festival over two things—the advent of a new poet and the birth of a colt of eminent breed. The former festival at least we Americans should celebrate, even if the advent of the bard should occur on the utmost border of the Aleutian Islands.

XLV.

ON VISITING THE SICK.

It is a curious fact, and one not quite creditable to the good-sense of the human race, that the one duty which is sure to devolve on everybody first or last is so often ill done. Everybody, from the roughest frontiersman to the most luxurious city-bred woman, is pretty sure, in the course of years, to be called on to visit some person who is ill. Having been brought, through circumstances, somewhat in contact with invalids, I have never ceased to be astonished to see how poorly, on the whole, we discharge this inevitable and most important duty.

The first error is in regard to quantity, the second in regard to quality. We cannot, perhaps, visit the sick too much, if we have time for it; but we can easily visit them a great deal too much at any one time. Many a sick-room would be helped and gladdened by a glimpse of a friendly face every few days, for three minutes at a time. But wait for a month, and consolidate these scattered minutes into three-quarters of an hour, and how different the result! The new face soon becomes a burden, the

new sensation an old one; the news is told, the excitement is gone by. The patient's face, at first bright and eager, becomes tired and jaded and long, and still the visitor sits. At last she too—in case it be a woman—notices the change in her friend's look, and she springs to her feet and says, with sincere but tardy contrition, "I am afraid I have tired you." "Oh no," says the patient; "not at all." It is her last gasp for that morning; she can scarcely muster strength to say it; but let us be polite or die.

Brevity is the soul of visiting, as of wit, and in both cases the soul is hard to grasp. As some preacher used to follow a sound maxim for his sermons, "No soul saved after the first twenty minutes," so you cannot aid in saving the sick body after the first five. Harriet Martineau, in her "Life in the Sick-room," says that invalids are fortunate if there is not some intrusive person who needs to be studiously kept at a distance. But the peril of which I speak comes not from the intrusive, but from the affectionate and the conscientious—those who bring into the room every conceivable qualification for kind service except observation and tact. The invalid's foes are they of his or her own household, or, at any rate, are near friends or kind neighbors. The kinder they are the worse, unless they are able to show this high quality in the right way. If they

could only learn to plan their visits on the basis of Sam Weller's love-letter, which was criticised by his father as rather short! "She'll wish there was more of it," said Sam; "and that's the whole art o' letter-writing." For want of this art the helpless invalid is hurt instead of helped; she cannot, like other people, assist the departure of the guest by pleading an engagement, or even by rising from the chair; she must wait until the inconsiderate visitor is gone. Under such circumstances she really needs to be saved from her friends. I remember a certain colonel in the army who was sometimes suspected of shamming, and of whom his sub-officers would say, sarcastically, some morning, "He is very ill—too ill to see his surgeon." There are really many invalids who are too ill to see their friends and sympathizers and cousins, except with the aid of a three-minute glass, like that by which eggs are boiled.

But there is an error in respect to such visiting that is more serious than that of quantity. What is there in the outer world from which it is the hard lot of invalids to be excluded? Sunshine, fresh air, and the healthy life of mankind. These, then, are what the visitor should bring, figuratively at least, into the sick-room. Instead of these, how many bring the very opposite—clouds and shadows, and that which is unwholesome and unhealthy. They keep the invalid talking about the very things which

need most to be forgotten—symptoms and medicines. They discuss the varieties of medicine as topers debate the merit of different wines; and is dear Amelia quite sure that it would not be best to change her physician? Worst of all, they tell the distressing symptoms of others; the mournful cases, the bereavements, the approaching funerals. Strange to say, professional nurses themselves are very much given to this sort of talk, and would be much more beneficial companions were they dumb. Perhaps the visitor chimes in, and joins with the nurse in a melancholy duet. It is, I take it, almost impossible for any one in health to appreciate the hold that these things take upon an invalid. The visitor goes away into the outer air, and the very breeze soon carries away all memory of the misplaced conversation; but the invalid remains anchored to one spot, and broods, and broods, and broods. She is fortunate if her sleep is not broken that night by the odious phantoms for which her dear friend has, with studious care, furnished the materials.

There are other ways in which a visitor may hurt while intending only to help. There are the cross-questioners, who make the invalid do all the talking; the fingerers, who displace her cushions, drop her orange, and leave her glass of water just beyond her reach; the gazers, who fix their eyes scrutinizingly on her, and never take them off. But enough

been wasted; and if any of them were really so foolish, they have perhaps grown wiser already. It is not at all uncommon for young men to feel in that same way, for a year or two after leaving college, when the door of success or employment seems as if it were locked on the wrong side. A few years will, however, teach them that a well-trained brain is a good preparation for any conceivable pursuit, and that a well-stored mind is one of the very greatest blessings, whether a man is suffering under the chagrin of failure or the ennui of success. So, many a woman, it may be, has for a moment distrusted the value of her own training, when she found herself, in Emerson's words,

> "Servant to a wooden cradle,
> Living in a baby's life;"

or in days when all her mathematics must be brought down to the arithmetic of teething, and all her music must be laid aside to attend to the musical instrument of sweeter tone that says, "Mother." No doubt the function of motherhood takes a dozen absorbing years out of many a young woman's life. All the better for her, then, if she has gained the material for intellectual activity before that day comes. If an army is about to cross a desert where there is no food, this only affords more reason for filling up the haversacks and canteens.

XLVI.

THE FEAR OF ITS BEING WASTED.

It is a curious whim this, which returns every now and then, that the higher education of women should be discouraged because "in case of marriage it will all be wasted." It is one of the bugbears which Mary Wollstonecraft thought she had demolished, and Margaret Fuller after her; but it bears a great deal of killing. Those who still bring it up show how little importance they really attach to those functions of marriage and parentage about which they are continually talking. If they really rated these duties so high, they would see that no amount of intellectual development could be wasted in preparing for them.

The statistics of about seven hundred collegiate alumnæ, as tabulated by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics, showed that about a quarter of the number were already married; and as their average age was then but twenty-eight, it could be well assumed that the percentage of wedlock would yet be largely increased. There is nothing in the reports to show that any of these wives felt that their education had

been wasted; and if any of them were really so foolish, they have perhaps grown wiser already. It is not at all uncommon for young men to feel in that same way, for a year or two after leaving college, when the door of success or employment seems as if it were locked on the wrong side. A few years will, however, teach them that a well-trained brain is a good preparation for any conceivable pursuit, and that a well-stored mind is one of the very greatest blessings, whether a man is suffering under the chagrin of failure or the ennui of success. So, many a woman, it may be, has for a moment distrusted the value of her own training, when she found herself, in Emerson's words,

> "Servant to a wooden cradle,
> Living in a baby's life;"

or in days when all her mathematics must be brought down to the arithmetic of teething, and all her music must be laid aside to attend to the musical instrument of sweeter tone that says, "Mother." No doubt the function of motherhood takes a dozen absorbing years out of many a young woman's life. All the better for her, then, if she has gained the material for intellectual activity before that day comes. If an army is about to cross a desert where there is no food, this only affords more reason for filling up the haversacks and canteens.

It is easy to point out a few of the unanswerable reasons why a woman needs the best possible education, even if she is to be married the day after she takes her last diploma. To begin on the lowest plane, there is often the material need of self-support, and of that which is much more than self-support, since it may involve the sustaining of children and even of a husband. In a late report of one of our highest institutions for women, the estimate was made by the directors that about half the students apparently came there to prepare for earning a living, and the other half from a simple desire for self-improvement. In our changing society it would not be strange if these two halves were to shift places—if the half who expected to support themselves were destined, after all, to be cared for by others, and the half who felt sure of a support were to be thrown on themselves. Who can foretell? As to external fortunes, at least, the happiest marriage is but a lottery. In our homely rural phrase, "It takes but about three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves." We meet every day women bred to competence, and perhaps married into luxury, who now need all that the trained brain can do for them, as to mere material provision. At the first Normal School exhibition I ever attended, thirty years ago, I remember the calm brow, the clear eyes, the rose-bud cheeks, of the class poet; she seemed one of

those fair creatures for whom all life must be smoothed, as it always had been; and when, ere-long, she was happily married, she appeared one of those who retire forever from the public gaze, and whose education is called wasted. By no means: the best of husbands may fail in business or in health, and then we see of what material the wife is made. This woman has for many years been the main support of her own large household, and has in so doing developed a literary talent, and an especial genius for teaching, that have made her books the inspiration and the guidance of a thousand homes. She is but a type of a myriad women, all over this country, whose education has paid for itself over and over again, in the mere material aspect.

And even where this material use of education has not been actually necessary, how much stronger and freer a woman is when she knows that she has this intellectual capital, and can at any time put it to use! Then comes, too, the higher use to be made of it, not for material objects alone, but for the good of all. The great changes of the last thirty years, placing upon women so much of the practical organization of philanthropies and the guidance of society, have gone hand-in-hand with the higher education. The Sanitary Commission and the Women's Christian Temperance Union are striking instances of this organized development. The Society of Col-

legiate Alumnæ promises a vast deal further in the same direction. The whole course of later American history has been perceptibly affected by the fact that Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" the whole relation between the white race on this continent and the aborigines is being influenced by the fact that Helen Jackson wrote "A Century of Dishonor" and "Ramona." We cannot, if we would, keep woman's hand off the helm, since even the Greek orator Demosthenes confessed that measures which the statesman had meditated for a year might be overturned in a day by a woman. But it is for us to decide whether this power shall be exercised by an enlightened mind or an unenlightened one—by Madame Roland or Théroigne de Méricourt.

Finally, let us meet the objection on its most familiar ground, and assume that all the main work of the world is to be done by men. Who are to bear or rear those men? Women. In every land that missionaries visit it is found, first or last, to be quite useless to educate only the men. Take men of any race at the time when they pass out of the care of women, and you take them too late. Their characters are already formed, and have been formed mainly by the other sex. Hence everywhere we see missionaries establishing schools for women in order to teach men. The South Sea Islanders have a proverb—

"If strong is the frame of the mother,
The son will give laws to the people."

If for "frame" we read "brain," it is the same thing. He who receives from his mother a good frame, a good brain, and a good disposition, is equipped to serve the world. But how can we secure these things for him unless they exist in her?

XLVII.

THE NERVOUSNESS OF MEN.

The physiologists tell us that nervousness is the peculiar attribute of women. May not this be because it is usually men who write the books of physiology; so that women might say, like the lions in Æsop's fable, that if the other party had been the painters the case would be different? It would be worth while to consult the wife of some musical enthusiast, for instance, who has carried his art to such a point that it causes him and everybody else more pain than pleasure—the man who must have every door in the house deadened, every carpet doubled, every visitor seen by some one else before admittance, and the children banished to regions inaccessible and inaudible. Paganini, the greatest of violinists, is reported to have found existence an absolute burden because it held so many intolerable sounds; and many a woman has found her husband, even where unprofessional, claiming the privilege of Paganini's sensitiveness without his genius. Again, consider the extremely nervous condition exhibited by some perfectly healthy men when called upon

to appear before the public to "make a few remarks," or even introduce a speaker. It is often amusing, at a public dinner, to notice the difference between the man who has made his little speech and the man who has not—the jubilant faces of those who have the thing off their minds, the depths of preoccupied care or downright misery on the countenances of those who have still the torture in prospect. Now that women are having so much practice as public speakers, they are rapidly ceasing to exhibit any more nervousness about it than is constantly shown by men.

The terrors of nervous prostration—that calamity which seems a new foe, but is really only a new name for an old one — haunt men almost equally with women. If men hold out longer against its approaches, which is doubtful, they succumb almost more hopelessly, and need as long time for a cure. I know young men of fine physique who, having for a year or two undertaken to combine too many different anxieties—for instance, a bread-earning occupation and the study of a profession—have taken to their bed in utter helplessness and frequent tears, and remained there for months. "More pangs and fears than wars or women have" were their penalty for an over-taxation of the nervous system. The fact that, as the life-insurance companies tell us, women on the whole outlive men, seems to indicate that

their nerves, if more sensitive than those of men, are more elastic, and offer a better resistance to the wear and tear of events. We must remember too that it is not the great things of life which prove exhausting, but the small ones, because these call out less in the way of resources to meet them; just as people take cold more readily after a warm bath than after a cold one, for want of reaction. "You cannot seriously maintain," said a clever woman once to me, "that any cares of political or business life can be so wearing, on the whole, as the task of cooking a dinner." Then she proceeded to explain how the cook, before every dinner, had to deal with a dozen different articles of food, no two of which were to be prepared in the same manner, or manipulated with the same touch, or exposed to the same degree and kind of heat, or cooked for the same length of time; that the cook had constantly to be going from one to the other, and keeping all in mind; and that, to bring them all out in readiness at the appointed time, neither underdone nor overdone, neither slack baked nor burnt, neither too cold nor too hot—that this was an achievement worthy of demi-gods and heroes. And I was quite inclined, at length, to be convinced: certainly it was much easier for me to own myself convinced than it would have been to prepare the meal.

But there exists in every household a short and

easy method of testing the comparative nervousness of the sexes. Take the very sweetest and most domestic of men, the most home-loving and equable, and see if he can have patience with the children, day in and day out, as can a wife much less gifted by nature with these fine qualities. The children may be the sweetest ever born, and yet each will be pretty sure to pass through stages in its development when its cross-questionings, its needless resistings, its chronic deafnesses, its endless "What?" and "Why?" and "Whom did you say?" will furnish grounds of practice for saintship. Not that all mothers are equal to this task—far from it; but when it comes to nerves, the average mother takes all this trial and pressure in a way that puts the average father to shame. I knew a shrewd woman who, whenever her husband had given her a lecture on nervousness, used to contrive to have him dress one or two of the children for school on a winter's morning, after a breakfast slightly belated. The good man would fall meekly into the trap, not clearly remembering the vastness of the labor—the adjustings and the tyings and the buttonings; the leggings and the overdrawers and the arctic shoes; the jacket, scarf, coat, gloves, mittens, wristers; the hat, or cap, or hood to be pulled and pushed and tied in proper position; the way in which all these things, besides being put on, have to be mutually

made fast by strings and buttons and safety-pins, so that the child thus dressed is a model of compressed stowage, and could, like a well-packed barrel of china, be sent round the world without injury. Calm must be the spirit, high the purpose, of the father who reaches the end of this complex task without a word of impatience; while the wife whom he calls nervous has long since taken off his hands the other child assigned to him, and having with deft hands dressed her, has given one patient, final, all-comprehending twitch, and the thing is done. If you doubt whether men are on the whole, and in their own way, as nervous as women, test them with getting the children ready for school; and remember that their mother does it every morning of her life.

XLVIII.

THE GERMAN STANDARD.

At a private discussion lately held among persons interested in collegiate and other education it seemed to me that there was too general a deference to German standards. It was assumed, in particular, that schools for young children must necessarily be far better if taught by university-bred men, as in Germany, than if taught by young women, as in this country. To all this I should demur. No man in America ever studied the German systems of common-school instruction more faithfully than Horace Mann; and it was chiefly to him that we owe, as a result, the general substitution of women for men as teachers. The greater economy of employing women has no doubt assisted the change; it would have been simply impossible, in fact, with the greater expensiveness of living in this country, to obtain the services of a sufficient number of men to give to our public-school system anything like the vast spread it has now obtained. Yet Horace Mann urged the change, not on the ground of economy alone, but because he regarded women as the natural

teachers of all children. His views have prevailed. When he began his career, just half a century ago, two-fifths of the teachers in his own State were men, whereas we are told in the Fiftieth Report of the Massachusetts Board of Education, just issued, that there are now 8610 women to 1060 men—more than eight to one.

The objections usually made against these young women lie, first, as to their sex, which is, however, if Horace Mann's theory be correct, rather an advantage than a disadvantage. Then it is objected that they only teach temporarily, on their way to something else, while men would teach for life. This claim has been refuted over and over again by statistics taken in particular towns, and showing that women teachers are apt to remain actually longer than men who teach in the same grade of school; because men are more often won away by some more lucrative pursuit than are women by matrimony. Of course, if you give all the higher positions and all the higher salaries, as is still done, to men, you give to those holding these more advantageous posts greater inducements to remain permanently; but as between teachers of the same grade, which is the only fair comparison, these statistics hold. As a rule, women find no vocation more profitable than teaching; while men are more fortunate, and have many better openings. Women are therefore kept

in the profession unless they quit it for matrimony, while men are easily withdrawn from it. Most of the able public-school teachers whom I have known in years past, of the male sex, are now clergymen or lawyers, while many of the ablest women are still teaching.

There remains the assumption that women, as women, are ordinarily less well trained for teaching than men would be — certainly than German men. This disadvantage as to training did undoubtedly exist in times past, and it is still found in small country hamlets, where the teachers are often young women trained only in the schools of the village. But the disproportion of educational facilities is diminishing every day. With the Normal Schools on the one side, and the colleges admitting women on the other, there is a rapid equalization going on. In many of our Normal Schools there is now a four years' course; the books, apparatus, and teaching are all of the best: if Germany is the standard, the teachers have often been trained in Germany; and with the women's colleges it is much the same. The grade is steadily rising as to the higher education of women. In Massachusetts about one-fourth of the public-school teachers are graduates of Normal Schools, and nearly one-third have attended such schools—while of the number who are college graduates no statistics are given. Should men again re-

place women in these schools there is no reason to suppose that they would surpass the present teachers in respect to education. It is certain that the average male teacher of forty years ago was inferior in this respect to the average woman teacher of to-day.

Tried, therefore, even by the German standard, there is no reason to suppose that the present arrangements as to teaching force in our schools could be materially bettered, with the materials now at command. But I am not afraid to go one step further and raise the question whether the German standard is absolute and final. I travelled once on the Rhine with a highly educated German, long resident in England, who used to say, when we saw the groups of demure little boys and girls going to school at eight in the morning, with their knapsacks of books on their shoulders, "That is what is stupefying the German nation; they are being drilled to death; they have no games, no lively sports, no vivacity; one wide-awake English school-boy is worth the whole of them." He had never been in America; but we, who find the English children dull and slow to mature, compared with Americans, can make the needful addition to his statement. No one can deny the sure tendency of the German training to produce thorough investigators and admirable analysts; but, after all, our system, with all its faults, produces mental alertness, and theirs does not.

Compare an American boy at eighteen with a German or even an English boy of the same age; which is it that has originality, impulse, initiative? That quality which makes us develop early and assume leadership while others are under tutelage seems ingrain in the transplanted race.

In writing on the history of the old Salem (Massachusetts) sea-captains the other day, I was amazed to discover the youthfulness of the men whose daring adventure created that vast East India trade which for a few years astonished the world. These men penetrated into unknown and chartless seas, opened new channels of commerce, defied treacherous natives and ruthless pirates, baffled England and France during the wars of Napoleon; yet they were almost always under twenty-five, often under twenty-one. Captain Richard J. Cleveland sailed on a dangerous voyage when neither he nor his first nor second mate was of voting age. An American system of education has to adapt itself to this precocity of type. Moreover, it has to train to action as well as to learning; and, for something midway between learning and action, it has to train to the power of expression. Here is where the German system stops short; the German scholar obtains vast knowledge, but he ordinarily does it as a hewer of wood and drawer of water, until the cultivated French or English or American mind has applied to it the art of

expression. For the philological study of the Greek and Latin classics, for instance, one must go to Germany; but you may explore a whole alcove of German editions and not gain so much of the peculiar aroma of Greek literature as you can obtain from Ampère's "Grèce, Rome, et Dante," or from Matthew Arnold's "Essay on Translating Homer," or from our own Professor Palmer's extraordinary version of the "Odyssey" in rhythmic prose. For one, I do not ask for a mere reproduction of German methods until Germany itself is broadened and revivified.

XLIX.

THE MISSING MUSICAL WOMAN.

THERE is just now a revival of the anxious inquiry after an eminent composer of music among women. Mr. Upton, in a book upon the subject, and Mr. Upton's numerous critics, are all discussing the matter with eager interest, and give a great many ingenious reasons for what is, to careful students of the intellectual history of woman, a very simple affair. Such students are usually brought to the conviction that the difference between the sexes in point of intellect is not a question of comparative quantity or quality, but simply of time. It is a matter of acceleration and retardation. In all arts, for certain reasons not hard to discover, the eminence of women is a later historical development than that of men. It is one of those "precious things discovered late," of which Tennyson writes; and this tardiness would certainly be provoking had it not come to pass, under the doctrine of evolution, that the latest things are apt to be recognized as the most precious throughout all nature. Up to the time of George Sand or George Eliot it had not seemed possible that a wom-

an could be a great novelist, or up to the time of Elizabeth Barrett Browning that she could be a great poet, or up to the time of Rosa Bonheur a great painter, or up to the days of Mrs. Siddons and Rachel a great actor, or until Mrs. Somerville's day a great scientific writer. Even to the present time, for some reason, the corresponding figure among musical composers has not appeared, and any speculations on this point may have a certain value. Of course some particular sphere must come last in women's successive advances, and it is interesting to inquire why that sphere should be music. But the inquiry should always proceed in connection with such facts as those already stated—facts indicating that it is not at all a case of proved incapacity, but only of admitted delay.

The general cause of the delay, in all these cases, is essentially the same: it lies partly in specific disadvantages and partly in general repression. Women have never yet been trained on any large scale, as men are trained, in the science of music. They have been and still are trained as amateurs only; and I can distinctly remember when the study of harmony or counterpoint was considered as clearly unwomanly as that of Greek. Where, in spite of this, a woman came of a musical stock, and showed positive marks of genius, she was still held to a subordinate and almost suppressed position—as in the

striking case of Fanny Mendelssohn, who was only encouraged by her family to compose so long as her beautiful compositions passed under her brother's name and helped to swell his fame. When she proposed to publish for herself, she was regarded by her family as unsexing herself. Is that the way genius is developed among men? Genius in men is watched for, helped, trained, supported, furnished with prizes and incentives. The fact that we give it all these aids is proof that genius needs them; withdraw the aids, and it suffers, or if it excels it will be still at a great disadvantage, and fall short of its full success. High English scientific authority has said that we never shall know how much science lost by the almost total early neglect of the rare powers of Mary Somerville. We know as little what the musical world lost by the domestic repression of Fanny Mendelssohn. We do not even know, as the latest biographer of the family admits, which of her brother's published "Songs without Words" she composed. It may have been the very finest, and her genius may have been intrinsically greater than his.

Mr. Upton gives us a list of four women composers in the seventeenth century, twenty-seven in the eighteenth, and seventeen in the nineteenth. It is an obvious and significant fact that most of these are German; and here we have a further suggestion as to the backwardness of women in music. The

great musical nation of the world is also the civilized nation where the relative intellectual position of woman is lowest, and where she shares least in the current educational advantages of all kinds. Among the eminent women above enumerated as pioneers in other intellectual spheres not one was German; we do not know that George Sand, or George Eliot, or Mrs. Browning, or Rosa Bonheur, or Rachel, or Mrs. Somerville, would ever have raised her head above the surrounding obstacles had she had the ill-luck to be born near the Rhine. Even in France there is no Salique Law in intellect; compare, for instance, the five ample volumes of "Histoire Littéraire des Femmes Françaises," published by a Société de Gens de Lettres as early as 1769, with any similar work in German. Had England or France been a great musical nation, the opportunities of women in this respect would have been far greater than they are to-day.

It is a comfort to know that, even in Germany, if women have not composed great music in their own names, they have at least, so to speak, composed the composers—through their influence on them—and thus fulfilled what Cotton Mather thought the high function of the president of a university—to train those who were to train others — *non lapides dolare, sed architectos.* Thus Beethoven, who never married, but was twice rejected, dedicated thirty-

nine compositions to thirty-six different women, and Schumann almost as many; while most of the great composers were also ardent lovers, and sometimes only too versatile in their love affairs. It is interesting to learn also from Mr. Upton that while women have been inferior to men as instrumental performers, they have quite surpassed them as singers—the list of women renowned as vocalists being both longer and weightier than that of men.

L.

THE BRUTALITY OF "PUNCH AND JUDY."

WHENEVER the season of picnics and children's excursions draws near, I feel disposed to renew my protest against a performance which has only crossed the Atlantic within some twenty years, and which has in some inexplicable way crept into decent society. I mean "Punch and Judy." It is an exhibition only fitted to be shown, as it seems to me, before the children of prize-fighters or cock-fighters. It is something that could only have originated, in its present form, among a race of very coarse fibre, which the English stock unquestionably is; and now that a more refined race is being developed from this parent stem, it is a shame to transplant its very coarsest amusements. No sane parent would paper a child's bedroom with representations of murders and executions from the *Police Gazette;* and yet the exhibition of "Punch and Judy" offers this and nothing more, and does it in the more pernicious form of action instead of picture. From beginning to end the performance has not one redeeming trait. All the fun lies in the fact that

Punch successively knocks on the head or otherwise slaughters his baby, his wife, the doctor, the policeman, the servant, and such others as the varying ingenuity of the operator may introduce; that he counts the corpses over, hustles them about, and stuffs them into coffins with every form of irreverence; that for these offences he is haunted by ghosts, executed by hangmen, and dragged down by demons. It is not strange that there should be city precincts so degraded that this sort of thing should just meet the public taste. In the old-time Seven Dials of London, or Five Points of New York, it might seem at home, and perhaps be regarded as a moral exhibition. The strange thing is that it should be selected by refined and high-minded parents for the delectation of innocent children amid the roses and perfumes of summer gardens.

How far it directly harms these children it is impossible to say. We all know that such young people can see a great deal of evil pass before their eyes without being really reached by it. The story of the little boy who throttled his baby brother by trying to apply the noose like Punch's hangman may or may not be correct. It has never been proved that the children of butchers were more brutal than those of other people; but no thoughtful person would wish to bring up his family at the next door to an *abattoir*. And surely Punch should

be avoided on the same principle. It seems impossible that such a show should not insensibly vulgarize a child's pure mind. The last time I took a child to see it — its detestable features having grown dim in my mind—I found by comparison that all the parents present felt very much as I did, and only consoled themselves with the thought that the little things "did not understand." But they did understand. A child under five narrated the whole thing with animation after reaching home—the only things she did not comprehend, from never having seen or heard of them before, being the ghost, the hangman, and the demon. Should she go again — which she will not if I can help it—she will soon be comically introduced to those also, and begin to dream about them, perhaps, in the slumbers that follow.

I do not wish to put all the blame of "Punch and Judy" on our English ancestors, for it is much older than they. The very figure of this hero was familiar on the Roman stage, and an ancient statuette has been found which represents him essentially as now. The play is not much coarser than some of the old mystery plays of the Middle Ages; and the very name is by some supposed to have come from *Pontius Pilatus* — Pontius Pilate with the Jews. The drama itself is Italian, and belongs to the seventeenth century, where it had a highly spiritual

conclusion and a moral bearing. The English version strikes off all these redeeming traits, and the American is worse than the English. For instance, the English performance has usually a little dog (Toby) added, the only live member of the *dramatis personæ*, and the only decent one, his worst offence being to leap up and snap at everybody's nose. The noses being only those of puppets, this can hardly be counted as a moral offence; and the shouts of laughter it excites are at least innocent. But our ordinary performances of "Punch and Judy" exhibit nobody so alive and so harmless as a real puppy; it is one dreary series of quarrels and fights, and proceedings that would be very bloodthirsty except that there is no blood. It is a wonder that some more artistic Punch does not provide this too.

As our children go through the world they must necessarily make acquaintance with brutality and sin and wrong; but this should never be done in the way of joke, any more than we should wish them to laugh at the spectacle of a drunken man. Up to a certain point ignorance is the best shield; and beyond that point there should be serious disapproval, not uproarious laughter. The Spartans used to make their Helots intoxicated, not for the amusement of their children, but for their abhorrence; that the latter should become disgusted with excess, and so avoid it. It was a questionable process, but

a serious one. It may have coarsened the young observers, but it did not pervert them. Our tendency is rather to take evil too lightly when shown to the young; and this, whether it be licentiousness, as on the French stage, or brutality, as in "Punch and Judy," involves a deeper danger — that such things may not only grow familiar as a spectacle, but as a joke.

LI.

WHY WOMEN AUTHORS WRITE UNDER THE NAMES OF MEN.

The dapper clerk, Mr. Chuckster, in the "Old Curiosity Shop," is quite dissatisfied when Kit Nubbles is proved innocent of theft; and remarks that although the boy did not happen to take that particular five-pound note, he is no doubt always up to something or other of that kind. It is in this way that critics of a certain type contrive to console themselves, when a woman has done a good thing in literature, by pointing out the number of good things she has not yet done. To be sure, Miss Mary N. Murfree, when she was universally supposed to bear the name of Charles Egbert Craddock, was thought to have achieved creditable work; but this discovery only gives these critics opportunity to point out that had she tried various other things she might have failed in them. Can anybody positively say, for instance, that she would have written a good essay on Quaternions, or developed any especially searching views on the Wages Fund? If not, her success does no more credit to woman, in the opin-

ion of these critics, than Kit's not happening to take that particular five-pound note did to his honesty. "Just wait a while," they say, "and you will see some woman fail in something, never fear." One critic goes so far as to say that all "high creative work" still remains out of the reach of woman. "Romola" does not seem to such a critic to be high creative work, probably; that phrase should be reserved for men—for little Twiggs, perhaps, with his fine realistic study, "The Trippings of Tom Popinjay."

What a flood of light all this throws on the reasons why such very able women write under masculine names! George Sand, Currer Bell, George Eliot, are but the type of many others. They wrote in that way not because they wished to be men, but because they wished for an unbiassed judgment as artists; and in each case they got it. When it came, and in the form of triumphant success, all women were benefited by it, and were so much nearer to a time when no such experiment of disguise would be needed. The mere fact that women take men's names in writing, while no man takes a woman's, shows that an advantage is gained by the process. Meantime, each particular success is called exceptional, and instead of rejoicing in it in a manly way, the critic of the other sex is very apt to exult in what it does not prove rather than in what

it proves. It is as if we were watching a Chinese woman trying to walk in spite of her bandaged feet. "True, she has just walked into the north-east corner of the room; but, mind you, she will never get into the south-east corner—she cannot do it; and even if she does, there is all the rest of the room!" The more rational inference would seem to be that if one point of the compass was not too much for her, it would only be a question of time when she would reach all the rest.

When Mrs. Somerville wrote her "Mechanism of the Heavens," critics of this description admitted that she had proved, indeed, that women could master astronomy after a fashion, but probably chemistry would be beyond them. When Rosa Bonheur painted cattle it was remarked that probably she could not have painted men as well if she had tried. Then came Elizabeth Thompson in England, and painted men fighting—actual battle-pieces—and the critics turned round and wondered if she could delineate men at rest. No matter what a clever woman does, the stupidest man has always discernment enough to think of something that she has not done; and if, step by step, women held their own in every conceivable department except in writing treatises on whist or backgammon, then it would suddenly be discovered that whist and backgammon were the inaccessible climax of human intellect, and

LII.

THE DISCIPLINE OF DOLLS.

It is a very instructive fact that two of the best mothers I know—and mothers, it must be added, on the largest scale — have had their preliminary training solely through the charge of dolls. I visited lately the nursery of one of these mothers, arranged as the collective play-room of six children under ten—there being also three older offspring who have graduated from this play-room, and are in a manner launched into the world outside. In this room everything is provided by wholesale—whole freight-trains of toy-wagons, wooden horses enough for all to ride at once, and four hundred blocks for purposes of architecture. Here the six play perpetually together while they are in-doors; and when peace is interrupted by discord, and there is a momentary tendency among the younger members to pull each other's hair—hair, it must be said, so curly that it seems almost a waste of the blessings of Providence not to pull it occasionally—the tranquil mother, wisely remembering that most of the ill-temper of children comes from the stomach,

poetry. Within the last century other instances have followed—Rachel in dramatic art, Rosa Bonheur in animal painting, George Sand and George Eliot in prose fiction. These cases are unquestionable. Other women have at least reached a secondary place in other spheres—as Mrs. Somerville in science, Harriet Martineau in political economy, Elizabeth Barrett Browning in poetry. The inference would seem natural that it is simply a case of slower development—a thing not at all discouraging in a world where evolution reigns, and the last comer generally wins. Meanwhile, as there is no profession—not even the stage—in which a woman is not still a little handicapped, it is natural that she should disguise her work as man's work; and that Miss Murfree should find complete shelter under the very misleading name of Charles Egbert Craddock.

LII.

THE DISCIPLINE OF DOLLS.

It is a very instructive fact that two of the best mothers I know—and mothers, it must be added, on the largest scale — have had their preliminary training solely through the charge of dolls. I visited lately the nursery of one of these mothers, arranged as the collective play-room of six children under ten—there being also three older offspring who have graduated from this play-room, and are in a manner launched into the world outside. In this room everything is provided by wholesale—whole freight-trains of toy-wagons, wooden horses enough for all to ride at once, and four hundred blocks for purposes of architecture. Here the six play perpetually together while they are in-doors; and when peace is interrupted by discord, and there is a momentary tendency among the younger members to pull each other's hair—hair, it must be said, so curly that it seems almost a waste of the blessings of Providence not to pull it occasionally—the tranquil mother, wisely remembering that most of the ill-temper of children comes from the stomach,

sends the little things down-stairs for a glass of Mellin's Food, and they come back beaming and reconciled. Yet this pattern mother, conducting without a nurse this large world of little beings, tells me that she grew up not only without younger brothers and sisters, but without knowledge of young children. Up to the time of her marriage, at twenty-two, she has no recollection of ever having taken any care of a child. What, then, prepared her for this vast sphere of duty, this rearing of nine young immortals upon no severer pains and penalties than Mellin's Food? It was, she assures me, the discipline of dolls.

Up to the age of thirteen her experience with dolls was on the very largest scale. She had seldom less than twenty, each with its own wardrobe, ornaments, and possessions. Every night of her life the twenty dolls were undressed and put to bed before their mistress went; and all their clothes were neatly folded and put away separately. During the day, doubtless, each doll had its own career and position; was fed at table, fitted with new clothes, elevated into grandeur or repressed into humbleness. When their young mistress grew up they were doubtless laid aside, or transferred to other children, or banished to that dusty purgatory of the garret from which no doll is ever translated to paradise. I forget whether Hans Andersen has ever duly chronicled

the tragedy that lies at the end of every doll's life; it is worse than that of any other pet. An old horse is often tended, an aged dog is at least shot, but an old doll is left to lie forever on its back in the garret, gazing with one remaining eye on the slowly gathering cobwebs above it. At any rate, the lady I describe was, after an interval of some ten years, reassigned to the duty that had absorbed her in girlhood—only this time the dolls were alive. On the other hand, there were fewer of them—only nine—and they were, and are, even more interesting, as I can testify, than the dolls. Her experience reminded me of that of another mother whose eight children are now practically grown up, and whose early training was much the same. She too had little to do with children in her youth; but her only sister once said to me, "I always knew that —— would be a good mother. When we had paper dolls, she always knew just where each one was, and what clothes it needed. She manages her children just as she did her paper dolls."

How curious is this world of dolls!—uncouth and savage in Alaska, quaint in Japan, strong and solidly built in Germany, graceful in Paris. You can tell German dolls from French, it is said, by the greater clumsiness of the extremities; no matter how pretty the face, the feet and ankles are those of a peasant. In both countries, I believe, artificers visit the rural

villages to study new faces for their dolls, as in ancient Greece the sculptors travelled about the country looking for beautiful forms. Everywhere the doll is to the child the symbol of humanity—the first object of responsibility, the type of what is lovable, the model on which the dawning parental instinct practises itself. The little girl does not know the faults and virtues of her own temperament until this ideal creature brings them out, being now tended with the sweetest care, now flung vehemently into an undeserved corner. It is all imaginary, no doubt, but much of our sensibility lies in the imagination; the woes we relieve are those we vividly picture to ourselves. Children will sometimes cry when the doll is pricked in sewing on a dress, or is forgotten when she should be placed at the window to see the procession go by. The sorrow is fantastic, but the thoughtful sympathy is real. Whoever listens in the nursery will hear all the problems of ethics rehearsed upon this mimic stage of the doll's house. In the travelling diary of a child of eight, written literally from her own dictation for her absent father, the important events of the pilgrimage were always shared by the doll. "When we got to Nice, I was sick. The next morning the doctor came, and he said I had something that was very much like scarlet-fever. Then I had Annie [a sister] take care of baby [the doll], and keep her away, for I was

afraid she would get the fever. She used to cry to come to me, but I knew it wouldn't be good for her."

To a child thus imaginative and thus faithful this was an absolute rehearsal of motherhood. When Christmas came, it appears from the diary that "baby" hung up her stocking with the rest. She had a slate with a real pencil, a travelling shawl with a strap, and a cap with ruffles. "I found baby with the cap on early in the morning, and she was so pleased that she almost jumped out of my arms." At the Colosseum, at St. Peter's, baby was of the party. "I used to take her to hear the band, in the carriage, and she went everywhere I did." This tenderest of parents was, of course, a girl; yet boys take their share of it, in a more robust and intermittent way, and will sometimes carry the doll to bed or to breakfast as eagerly as girls. The love of dolls with both sexes is a variable thing, perhaps delayed unaccountably or interrupted by long intervals of indifference. At any rate, it is the rehearsing of the most momentous part of human life—that which carries on from one generation to another the sacred fire of human affection. Where the doll ends the child begins; or, as an author has said, "In a nursery the youngest child is something more than a doll, and the doll is a little less than a child."

LIII.

SANTA CLAUS AGENCIES.

No one seems as yet to recognize that if Santa Claus is to continue in the field, he absolutely needs agents and auxiliaries. With the increasing wealth of the community and the growing complications of shopping, the mere ordinary preparation of Christmas presents is becoming a very arduous matter. For many well-to-do households, especially in the suburbs of large cities, it absorbs an alarming amount of time and strength, even endangering, in many cases, health itself. The Christmas trade, which formerly kept the retail shops crowded for a week, now fills and overfills them for nearly six weeks, and during December the simplest purchase involves such confusion and difficulty as to take hours instead of minutes, and to drive even experienced shoppers to despair. Many a family seriously contemplates each year the alternative of foregoing all Christmas presents, rather than grapple with the formidable task involved. There are the children's stockings to be filled, something really pretty and appropriate to be got for Uncle John, and just the right thing to be

selected for that unsatisfactory corner in Cousin Mary's drawing-room. Day after day passes; nobody can find time to go to the city, or, if some one goes, it is dark before she has got half-way down her list of errands. At the end, Cousin Mary's awkward corner remains unfilled, the children's stockings are stuffed hap-hazard, and Uncle John gets only a third smoking-cap, though he took pains to explain last year that the doctor had ordered him to quit smoking.

I am surprised that some enterprising woman does not see how clearly all this makes a providential opening for Santa Claus agencies. In many other departments we do not now go to purchase articles needed; they are brought to us. Instead of our going to market the market-man rings daily at the back door, and orders are taken and filled for chickens and celery, canned tomatoes or Hubbard squashes. If we wish new window-curtains, the upholsterer comes with plans, patterns, and prices. Why does not some agent for Santa Claus come in the same way with samples, circulars, and above all, suggestions? What a boon to many a struggling family would be the sudden arrival at the door of some competent and clear-headed woman, replete with information, running over with measurements and prices, and carrying specimens of a hundred unthought-of treasures in a little hand-

bag! She must have all the resources of all the shops in her memory; must be learned in lace, competent in china, and an encyclopædia as to rugs. She must be an embodied Lilliputian Bazaar in regard to children's clothes and toys. She must be as comprehensive in her aptitudes as Lord Beaconsfield's imaginary Israelite, who was prepared to trade for a pennyworth or for a million pounds sterling. All with her is to be a business transaction; the laborer is worth his hire, but a part of her stock in trade—the only inexhaustible part—is a genial good-nature. She simply undertakes to fit out the family with Christmas presents, as the upholsterer fits it out with window-curtains and *portières*, on any scale that is desired. You sketch out for her what you want, naming your general standard as to plan and price; she tells you what can be done upon that scale, and, if you wish, she makes the actual purchases. Very likely she can make them at a price lower than you could; but that is a secondary matter. We are not now planning to save money so much as time, strength, and the nervous system.

It is, of course, possible that all this agency might be filled by a man, but it is altogether better that it should be undertaken by a woman. The purchasers will usually be women, even though a

man pays the bills; and it is to be remembered, moreover, that the whole position is a confidential one, and involves sacred secrets in every family. Much of it would be done, very likely, with closed doors, conspiring with Bessie to surprise mamma, and again with mamma to astonish Bessie. The Santa Claus agent should therefore be a woman, and, if possible, one well known in other ways to the household, in order to win entire confidence, and to keep above all suspicion of being unduly under the influence of some particular dealer. If she does her work well, she will soon have influence for herself with all dealers, going straight to head-quarters with that assured precedence possessed by the stewardess on a steamboat, who quietly walks into the clerk's office and sweeps off the very last state-room before the enraged eyes of a whole line of men, who are vainly cooling their boot-heels on the windy deck outside. She will be a sort of embodied power—a veritable Parnell of the Christmas trade, knowing that both dealers and customers must conciliate her at last. Indeed, the only danger is lest she become too powerful, and be a despot; in which case she too must be dethroned, and some new substitute inaugurated.

Meanwhile, who would not welcome the Santa Claus agent? She will be sent for, let us suppose,

by a family with whom she has dealt already, and whose peculiar tastes she knows. They will unfold to her their needs and exigencies—so many uncles and aunts, so many deserving relatives at a distance, so many children of different ages. Something will readily occur to her for each: have the household seen those lovely new things, *so* cheap, in Fayal goods? those pretty boxes of colored crayons for little girls? One of her great functions will lie in the simple answering of questions; the information that would otherwise involve the ascending and descending of a dozen elevators in warehouses is here obtained by simple cross-examination in five minutes. Supposing that you take absolutely nothing that she brings or recommends, the mere suggestions she offers are worth the fee you pay. Simply to hear from her what you can not find this year, or what project will be utterly impracticable—this will be a great deal.

> "To know what she had *not* to trust to
> Was worth all the ashes and dust too."

I cannot doubt that, some time or other, the proper agents for Santa Claus will be found; and if their sphere ultimately extends also to weddings and birthdays, no matter. It is idle to say that their services will destroy all individuality in pres-

cnts; there is no real individuality except in preparing every present with your own hands; and when you once buy your gifts, it makes no difference, as to the sentiment of the thing, whether you go to the shop or the shop comes to you. By all means let us have Santa Claus agencies.

LIV.

KERENHAPPUCH.

NEARLY fifty young women received their degree of A.B. a few weeks since at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts. The Boston *Daily Advertiser*, in mentioning this fact, makes a proper criticism on the trivial names often borne by the young ladies who appear on the list. Unfortunately it goes too far in its form of statement, and with that hastiness which sometimes marks even masculine journalists, launches a boomerang that recoils upon the favored youth of its own pet institution, Harvard University. With just disdain it thus speaks of the young ladies: "No doubt each had properly qualified herself for this distinction. But when one finds among the names of these graduates Nellies and Carries and Jennies, and even a Virgie and an Annie, it does not seem as if the grave letters A.B. will well become their owners. *One does not see Georgies and Freddies in the list of those graduated at Harvard College.*" (The italics are my own.)

Does not one see them, indeed, or their equivalents? Then it is because one has not looked, or because one has read the list only in the safe obscurity of a learned language, where all endearments disappear—although Cicero, to be sure, might have wished to see his beloved daughter appear on a college list as Tulliola instead of Tullia. But if any critic of women's nicknames will turn to his Harvard College catalogue in English, he will find there, in the official list of the sterner sex, precisely the same tendency towards the more familiar names as at women's colleges. In the Senior Class, just graduated, he will find Harry occurring five times and Henry seven; Frank once and Francis four times; and his eyes will be regaled also with Fred and Bertie. In the Junior Class, to graduate next year, he will find only one Harry to nineteen who bear the name of Henry; but, on the other hand, he will find the brief name of Frank carrying all before it—ten Franks, while Francis occurs but four times. In the Sophomore Class it is almost precisely the same—Frank is to Francis as eight to three; while Henry occurs ten times, Harry three times, and Harrie once: there are also two Freds. In the Freshman Class Francis gets the upperhand of Frank at last, and is as seven to three; Henry occurs ten times, Harry three times, Fred once, and Dan once—the latter being probably the old Script-

ural name, but possibly a colloquial abbreviation of Daniel. Among the special students Francis and Frank balance each other, one of each, while Henry is found twice and Harry once. To sum up: in the whole undergraduate department Henry is to Harry as forty-eight to thirteen, while Frank is to Francis as twenty-three to nineteen; and there are four Freds, besides Harrie and Bertie. There are thus in these official Harvard lists nearly forty of these familiar nicknames, which are thought so preposterous at a woman's college. Of course they are not the same nicknames, because they belong to a different sex; but can it be maintained that Harrie and Bertie are essentially noble, heroic, masculine, while Georgie and Freddie are hopelessly feminine, and therefore weak?

Whether the numerical proportion of pet names is greater at women's colleges is not to the purpose; very likely it may be, but forty of them at Harvard are quite enough to destroy all feminine monopoly. The whole discussion is therefore reduced to the question whether there is such a difference between the terminations *y* and *ie* as to make it a fine thing to be called Harry and a thing of degradation to be called Jennie. Now with every disposition to be conservative in this matter of terminations — to stand with the *y's*, if I may say so without suspicion of a pun—I must declare this to be simply a mat-

[illegible] of usage. To old-fashioned people Tom Moore's song,

> "Fly, fly from the world, O Bessy, with me,"

would lose half its charm if addressed to Bessie. In the same way,

> "Kitty, a fair but frozen maid,"

would melt into insignificance if put into the new mould of Kittie; and what should we do with Dibdin's chorus, if Dibdin's it was—

> "Anna, Anne, Nan, Nance, and Nancy,"

[illegible] to stretch the line far enough to bring [illegible] and Nancie also? Yet, after all, what we [illegible] spelling in these cases is not real- [illegible] In old English books we find the [illegible] to end usually in *ie*—a form [illegible] in their plurals—and may [illegible] the gradual substitu- [illegible] for *philanthrop-* [illegible] and [illegible] for *folly*. [illegible] tendency some [illegible] the familiar [illegible] being uncon- [illegible] only a [illegible] substituted for

Sally; Mollie has hardly yet achieved its position; and Nancy still holds out, though sure to yield to Nancie. Among men's names the influence is as inevitable, though more slowly exerted, Willie and Charlie being well established in place of Willy and Charley; and Harrie is already beginning to offer itself as a substitute for Harry, it seems, even on the Harvard College catalogue. However we may regret the change, it looks as if Harry would yet follow the analogy of the other names, and terminate in *ie* at last.

It is thus plain that, both in the use of the familiar name and in the form of its ending, women have simply yielded earlier than men to a current that reaches both sexes. Both these tendencies I deprecate, being, as was said, an old-fashioned person as to these matters. Yet I must admit that I have heard of one case where the official use of the pet name was quite justified. I was told by the president's secretary at Vassar College that a student just arrived was once called upon by the lady principal to give her name to be recorded in the books. She gave it promptly as "Kittie." "Do you not think, my dear young friend," said the dignified official, "that it is a pity to employ so trivial a name in a serious matter? Nothing can justify it unless there is something very uncouth or difficult

in your real name. If your name were Kerenhappuch, for instance—" "It is, ma'am," interrupted the young girl. This is probably the most unexpected and conclusive reply ever given by an undergraduate to a teacher.

LV.

AMERICAN LOVE OF HOME.

It is common to say that love of home does not exist in America—that it is not a supposable quality in a nation founded on immigration, and only kept contented by constant migration. Nothing is easier than to misunderstand people, even whole races at a time. We insist on saying that Frenchmen, for instance, have no love of their home because they call it *chez moi*, forgetting that this *moi* identifies the abode with its proprietor far more unequivocally than the English word. You may speak of some one else as also having a home, but *chez moi* can belong to the speaker alone. So in regard to the selection of a place where to fix one's abode; we all assume that every Frenchman wishes to live in Paris, when in truth almost every Frenchman, if born in the country, dreams always of retiring to a little estate of his own, where for the rest of his life he may patrol the woods in long gaiters, and occasionally shoot at a cock-sparrow. We all observe this home-loving spirit in the French Canadians, who are per-

haps more thoroughly French than anybody left in France.

Now this dream which exists in the transatlantic mind is to be found also in the migrating Americans. The country boy who has come to the city and made his fortune ends in buying back the paternal farm he once hated, and in turning it into a country-seat. Many villages of the Atlantic States are already surrounded with showy houses that are, to all intents and purposes, ancestral estates, representing the old settlers several degrees removed. There are, no doubt, some variations in the style of living, but the whirligig of fashion has in many ways brought round the later generation to the habits of the earlier. The first settlers had uncarpeted floors, so have their descendants; the founders drove about in two-wheeled carts, so do their posterity; the earlier residents slept on hard mattresses, so do the later ones. The very houses must be colonial—with a difference—and their occupants wander about the country to buy eight-day clocks and spinning-wheels. Every such household vindicates the American love of home. We all like to live for at least a portion of the year at our birthplace, and we like to emulate the style in which our ancestors lived—with a few improvements. The town libraries, for example, which are springing up in every village of the Eastern States, are specimens of these

improvements; and they are built, half the time, at the expense of some native of the town who may not have set eyes upon it for many years. Nay, the instinct lasts into the next generation; and Mrs. Leighton tells us that children born on the Pacific coast often speak of the unseen Atlantic region as "home."

It is to be observed that in these cases of reverting to the early haunts the old house is not always piously preserved, as is so frequently the case in Europe. No American can help being charmed with the ancestral homes of England; there are so few instances in this country of the permanence of a homestead through many generations. Some such there are: in the rural parts of Essex County, Massachusetts, there are farms that have stood for two hundred years under the same family name; and I lived at Newport, Rhode Island, opposite an estate which had never passed by a deed, but was still held by the old Indian title, and was occupied by the fifth or sixth generation of the original stock. But when one thinks of the tremendous price that is paid in England for this permanence—of the unjust and often cruel working of that practice of primogeniture by which it is secured, and of that sea of houseless poverty that is seething all around it—to say nothing of the incidental result attributed to primogeniture by Dr. Johnson, that it made but one fool

in a family — one may well be glad that we do not have the possession secured here in the same way.

And much of the attraction that draws Americans to England is this same love of home, bidding them explore a still older home. For this they endure temporary exile from their real abode, and bear as patiently as possible that rather childish social structure which still dominates the English world. Sometimes, indeed, by long residence, Americans come to enjoy this structure, as dwellers in Switzerland come actually to like those high-flavored cheeses that are at first so repulsive. Many a man, too, as Wendell Phillips used to say, is a democrat only because he was not born a nobleman; and it is observed that when one speaks of the delights of living in Europe, he never imagines himself to be living there in the same way as here; the life must be a perpetual holiday with large outlay and no duties to anybody: without that, one might as well be in New York. So the young American girl, however moderate her claims at home, stipulates for nothing less than a ducal palace in England: let her marry an English business man, and she will soon find whether she likes it better than life in America. At least I knew a young girl who tried it, and she soon found herself undergoing so many real or fancied slights because her husband was "only in trade"

that she was soon glad to bring him back to this side of the Atlantic.

Again, it is to be remembered that we cannot get back to our old home by merely crossing the ocean for it; it has changed, even as our old homes in this country have changed, and perhaps more than they. The London of to-day is not even that of Dickens and Thackeray, much less that of Milton and Defoe; nor is the Paris of to-day that of Petrarch, which he described (in 1333) as the most dirty and ill-smelling town he had ever visited, Avignon alone excepted. Already we have to search laboriously for old things and old ways, as the traveller in Switzerland searches for the vanished costumes, such as the Swiss dolls wear. Already we have to go farther East for the old and the poetic; and find even Japan sending us back our own patterns a little Orientalized. The only unchanged past is in literature and in our fancy. It is in the books that most set us thinking—Emerson's "Nature" and Thoreau's "Walden," for instance—that we really come back to our birthplace and re-enter the atmosphere of home.

LVI.

MORE THOROUGH WORK VISIBLE.

It is beginning to be plain that with the great advance in the education of women, during the last thirty years, there is already a marked advance in the grade of their intellectual work. At a late meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Buffalo, New York, nearly every section offered among its scientific papers some contribution from a woman. In the section of Anthropology, the paper that excited most interest was that of Mrs. Nuttall Pinart on Mexican inscriptions, which is described as "completely revolutionizing" the method by which these important historical memorials have hitherto been interpreted. Dr. Brinton, who is on the whole the highest authority on this class of subjects, said that this paper was "of epoch-making importance," and that its conclusions would probably be sustained. In the section of Chemistry, a paper was read by Miss Helen C. De S. Abbott on the composition of a bark from Honduras that presents new and curious ingredients, of peculiar value to dyers. She also read a paper on the

relation of the chemical constituents of plants to their forms and evolution, advancing the view that chemical considerations may yet have weight as a basis for botanical classification. In the section of Economic Science, Mrs. John Lucas, of New Jersey, entered a paper upon Silk Culture, but was not apparently present to read it. In the section of Mathematics and Astronomy, Miss Anna Winlock, of the Harvard Observatory, was associated by name with Prof. Rogers, of that institution, in presenting a paper on "The limitations in the use of Taylor's theorem for the computation of the precessions of close polar stars."

All this is very unlike anything that could have been reported twenty-five years ago; and though it is possible that no one of these ladies may have been a student at a woman's college, yet they stand nevertheless for that advance all along the line which the women's colleges represent. It must be remembered also that the new American Historical Association has many women as members, and has issued among its first publications an elaborate paper by one of these—Miss Lucy M. Salmon, of Michigan University—on the history of the appointing power in our government. In the reports of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, an important place is always assigned to the researches of Miss Alice C. Fletcher and Miss Cornelia Studley. At the late triennial

meeting of the intercollegiate society of Phi Beta Kappa—the only such society based on scholarship in America, all others existing merely for social purposes—it came out incidentally that at least three out of the twenty chapters now composing the fraternity had already admitted women as members, Cornell having a dozen. All these signs indicate a steady progress in the admission of women to the ranks, not of thought and action alone, but of study and scholarship.

When we turn from science to literature, the advance is not quite so marked. It is considerable and substantial; yet in view of the completeness with which literary work is now thrown open to women, and their equality as to pay, there is room for some surprise that it is not greater. Women have engaged largely in journalism, and with much success; but it must be remembered that journalism is not literature, though it belongs to the same genus, and may be quite as important. Journalism is to literature—to use a culinary comparison—as are the breakfast griddle-cakes to the loaf of bread. The former are to be eaten hot or not at all, while the bread only improves by a day or two's keeping. The same cook may happen to excel in both, but this is a combination of two different gifts, and cannot safely be counted on. The department in which one may next hope for an advance among the graduates of our women's colleges is in what may be called the

art of intellectual bread-making—the production of permanent literature.

It must be readily admitted that the contributions of American women to the poetry and fiction of the day are abundant and creditable. But it must be remembered that journalism itself is hardly more ephemeral than all poetry or fiction short of the highest; and our rapid American life has already created and forgotten several generations of such short-lived celebrities. In Griswold's laborious "Female Poets of America," published some forty years ago, there is hardly a name that is now remembered; and Poe and Willis in those days used to place a crown of the most perishable materials on the head of every woman who flattered them or whom they wished to flatter. Apart from their tributes, a place on Parnassus was supposed to be securely held by the Davidson sisters, for instance, two half-developed girls, who earned by their pathetic early deaths what really passed for fame. It is doubtful whether a place more permanent can be assigned to the good-natured Cary sisters. A greater loss to memory is the fame of Miss Sedgwick, whose graphic and sensible fiction—realistic in the best sense—seems absolutely unknown to the generation now growing up. Is it so certain that the women now popular as poets and novelists are securer in their position than their predecessors?

There are really but two grounds of permanence in literature—that won by positive genius and that won by labor. Where both are united, a book may stand by itself, like Gibbon's "Roman Empire," and prove solid and indestructible as the Pyramids—nay, earthquake-proof, which they are not. But, even short of this, it is possible for an author who takes a good subject and does his work well to secure a tolerably permanent place, even without great genius. When will our women's colleges turn out a race of graduates who will devote themselves to literature even as faithfully as many men now do, making it an object for life to do thoughtful and serious work? I am told by editors that you may almost count on the fingers of one hand the women in America to whom you can assign a subject for a magazine paper, requiring scholarly effort and labor, and have the work well done. This is the gap that needs to be filled by literary women at present. The supply of second-grade fiction—and by this is meant all fiction inferior in grade to George Eliot's—is now tolerably well secured. But the demand for general literary work of a solid and thoughtful nature, demanding both scholarship and a trained power of expression—this is never very well supplied among men, and is, with few exceptions, unsupplied among American women. To meet this demand we may fairly look to our colleges.

LVII.

CHRISTMAS ALL THE TIME.

"PAPA," said a certain little girl of my acquaintance, on the 26th of last December, "why can't it be Kismas all the time?" It seemed to revive a similar meditation that arose in her mind on the morning after her birthday, when she asked where her birthday was gone. On the day succeeding Christmas this melancholy inquiry certainly seemed a very natural reflection. That day of delight—the early waking, the matutinal stocking, the decorated house, the gathering of kindred, the successive presents, the universal petting—why could not these remain and become human nature's daily food? A child's desire of felicity is and ought to be boundless. It is only time that teaches us the limitations of happiness, and we often accept these restrictions a great deal too soon. "Care is taken," Goethe says, "that the trees shall not grow up into the sky;" but the stronger the impulse the greater the growth.

"To let the new life in, we know
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal."

I know, at any rate, that the little girl's longing set me wishing that her life could be made, so far as possible, a continuous Christmas.

Do not, gentle reader, come in at once with discreeter severity, and point out that the very essence of a holiday lies in its being a holiday—that is, something exceptional—and that the wish to have it last all the time is as reasonable as the wish which children sometimes form, and indeed sometimes act upon, to have their breakfast or dinner last all day. But what made the joy of Christmas, after all? Behind all the visible presents and special amusements there lay the general atmosphere of a time of joy, of freedom, of love and attention and companionship; a cheerful and smiling household, in short, instead of one preoccupied and careworn: a day of "Come here, darling!" instead of "Run away, dear!"—and this is surely a large part of what Christmas means to a child. So far as these things go, it is worth a little effort to keep up the spirit of Christmas even when that happy season has gone by.

Think again of the value of that atmosphere of sunshine! The crossest person is less apt to be cross to a child on Christmas morning; the most exacting is a little less rigid. The child is then a prime object, something to be especially considered, not put aside. On ordinary days how often the child, for whom the parent would perhaps die—if

it came to that—is yet made the scapegoat of that parent's moods, or occupations, or nerves! The tender mother could not hear without tears, in a police report, the tale of a child whom some brutal father had kicked because he himself was surly or disappointed; and yet she herself that morning has perhaps vented some temporary vexation, half unconsciously, on her child, and then has thought the little thing unreasonable because it cried. How much of what we call moodiness in children is in reality fatigue or dyspepsia in the parent! I remember well that when I taught a school in a suburb of Boston, just after leaving college, there were days when everything went wrong, and the best boys in the school seemed filled with a spirit of restlessness and irritation. At first it seemed to me that it must be the weather; and at last, on serious reflection, I made the discovery that these exceptional days of discord were invariably the days after I had myself been out unusually late the night before. The nervous irritation of the pupils simply reflected that of the teacher; he was the sinner, they only the scapegoats. Could one simply be reasonable with children, it would go a great way towards making them reasonable with us. Could we always be to them what we are on Christmas-day, it would certainly help them towards having a Christmas all the year round.

But the presents! Christmas consists in the presents, we say, and we cannot be giving gifts all the time. It might possibly be better if we could do this than to concentrate on one day such a superabundance of enjoyment. But granting that it is desirable, even at the risk of excess, to have that one glorious hour of crowded life once a year, there is nothing essentially unreasonable in the thought of a gift every day. For what does a gift mean to a child? Few children, luckily, are so precocious as to care what a thing costs. A present is a novelty, that is all—something fresh and unexpected, great or small; and what it really costs, in this sense, is not money, but sympathy and ingenuity. By far the most enjoyable Christmas gift received by the aforesaid little three-year-old girl was a small and cheap basket containing a thimble, a needle, two spools of thread, and some scraps of silk and ribbon, perhaps costing altogether the sum of thirty cents. The superb doll, the cynosure of neighboring eyes, was soon neglected, but the basket was and is a daily joy. Of all necessary elements in making a child happy, it seems to me that money, beyond a very little, is the least important. The real Lord and Lady Bountiful are not those whose least gift implies a fortune, but they are Caleb Garth, in "Middlemarch," who never forgets to cut the large red seal from his letters for the expectant children; they are the wise

mother or aunt who teaches the little ones to bring home a daily treasure in every empty bird's-nest, or pine cone, or clump of moss, or in the brown cocoon on the twig, the winter cradle that holds the gorgeous beauty of the emperor moth. For what purpose did Nature create horse-chestnut trees except to show that the most valueless things may become the chief possessions in the enchanted land of childhood? Could we provide each front door with a horse-chestnut tree that would never stop bearing, and could we provide some sympathetic soul inside the door to praise these treasures and count them, and point out the very large and the very small ones, and occasionally carve them into baskets, it would really go a great way towards providing for the child a Christmas all the time.

LVIII.

THE VICTORY OF THE WEAK.

The late Sidney Lanier, poet, critic, and musician, was a man of so high a tone in respect to refinement and purity that he might fitly be called the Sir Galahad of American literature. The man who, while already stricken with pulmonary disease, could serve for many months in the peculiarly arduous life of a Confederate cavalryman had some right to an opinion as to what constitutes true manhood, and his criticism on certain recent theories in this direction are peculiarly entitled to weight. In Lanier's lectures before the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore upon "The English Novel and its Development" he has much to say upon what I may call the anti-kid-glove literature, which is really no better than the kid-glove literature, at which it affects to protest. Lanier quotes the lines of a poet, "Fear grace, fear elegance, civilization, *délicatesse*," and again where this poet rejoices in America because "here are the roughs, beards, . . . combativeness, and the like;" and shows how far were the founders of the republic — Washington, Jefferson, Franklin,

Adams—from this theory that there can be no manhood in decent clothes or well-bred manners. He justly complains that this rougher school has really as much dandyism about it as the other—"the dandyism of the roustabout," he calls it; that it poses and attitudinizes and "is the extreme of sophistication in writing." "If we must have dandyism in our art," he adds, "surely the softer sort, which at least leans towards decorum and gentility, is preferable." Then, going beyond literature to the foundation of government, he quotes the ancient Epictetus against this modern school, and asserts that true manhood has no necessary connection with physical health or strength, and that the true athlete is he who is ruler over himself.

Lanier complains of this new type of democracy —the merely brawny and sinewy—"that it has no provision for sick, or small, or puny, or plain-featured, or hump-backed, or any deformed people," and that it is really "the worst kind of aristocracy, being an aristocracy of nature's favorites in the matter of muscle." Then he describes some weak-eyed young man in a counting-room toiling to support his mother, or send his brother to school, and contrasts him with this physical ideal. "His chest is not huge, his legs are inclined to be pipe-stems, and his dress is like that of any other book-keeper. Yet the weak-eyed, pipe-stem-legged young man impresses

me as more of a man, more of a democratic man, than the tallest of ——'s roughs; to the eye of the spirit there is more strength in this man's daily endurance of petty care and small weariness for love, more of the sort which makes a real democracy and a sound public, than in an army of ——'s unshaven loafers." This came, be it remembered, from a man who had fought through the seven days of fighting before Richmond; who had "given his proofs," as people used to say in the old days of duelling—a thing which the writer criticised had not done. And then, more consistently than many men, Lanier goes on to illustrate the same principle from the life of a woman.

He describes a woman of a type such as many of us have known, who has for twenty years spent her life in bed with spinal disease. "Day by day she lies helpless at the mercy of all those tyrannical small needs which become so large under such circumstances; every meal must be brought to her, a drink of water must be handed; and she is not rich to command service." Yet she is a person of unfailing spirits, of inexhaustible energies, and the centre of a loving circle of bright people. Her room is habitually known as "Sunnyside:" when strong men are tired they go to her for rest; when the healthy are weary they seek her for refreshment. This woman has not so much rude muscle in her whole body

as the favorite hero of the muscular school would have in a finger; she is so fragile that she has been christened "The White Flower." It costs her as much effort to press a friend's hand as it would cost a woodman to fell a tree. "Regarded from the point of view of bone and sinew, she is simply absurd; yet to the eye of my spirit there is more manfulness in one moment of her loving and self-sacrificing existence than in an æon of muscle-growth and sinew-breeding; and hers is the manfulness which is the only solution of a true democrat—hers is the manfulness of which only a republic can be built. A republic is the government of the spirit; a republic depends upon the self-control of each member. You cannot make a republic out of muscles and prairies and Rocky Mountains; republics are made of the spirit."*

All this is true, and we must remember that the whole tendency of civilization is in the direction of this thought. While civilization improves men's and women's bodies on the whole—although it was once thought to impair them—it gives the brain a swifter development and makes that the source of power. It is now a rare thing for soldiers to fight hand to hand, even in the cavalry, to which Lanier belonged. The race is not to the swift nor the bat-

* "English Novel," p. 55.

tle to the strong. The weakest hand may touch off the cannon whose ball shall overtake the swiftest runner, miles away. It is the virtue of gunpowder, as Carlyle has said, that it "makes all men alike tall." There still remain among some of our troops those caps of imitation bear-skin which were once worn to intimidate a foe. The fierce head-dress of the drum-major is the *reductio ad absurdum*, or extreme instance, of this childish method, which still survives among the Chinese, and may be seen in Japanese pictures. In an old military text-book the Portuguese soldiers were ordered to attack their opponents "with ferocious countenances." But civilization has set aside all this merely physical impressiveness and substituted invention. A monk, not a soldier, invented gunpowder. Savage strength is powerless against the needle-gun and the unseen torpedo. This does not annihilate the value of physical health and vigor, but it readapts their use. The young man even in a military school has his bodily health trained, not that he may grasp his opponent in his mighty arms and throw him to the earth, as formerly, but that he may have his head clear, his nerves in equilibrium, his action prompt. It is altogether fitting that an age whose promise is in this direction should be an age affording new training and new opportunities to women.

LIX.

A RETURN TO THE HILLS.

THOREAU always maintained that summer passed into autumn at a certain definite and appreciable instant, as by the turning of a leaf. In like manner those who direct their course in early summer towards the hilly regions of New England are commonly made aware at some precise and definite moment that they have come within the atmosphere of the hills. It is usually after they have left the main railway track, and are switched off upon some little branch road, with stops so frequent that if, at any moment during a pause, you were to see conductor and brakemen in full chase after a woodchuck in a cow pasture, nobody would be astonished. But presently, as you glide slowly along, rejoicing in the more rural look of things, after the heat and hurry of the larger railway-stations, there comes one whiff of fresher air through the open window, and the change is made. You have returned to the hills. Or rather the hills have met you half-way; their great benignant breath has reached you, and already something of the dust of travel is shaken off. Over

miles of bare, pure mountain-top, of pastures scented with sweet-fern, of lanes hedged with raspberry bushes and arched with wild grape, of moist *sphagnum* meadows where the shy arethusa rears itself, that breath has come. Before, all was city and suburb; it is country now. The next turn in the road shows you Wachusett, or Monadnock, or Ascutney, and you are among the hills.

The reprobate French poet Baudelaire, in one of his best poems, sighs to have been the lover of some youthful giantess; and describes her superb proportions as cast carelessly along the horizon and protecting her lover by their vast shade. Browning, more powerfully, describes the hills as gathering round his Childe Roland to watch the hour of danger beneath the Dark Tower:

> "The dying sunset kindled through a cleft;
> The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
> Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay—
> 'Now stab and end the creature—to the heft!'"

And even the gentle Charles Lamb, reluctantly torn from London streets to visit Wordsworth and Coleridge at the English Lakes, could not escape this same circle of gigantic figures, and found them protecting and kindly as he looked from his window at night: "Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, etc." There is so much that is personal in the

presence of even the smallest isolated mountain that it is impossible not to endow it with almost human attributes. The Indians carried this so far as to imagine a deity as presiding over each mysterious peak, and punishing those rash mortals who climbed too far. The Hebrews, with grander feeling, found the source of aid and strength in these solemn heights. "I will look to the hills, from whence cometh my help." Remembering this, old Ethan Allen, the fearless, when summoned to surrender his Green Mountain settlements to the aggressions of the New York authorities, sent back to them the haughty message, "Our Gods are gods of the hills; therefore we are stronger than you." It was a natural feeling.

We are stronger, at any rate, for seeking hill gods in the early summer-time. Many old friends are there before us, constant to the season. The woods are still thronged with mountain-laurel, but it is really past and faded and dropping from the stem, except one vast bush that stands amid the darkness of a pine grove, and is still blooming and luxuriant as if it were some semitropical magnolia or rhododendron. The bright red lily is brilliant in the woods, and it loves to grow on the very tops of low mountains like Wachusett, concentrating its cups of crimson as earth's last defiance to the blue sky above. The yellow flowers are just beginning—in the first weeks of

July the St. John's-wort takes possession—and by the middle of that month the first feathery golden-rod opens, preparing for its long reign over the pastures. Soon will follow the asters, the gorgeous cardinal-flower, the lovely fringed gentian; the season will run its course before we know it, and then the autumn leaves and the weird witch-hazel will be here.

As to more vocal companions, it is the misfortune of summer visitors to the hills that they rarely arrive until the first burst of bird-song is gone by, so that the woods are growing silent until the loquacious summer insects shall replace the early birds. The ever-domestic song-sparrow is actively tending her second or third set of eggs in her nest upon the ground; but she sings little, and seems overburdened with responsibilities, while the robin is jubilant as ever, from dawn till eve, as he feeds his young in the cherry-trees. The brown thrush and the bluebird are more visible than audible; so is the cat-bird, while the veery is not heard at all. The wood-thrush sings daily in the neighboring pine wood, and more sweetly as night draws on, and the little field-sparrow is voluble with his "sweet, shy, accelerating lay." Every night we find ourselves listening for the whip-poorwill. Every night it begins at a distance, draws nearer with darkness, and seems—for it remains unseen—to alight among the garden bushes and almost

upon the house itself. An animated dream, it keeps on incessantly for a time; then stops at dead of night, when sleep becomes too deep for dreaming, and then recommences before dawn, when dreams are resumed, but go, as tradition says, by contraries. It represents the remote and mystic side of our nature, brought into unwonted development among the hills.

LX.

THE SHY GRACES.

The question is sometimes asked, and even reformers occasionally ask it of themselves, What is to become, in the years when women are educated at college and emancipated from control, of the shy graces that adorned the savage woman? There is a certain delicate charm that seems historically inseparable from an humble and subordinate condition. We find it in the uncivilized woman everywhere, among the rudest Cossacks or Hottentots. Who that has seen a tribe of Indians untouched by contact with the white man can fail to recall the modest bearing, the downcast eyes, the low and musical voices, of the younger girls? In higher grades of civilization the same type is often visible in girls bred in convents or beneath some kindred religious rule. The whole aim of chaperonage in society is to prolong or counterfeit this tradition; the very name of "bud" implies something modest, half-closed, untouched. Will not the very tradition of that charming sweetness disappear when the young woman goes to a public school, is educated at a col-

lege, and fills some subsequent post of duty, as it may happen, before the public eye?

The answer is best to be found, perhaps, in the personal observation of each one. Spenser says of the three Graces of ancient mythology,

> "These three on men all gracious gifts bestow
> Which deck the body or adorn the mind
> To make them lovely or well-favored show,"

and every one finds these Graces in his own circle of friends or kindred or early acquaintances, as the painter Palma Vecchio drew them from his own daughters in his picture at Dresden. No one would be willing to acknowledge that the women he has known and loved the best are inferior to those of other lands or times, or that they need repression or seclusion to make them more satisfactory. Again, the charm of the savage or the repressed type is something that is apt to be temporary; the maiden child in the wild tribe becomes in later years the drudge, the crone, or the virago; the demure and subdued girl of French or Italian society may become the artful wife or the intriguing old woman. If we are to love the shy graces of character, they must be something that is ingrain and permanent, that adorns the young, yet deserts not the old; they must be essential graces of womanhood, not of childhood or girlhood alone. If we substitute a charm

that is perishable at any rate, it matters little how it goes; it may better go, indeed, for some good purpose, if at all.

Tried by these tests, we soon discover that all shy graces which go deeply into the nature are confined to no age, and indeed to neither sex taken separately. They lie in refinement of feeling, in true modesty, in sweetness of nature, in gentleness of spirit. These are those "angelic manners and celestial charms" of which Petrarch writes, and of which he says that the very memory saddens while it delights, since it makes all other possessions appear trivial. These graces are not dependent on a repressed or subordinate position, since they are very often associated in our minds with the noblest and most eminent persons we have known. With most of the very distinguished men, of Anglo-Saxon race at least, whom I have chanced to meet, there was associated in some combination the element of personal modesty. It was exceedingly conspicuous in the two thinkers who have between them influenced more American minds than any others in our own age—I mean Darwin and Emerson. It has been noticeable in contemporary poets—Whittier and Longfellow among ourselves, Tennyson and Browning in England.

It may be said that these are instances drawn from persons of studious tastes and retired habits,

by whom the shy graces of character are more easily retained than by those who mingle with the world. Yet it would be as easy to cite illustrations from those whose dealing with men was largest. Grant found it easier to command a vast army, and Lincoln to rule a whole nation, than to overcome a certain innate modesty and even shyness of nature, from which the one took refuge in a silence that seemed stolid, and the other in a habit of story-telling that hid his own emotions beneath a veil. Of the three kings of the American lecture platform in our own day, two at least—Phillips and Gough—admitted that they never appeared before an audience without a certain shrinking and self-distrust. It must be owned that this quality is not everywhere connected with conspicuous leadership, especially outside of the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-American race. It is difficult to associate it, for instance, with Victor Hugo, with Bismarck, with Garibaldi—although Mazzini must have had it, and it was most visible and lovable in Tourgnénieff, as I can personally testify. But enough has been said to show that the more delicate graces of character, so far as they are founded upon modesty and a spirit of self-withdrawal, are consistent with the most eminent and acknowledged greatness before the world. If this is the case even with men, why not with women, in whom the source and spring of humility lies deeper?

If this be true, there is no reason to fear that the more public station of woman—the physician's office, the preacher's pulpit, the service on school committees or in professorships, and all the rest — is destined to mar her nature or destroy her charm. An instinct no more pervasive than this, a charm that goes no deeper, can hardly be worth preserving. Admit that in the intervening period, while she still has to fight for free development, there may sometimes be traces of the combat—there is yet every reason to believe that, when this period is past, a woman may take whatever sphere she can win, and may yet retain all the sweetest and most subtle attributes that constitute her a woman.

INDEX.

(Titles of chapters are given in capital letters.)

A.

Abbott, H. C. De S., 226.
Academy, French, originated with women, 86.
ACCOMPLISHMENTS, MARKETABLE, 60.
Adam, 7.
Adams, Abigail, 114.
Adams, John, 114.
Æschylus, 44.
Agassiz, Louis, 96.
Alcinous, 9, 11.
"Alice in Wonderland" quoted, 132; "In the Looking-glass," 192.
Allen, Ethan, quoted, 303.
Allen, Grant, quoted, 212.
Alumnæ, Society of Collegiate, 232, 235.
AMERICAN LOVE OF HOME, 281.
Ampère, J. J., 248.
Andersen, H. C., 265.
Andrew, J. A., 38.
Anglomania, 22.
Aphrodite, 2.
Apollo, Phœbus, 44, 47.
Appleton, T. G., 22.
Arab festivals, 226.
Arnold, Matthew, quoted, 130. Also 133, 140, 248.

Artemis, 2.
Aryan race, traditions of the, 46.
Astell, Mary, quoted, 89.
Athena, 45.
Audrey, 102.
Auerbach, Berthold, quoted, 14.
AUNTS, MAIDEN, 38.
Austen, Jane, quoted, 113. Also 156, 157, 160, 194.
Authorship, difficulties of, 151, 202.

B.

Babies, exacting demands of, 41.
Badeau, General Adam, quoted, 106, 128.
Bancroft, H. H., 225.
Barnum, P. T., 108.
Barton, Clara, 20.
Baudelaire, Charles, 302.
Baxter, Richard, 34.
Beach, S. N., quoted, 143.
Beaconsfield, Lord, quoted, 271.
Beethoven, L. von, 252.
Bell, A. G., 99, 209.
Bell, Currer. *See* Brontë, Charlotte.
Bickerdyke, Mother, 20.
Birds at midsummer, 304.
BIRTHDAY, SECRET OF THE, 176.
Bismarck, Prince, 309.
Black sergeant, prayer of, 79.
Black, William, quoted, 168.
Blake, William, 180.
Blanc, Louis, 129.
Blood, Lydia, 102.
Bonaparte, Napoleon, 247.
Bonheur, Rosa, 250, 252, 261, 263.
Bossuet, J. B., 87.
Bourbons, decline of, 107.
BREAKING AND BENDING, 121.
Bremer, Fredrika, quoted, 14.

Brinton, Dr. D. G., quoted, 286.
Brontë, Charlotte, 260.
Brooks, Mrs. Sidney, 76.
Browning, E. B., 250, 252, 263.
Browning, Robert, quoted, 273, 302. Also 308.
BRUTALITY OF "PUNCH AND JUDY," THE, 254.
Burns, Robert, 19.
"BUT STRONG OF WILL," 54.
Butler, Fanny Kemble, 154.
Byron, Lord, 19, 160.

C.

Canadian judge, ruling of, 92.
Carlyle, Thomas, quoted, 300. Also 149.
Carnegie, Andrew, quoted, 168, 169.
Carr, Lucien, 179.
Cato, M. P., 97.
"CHANCES," 65.
Channing, W. E., quoted, 127.
Chateaubriand, F. R., 76.
Chaucer, Geoffrey, 278.
"Chevy Chace," quoted, 220.
Child, L. M., 13, 179.
Children, dressing of, for school, 241.
CHILDREN ON A FARM, 197.
CHILDREN, THE HUMOR OF, 217.
Choate, Rufus, 18.
CHRISTMAS ALL THE TIME, 291.
Cicero, M. T., 276.
Cincinnati, art schools in, 164.
CITY AND COUNTRY LIVING, 212.
Clement of Alexandria, 2, 3, 4.
Cleveland, Captain R. J., 247.
Clytemnestra, 44.
Coffin, Lucretia, 47.
Cogan, Henry, 159.
Cogswell, J. G., quoted, 110.
Coleridge, S. T., 195, 302.

College towns, life in, 48.
Conway, M. D., 129.
Cookery-books, 13.
Co-operation in business, 148.
Copley, J. S., 50.
Corneille, Pierre, 87.
Cornell University, 288.
Coulanges, F. de, 45.
"Counterparts," 68.
Country weeks and city weeks, 34.
Cowper, William, 19.
Craddock, C. E. *See* Murfree, M. N.
CREATOR OF THE HOME, THE, 28.
Cross, M. A. (George Eliot), quoted, 78. Also 88, 158, 249, 252, 260, 263, 290.
Crowne, Johnny, 5.

D.

Dabney, Charles, 170.
Danton, G. J., 6.
D'Arblay, Madame, 157.
Darwin, Charles, quoted, 99. Also 23, 308.
Darwin, Dr. Erasmus, 114.
DAUGHTERS OF TOIL, THE, 70.
Davidson sisters, the, 289.
De Quincey, Thomas, quoted, 110.
Defoe, Daniel, 285.
Dibdin, Charles, quoted, 278.
Dickens, Charles, quoted, 94, 195. Also 109, 285.
Diderot, Denis, 178.
Dinner, difficulties of the, 240.
Dix, Dorothea, 20.
DOLLS, THE DISCIPLINE OF, 264.
Domestic service, 172.
Douglas, Catherine, 56.
Douglas, Ellen, 55.
Dudevant, A. L. A. (George Sand), 88, 249, 252, 260, 263.

E.

Edgeworth, Maria, quoted, 78. Also 157, 180.
Edison, T. A., 209.
Edmunds, George F., 137.
Edward II., 213.
Egypt, preservation of royalty in, 109.
Emerson, M. J., quoted, 143.
Emerson, Mrs., quoted, 143.
Emerson, R. W., quoted, 159, 233. Also 1, 97, 99, 285, 308.
EMPIRE OF MANNERS, THE, 75.
English tourists in America, 36, 96.
Epictetus, 297.
"Eumenides" of Æschylus, the plot of, 44.
Eve, 7.
EXALTED STATIONS, 126.

F.

Family, the, among Australians, 45; in ancient Rome, 45.
FARM, CHILDREN ON A, 197.
FEAR OF ITS BEING WASTED, THE, 232.
"Felix Holt," 78.
Fielding, Henry, 11.
Fields, J. T., 40.
FINER FORCES, 131.
Fletcher, Alice C., 287.
FLOOD-TIDE OF YOUTH, THE, 48.
Florac, Madame de, 180.
Fontenelle, B. le B. de, quoted, 85.
Francomania, 26.
Franklin, Benjamin, 296.
Freeman, Alice, 21.
French standards *vs.* English, 23, 98.
Frenchmen, domesticity of, 281.
"Friends," marriages among, 47.
Fuller, Margaret. *See* Ossoli.
Furies, the, 44.

G.

Galahad, Sir, 296.
Gallenga, A., 98.
Garibaldi, Giuseppe, 309.
Garrison, W. L., 18, 177.
Garth, Caleb, 294.
Gellius, Aulus, quoted, 97.
Genlis, Madame de, 57, 179.
German schools, drawbacks of, 246.
GERMAN STANDARD, THE, 243.
Germany, influence of, 23, 134.
Gibbon, Edward, 290.
Gisborne, Thomas, 4.
Gladstone, W. E., 136.
Godwin, M. W., 232.
Godwin, William, 178.
Goethe, J. W. von, quoted, 36, 179, 291.
Gosse, E. H., quoted, 193.
Gough, J. B., 309.
Gower, Lord Ronald, 138.
GRACES, THE SHY, 306.
Grant and Ward, 191.
Grant, General U. S., 20, 127, 309.
Griswold, R. W., 289.
Gymnastics, elevation of, 64.

H.

Hair, the uses of, 2.
Hale, E. E., 206.
Hale, H. E., his theory of language, 181.
Hale, Lucretia, 40.
HAREM, SHADOW OF THE, 12.
Harland, Marion, 13.
Harte, Bret, 132, 153, 224.
Harvard University, 88, 275, 287.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, quoted, 105.
Hayley, William, 113.

Hayne, P. H., quoted, 223.
Hemans, F. D., 18, 19.
HILLS, A RETURN TO THE, 301.
"Histoire Littéraire des *Femmes Françaises*," 252.
Holmes, Dr. O. W., quoted, 51. Also 96, 153, 203.
HOME, AMERICAN LOVE OF, 231.
HOME, THE CREATOR OF THE, 28.
Homer, 8, 203.
Homes, occasional permanence of, in America, 283.
Hood, Thomas, 19.
Horse-chestnuts, the value of, 295.
HOUSE OF CARDS, A, 136.
House of Lords, English, decline of, 136.
Household decoration, stages of, 161.
HOUSEHOLD DECORATORS, WOMEN AS, 161.
House-keeping in America, 72, 116; in England, 73.
Howells, W. D., quoted, 40, 52, 64, 194. Also 102, 141, 157, 158, 180.
Howitt, A. W., 45.
Hugo, Victor, 309.
Humboldt, Wilhelm von, 182.
HUMILITY IN AMERICANS, ON A CERTAIN, 96.
Humility, the spring of, 309.
HUMOR OF CHILDREN, THE, 217.
Hun, Dr. E. R., 183, 184.
Huxley, T. H., 99.

I.

INDEPENDENT PURSE, THE, 115.
Industry, female, changes in, 7.
INFLUENCE, THE WOMAN OF, 17.
Ingelow, Jean, cited, 133.
Invalids, visits to, 227.
Italian manners, 25.

J.

Jackson, Helen ("H. H."), 158, 236.
James, Henry, 157, 158.

Jameson, Anna M., 103, 180.
Janauschek, Madame, 221.
Jefferson, Thomas, 296.
Johns Hopkins University, the, 296.
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, 283.
Joubert, Joseph, quoted, 155.
Journalism and literature, 288.
Jupiter, 45.

K.

Kant, Immanuel, 90.
Kapiolani, Queen, 107.
Keats, John, 19.
Kennedy, W. P., 223.
Kent, Miss, 40.
KERENHAPPUCH, 275.

L.

Ladd, Professor G. T., 90.
Lamb, Charles, quoted, 83, 302.
Lander, Jean M., 20.
LANGUAGE, THE NEW THEORY OF, 181.
Languages, variety of, 182.
Lanier, Sidney, quoted, 296.
Leclerc, M., 87.
Lecturers, English, 96.
Leighton, Caroline C., quoted, 283.
Leopold, Prince, 106.
Leroi, Madame, 87.
Leslie, Eliza, 13.
LETTERS, WOMEN'S, 110.
Libraries, public, 282.
Lincoln, Abraham, 20, 218, 309.
Lioness more formidable than lion, 59, 145.
Literary centre unimportant, 225.
LITERARY STYLE, WOMEN'S INFLUENCE ON, 85.
Livermore, Mary A., 20.
Lochinvar, the young, 55.

Longfellow, H. W., 19, 203, 308.
Lotze, Hermann, quoted, 90.
Louis XIV., 179.
Lowell, J. R., quoted, 171, 212, 291. Also 95, 97, 99.
Lucas, Mrs. John, 287.
Lyon, Mary, 21.
Lytton, Lord, 193.

M.

MAIDEN AUNTS, 38.
Maiden ladies, dignity of, 31.
Maine, Sir Henry, cited, 10.
Maitland, Major, 137.
Mangin, Arthur, quoted, 214.
Mann, Horace, quoted, 134. Also 243, 244.
Manners, American, 101, 169, 224; English, 139; Italian and Spanish, 25.
MANNERS, THE EMPIRE OF, 75.
Mariotti. *See* Gallenga.
Marketable accomplishments, 60.
Marriage, chances of, 65.
Marshall, Emily, 177.
Martineau, Harriet, quoted, 7, 228. Also 13, 263.
MARTYRDOM, MICE AND, 141.
Matchin, Maud, 103, 104.
Mather, Cotton, quoted, 252.
Matthews, Brander, 171.
Mazare, Prince, 160.
Mazzini, Giuseppe, 129, 309.
Mellin's Food, 265.
MEN, THE NERVOUSNESS OF, 238.
MEN'S NOVELS AND WOMEN'S NOVELS, 156.
Mendelssohn, B. F., 15.
Mendelssohn, Fanny, musical compositions of, 15, 251.
"Meretricious," origin of the word, 10.
Mericourt, Théroigne de, 236.
MICE AND MARTYRDOM, 141.
Michigan University, 287.

Miller, Captain Betsey, 211.
Millet, J. F., 194.
Milton, John, 19, 285.
Minerva, 45.
Miranda, 102, 103.
Missionaries, 236.
Molière, J. B., 87.
Moore, Thomas, quoted, 19, 278.
Mopsa, 102.
"Moral equivalence of sexes," 91.
MORE THOROUGH WORK VISIBLE, 286.
Morse, S. F. B., 99.
MOTHER, ON ONE'S RELATIONSHIP TO ONE'S, 43.
Mott, Lucretia, 47, 179.
Müller, Max, 26.
Murfree, M. N., 225, 259, 263.
MUSICAL WOMAN, THE MISSING, 249.

N.

Napoleon. *See* Bonaparte.
Napoleon, Louis, 101.
Napoleons, dynasty of the, 98.
Nausikaa, 8, 11.
NERVOUSNESS OF MEN, THE, 238.
NEW THEORY OF LANGUAGE, THE, 181.
Newcome, Ethel, 55.
Newell, W. W., 13.
Newport, R. I., life at, 71, 98.
Nicknames in college, 275.
Nightingale, Florence, 19.
Nithisdale, Countess of, 56.
Normandy, a scene in, 201.
Northcote, Sir Stafford, 136.
Norton, Andrews, 18.
Norton, C. E., 18.
NOVELS: MEN'S AND WOMEN'S, 156.
Nursery, a model, 264.

O.

Odyssey, Palmer's, 248.
Opie, Amelia, 157.
Orestes, 44.
ORGANIZING MIND, THE, 146.
Ossoli, Margaret Fuller, quoted, 211, 232.
Outside of the shelter, 7.

P.

Paganini, Nicolo, 238.
Palma, Jacopo (Vecchio), 307.
Palmer, Professor G. H., 248.
Parnell, C. S., 272.
Parochialism, 222.
"Patience" quoted, 51.
Peabody Museum of American Archæology, 287.
Perdita, 102, 103.
Petrarch, Francisco, quoted, 75, 285.
Phelps, E. J., 137.
Phi Beta Kappa Society, the, 288.
Philanthropist, improvidence of a, 188.
Phillips, Wendell, 284, 309.
Pike, Owen, quoted, 212, 213.
Pinart, Mrs. Nuttall, 286.
Pisani, Catherine de, 86.
Plato cited, 178.
PLEA FOR THE UNCOMMONPLACE, A, 192.
Poe, E. A., 289.
"Pontius cum Judæis," 256.
Porter, Jane, 157.
Précieuses, the, 87.
Presidency in United States, 128.
Prince Hal, 49.
PUBLISHER, THE SEARCH AFTER A, 151.
PUNCH AND JUDY, THE BRUTALITY OF, 254.
PURSE, THE INDEPENDENT, 115.

Q.

"Quite Rustic," 100.

R.

Rachel, 250, 252, 263.
Radcliffe, Ann, 160.
Rambouillet, Marquis de, 86.
"Ramona," influence of, 236.
Rank in England, 126.
Récamier, Madame, 76, 77.
RELATIONSHIP TO ONE'S MOTHER, ON ONE'S, 43.
RETURN TO THE HILLS, A, 301.
Richardson, Samuel, 11.
Richelieu, Cardinal, 87.
Robespierre, F. J. M. I., 6.
Rochejaquelein, Baroness de la, 56.
Rochester, Lord, 5.
Rogers, Professor W. B., 96, 267.
Roland, Madame, 236.
"Romola," 260.
Routledge, George, 18, 19.
Royalty, childishness of, 21, 105.
ROYALTY, THE TOY OF, 105.
"Rudder Grange" quoted, 42.
Ruskin, John, quoted, 100.

S.

St. Leonards, Lord, 138.
SAINTS, VACATIONS FOR, 33.
Salem sea-captains, youthfulness of, 247.
"Sales-ladies," 172.
Salisbury, Lord, 136.
Salmon, L. M., 257.
Sand, George. *See* Dudevant, A. L. A.
Sanitary Commission, the, 235.
SANTA CLAUS AGENCIES, 269.
Sappho, 262.

Sapsea, Thomas, 94.
Schlesmihl, Peter, 12.
Scott, Sir Walter, quoted 55. Also 19, 157, 194.
Scudéry, Charles de, 15.
Scudéry, Magdalen de, quoted, 15, 87, 159.
SEARCH AFTER A PUBLISHER, THE, 151.
SECRET OF THE BIRTHDAY, 176.
Sedgwick, C. M., 289.
Seward, Anna, 113, 114.
SHADOW OF THE HAREM, THE, 12.
Shakespeare, William, quoted, 56, 91, 177, 178, 239. Also 19, 32, 49, 55, 102, 103, 108, 222.
Shelley, P. B., 19.
SHY GRACES, THE, 306.
SICK, ON VISITING THE, 227.
Siddons, Sarah, 250.
Simms, W. G., 223.
SINGLE WILL, THE, 90.
Sisters of Charity, 69.
Size, physical, gradual diminution of, 262.
Smith College, 275.
SOCIAL PENDULUM, THE SWING OF THE, 22.
SOCIAL SUPERIORS, 171.
Society origin of its usages, 77.
Socrates, 81.
Somerville, Mary, 250, 251, 252, 261.
Sophocles, E. A., 30.
South Sea Island proverb, 236.
Spanish manners, 25.
Spenser, Edmund, quoted, 307.
Spinning, in Homer, 8; in ancient Rome, 13.
Spinsters, insufficient supply of, 39.
Staël, Madame de, 57.
Stone, Fanny, 56, 58.
Stone, General C. P., 56.
Stowe, H. B., 236.
Studley, Cornelia, 227.
Sugden, Sir Edward, 138.

Swedenborg, Emanuel, 159.
SWING OF THE SOCIAL PENDULUM, THE, 22.

T.

Taylor, Bayard, quoted, 6.
Taylor's theorem, 287.
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, quoted, 76, 123, 249. Also 77, 136, 308.
Terry, Ellen, 221.
Thackeray, W. M., 55, 138, 173, 180, 285.
"The Bread-Winners" cited, 104.
Thomas, E. M., 225.
Thompson, Elizabeth, 261.
Thorean, H. D., 285.
Tobogganing, 215.
TOIL, THE DAUGHTERS OF, 70.
Tourguénieff. J. S., 50, 309.
TOY OF ROYALTY, THE, 105.
Tracy, Senator, quoted, 98.
Trench, Archdeacon, quoted, 14.
Trollope, Anthony, 157.
TRUST FUNDS, 187.
Tullia or Tulliola, 276.
Twain, Mark, 37, 153, 218.

U.

UNCOMMONPLACE, A PLEA FOR THE, 192.
UNREASONABLE UNSELFISHNESS, 80.
Upton, G. P., 249, 251, 253.

V.

Vacation, the summer, 215.
VACATIONS FOR SAINTS, 33.
VALUE, WHO SHALL FIX THE, 202.
Vassar College, 279.
Victoria, Queen, 21, 175.
VICTORY OF THE WEAK, THE, 296.
Virtue of man and woman the same, 3.

VISITING THE SICK, ON, 227.
VOICES, 166.
Voices, American and English, 167.
Voltaire, F. M. A., 87.

W.

Wales, Prince of, 23.
Ward, Artemus, described, 43.
Warner, C. D., quoted, 217.
Washington, George, 296.
WASTED, THE FEAR OF ITS BEING, 232.
Watson, E. H., 183.
Watson, George, 183.
WEAK, VICTORY OF THE, 296.
Wellesley College, 100.
Wellington, the Duke of, quoted, 196.
White, R. G., 24.
Whittier, J. G., quoted, 54, 117. Also 98, 106, 153, 308.
WHO SHALL FIX THE VALUE? 202.
"Whole duty of man, the," 4.
WHY WOMEN AUTHORS WRITE UNDER THE NAMES OF MEN, 259.
Wife, position of, in Rome, 45.
Will, breaking of, in children, 121.
Willis, N. P., 289.
Winlock, Anna, 287.
Wolcott, Mrs. Oliver, 98.
Wollstonecraft, Mary. *See* Godwin.
WOMAN OF INFLUENCE, THE, 17.
WOMAN'S ENTERPRISE, A, 207.
Women, advantages of, 29; as household decorators, 161; as organizers, 20, 149; as public speakers, 239; authors, 18; courage of, 142; disadvantages of, 12, 92; earnings of, 119; education of, 88; employments of, 60, 161, 269; plurality of, 38; teachers, 20, 100, 131, 244; their need of strength, 59; working among men, 10; writing under men's names, 259.
WOMEN AS HOUSEHOLD DECORATORS, 161.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the, [illegible].
Women's Influence on Literary Style, 85.
Women's Letters, 110.
Wordsworth, William, 302.
Worth, M., 17.
Wright, J. D., 38.
Wright, Thomas (quoted), 148.

X.

Xanthus, 81.

Y.

[illegible]
[illegible], 48.

Z.

Zeus, 41.

THE END.

THE BAZAR BOOKS.

THE BAZAR BOOK OF DECORUM.

The Care of the Person, Manners, Etiquette, and Ceremonials. pp. 282. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

A very graceful and judicious compendium of the laws of etiquette, taking its name from the BAZAR weekly, which has become an established authority with the ladies of America upon all matters of taste and refinement.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE BAZAR BOOK OF HEALTH.

The Dwelling, the Nursery, the Bedroom, the Dining-Room, the Parlor, the Library, the Kitchen, the Sick-Room. pp. 280. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

A sensible book, and a most valuable one. . . . We consider that the wide distribution of this handy and elegant little volume would be one of the greatest benefactions, in a social and economical sense, that could be made to our countrymen and countrywomen.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

THE BAZAR BOOK OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Marriage, Establishment, Servants, Housekeeping, Children, Home Life, Company. pp. 266. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Its pages are characterized by common-sense, and the book, with its practical style and useful suggestions, will do good.—*Independent*, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

MRS. SHERWOOD'S MANNERS AND SOCIAL USAGES IN AMERICA.

Manners and Social Usages in America. A Book of Etiquette. By Mrs. JOHN SHERWOOD. pp. 448. New and Enlarged Edition, Revised by the Author. 16mo, Extra Cloth, $1 25.

Mrs. Sherwood's admirable little volume differs from ordinary works on the subject of etiquette, chiefly in the two facts that it is founded on its author's personal familiarity with the usages of really good society, and that it is inspired by good-sense and a helpful spirit. . . . We think Mrs. Sherwood's little book the very best and most sensible one of its kind that we ever saw.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

We have no hesitation in declaring it to be the best work of the kind yet published. The author shows a just appreciation of what is good-breeding and what is snobbishness. . . . In happy discriminations the excellence of Mrs. Sherwood's book is conspicuous.—*Brooklyn Union.*

It is a sensible and pleasantly written volume, which has already won recognition as one of the best books of its kind, and this new edition is called for by the heartiness with which the public has endorsed the work.—*Courier*, Boston.

A sensible, comprehensive book, which has endured criticism successfully, and deserves now to be regarded the best book of its kind published in this country. . . . A better guide than Mrs. Sherwood's book through the paths of social usages we do not know. The book is a handsome one, as it ought to be.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

This book is a preservation photocopy.
It is made in compliance with copyright law
and produced on acid-free archival
60# book weight paper
which meets the requirements of
ANSI/NISO Z39.48-1992 (permanence of paper)

Preservation photocopying and binding
by
Acme Bookbinding
Charlestown, Massachusetts

2002

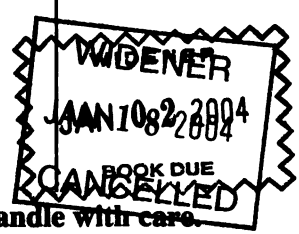
$\leq (\eta, q^{i})$

3 . 14 037 1

The borrower must return this item on or before the last date stamped below. If another user places a recall for this item, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return.

*Non-receipt of overdue notices does **not** exempt the borrower from overdue fines.*

Harvard College Widener Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 617-495-2413



Please handle with care.
nk you for helping to preserve
ibrary collections at Harvard.